Lili Lehmann.

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As for the wise, their body alone perishes in this world – Rashi

Lilli Lehmann

Lilli Lehmann

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My Path Through Life

BY

LILLI LEHMANN

TRANSLATED BY

ALICE BENEDICT SELIGMAN

With 50 Illustrations

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Dedicated to

MY DEVOTED SISTER

MARIE

IN LOVE AND GRATITUDE

77297

PREFACE

The artist, who strives as such to fulfil his mission, may not forget that he has an equally earnest task to perform as a simple human being. He should be a worshipper of Nature, whose ever-new marvels are disclosed to him only to lead him to the innermost religious truths, to mildness, goodness, charity, and justice toward everything that lives and moves upon this bounteous earth.

He should endeavour to promote the universal welfare, he should try to give aid to those who want. Only as a transient guest may he live and act on this earth, of whose benefits he is gratefully conscious and therefore should humbly enjoy.

He takes upon himself as an artist to aspire to the highest in art, to become worthy of it by complete self-sacrifice, as he assumes the duty of attaining to the noblest in human life.

His deeds, intellect, and will must witness eloquently to his worth to all those who stand near him or who gaze upwards at him with admiration.

Only thus can he discharge a small part of the great debt he owes for all that Nature permitted him to attain as artist and as man, and render the thanks due those who stood by him loyally or who influenced his artistic and human development.

LILLI LEHMANN.

GRUNEWALD, March, 1913.

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Family Chronicle

MY PATH THROUGH LIFE

FROM an old family chronicle which was recorded by our aunt, Frau Amanda von Dall' Armi, who was as charming as she was talented, I find that on the mother's side our genealogical tree can be traced back to about the year 1690. Although I knew only a few of the persons of the last generation named therein, I became so familiar with almost all of them through listening to the stories told by my dear mother that it was as though I had lived with them, for her descriptions of men and their histories were full of her own warmth of nature, of spirit and humour, and stamped themselves deeply on my mind. Every word is dear to my heart.

Accordingly it seemed to me worth while thus to preface the history of my own life, as I am bound to all these loved ones by the closest ties.

I think of myself as a graft on a fruit tree, which could never have borne such fruit but for such original stock.

And now I shall let dear Aunt Amanda take up the narrative.

LILLI LEHMANN.

The History of my Dear Family[1]

OUR grandfather wrote his name "Löw"; Uncle Alban[2] and his daughters wrote it the same way, "Löw." Our father wrote it "Loew"; we children painted it, after his example, with German letters—"Loew"—and it is amusing that the latter way of writing it has become stereotyped.

The Heidelberg branch, however, have always written "Löw."

[1] Written about the year 1860 by Frau Amanda Dall' Armi, wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Appellate Court.

[2] Father of Marie Löw.

Our four great-grandfathers were named, Nicholas Loew, von Traiteur, Pfister, de la Condamine.

Nicholas Loew

In the man whose feelings are blunted in time of war by the constant spectacle of hunger, suffering, and death there yet beats a warm heart for the needs of a child.

I CAN carry these annals no farther back than our great-grandfather. The line connecting him with Adam is not clear; nevertheless, there can be no doubt that our ancestors were all distinguished men, though their merits are unknown; otherwise how can one account for the fine grandchildren?

My narrative, therefore, begins in the years between 1690–1710, and I glance first, although it is not the place where my story originates, at our native town of Speyer, once a flourishing free city of the Empire, but at that time sadly reduced and despoiled by the rapacious soldiery of our French neighbour.

In all the pleasant landscape only one house remained intact, and that was the hotel Zum Riesen, which stood with its balcony in the Maximilianstrasse like a monument of bygone days. All private houses and public buildings, including the episcopal palace, had fallen a prey to the flames. It was an artistic mistake to build this residence adjoining the cathedral. One can see now, or could thirty years ago, two gates on the west side of the cathedral, dating from the Palatinate, that seemed to be suspended in the air, and as a child I often pondered why they were there and if at night ghosts passed in and out through them. The palace itself must have been very beautiful—a really splendid building.

The Bishop of Speyer, however, had abandoned his Palatinate (Pfalz) in early times because of his frequent

Amanda von Dall' Armi and her Daughter

From a photograph by A. Russler, Bamberg

quarrels with the citizens, and had betaken himself across the Rhine to Bruchsal, where he owned another residence. Even in its best days the latter town was never more than a small bishop's seat; the castle still exists but is quite deserted, while the castle courtyard resembles, or did so when I saw it, a neglected meadow, where nothing lives or stirs save a Baden sentinel and the innumerable goldfish in the two basins, recalling the favourite amusements of the rococo period.

Sometime about the year 1600 or 1700 when our history begins to dawn, and in this same city of Bruchsal, this courtyard had a different aspect. If the household of a spiritual lord is not, or I should say was not, as cheerful and animated a scene as that of a secular establishment, there was at that time something to be observed in the castle yard of Bruchsal other than grass-grown soil and a slimy fish-pond. Sleek canons passed in and out and servants in rich liveries followed them, for the Lords of the Chapter had come from Speyer to Bruchsal in attendance on their chief, and as they formerly belonged to the highest nobility, they indulged in great luxury and seldom went on foot from their place of arrival to the castle. In those days there were few carriages such as now, but gently swaying litters, which have become quite antiquated, were then much in vogue, especially with ecclesiastics. The Bishop, however, used an equipage of state, and as a child I was given a doll's carriage by a cousin from Deidesheim which had been made originally in imitation of His Lordship's. It was very clumsily built and resembled an omnibus of the present day, but with a roof which extended far beyond the underbody, like a Swiss châlet. Heavy gilded carvings ornamented the four corners of the roof, and the whole vehicle was overloaded with gold and looked very unwieldy. The coachman and footman wore huge wigs, which were exceeded in size by those worn by the two dignitaries who rode within. The wigmaker of that age was an important person, for no matter how high the

gentlemen carried their heads, they carried their perruques still higher. In the retinue of the Bishop were many house servants and court attendants, who lived partly in the castle, partly in the town, so that it was never quite still in or near the castle precincts. But the great moment was when His Grace drove out. Then the passer-by paused to admire the runners, who were the first to emerge from the gates, followed by the gorgeous carriages and the lackeys. It was all very stately, variegated, and splendid to behold.

Bruchsal had suffered less than the cities in the Palatinate; its inhabitants had been annoyed mostly by the passage of troops, and on the day my story opens, notification had been given of a fresh quartering of soldiers. They were Austrians, on the march to the Fortress of Philippsburg; the month was January and the cold intense.

On the left side of the street called the "Kaffeegass" in Bruchsal, opening from the High Street, is an attractive house, and near it a spring adorned by a mythological or allegorical figure, which, as far as I can tell, represents a boy with a swan. The townspeople called this spring "Das Schwane-Werthel," or did so in old days. In this house lived, at the time I speak of, a worthy old married couple, the court wigmaker, Loew, and his wife; and here, on a bitterly cold January day, quartered troops were expected and were arriving, for unwelcome guests seldom remain away. An adequate supper had been prepared and the room thoroughly warmed.

In one respect the so-called good old times had the advantage of ours, namely, in that wood might be used unsparingly. It was evening and the table was laid; a thin tallow candle gave illumination, any kind of candle being then accounted a luxury; in fact, the court servants received these candles as salary. The table was laid for eight; two places for the master and mistress, two for the assistants, one for the maid, and the remaining ones for the three soldiers of the Emperor. As six o'clock struck, which

Frau Landaman Künzle

From a photograph by Hermann Boll, Berlin

was the hour for supper, there sounded on the house door three rude knocks announcing the military.

The master of the house, the wigmaker, gave the house key to the younger assistant (in those days the door was locked early), and the mistress handed the light to the maid with a caution to hold it straight. Master and mistress and the first assistant sat still in the dark room and listened to the turning of the key, the unlocking of the house door, and the approach of rapid masculine steps. The door opened, and, with an anxious face, the maid entered, almost shoved forward by the two soldiers who followed. In her hand burned the special candle of the bishopric of Speyer. The soldiers were in tremendous haste, and as they burst into the room, instead of the customary greeting they shouted out, half in entreaty, half in command, "Soup, soup, soup!" but every one was used to such manners and felt no surprise.

Astonishment followed, however, when the third soldier entered. In addition to his usual equipment he carried in his arms a bundle or a rigid heap of something. He quickly seated himself with it by the stove, and joined his fellows in calling for "Soup, soup, soup!" Everybody hastened to satisfy the tempestuous guests, and in a few seconds the big soup tureen was steaming on the table. The soldiers sprang up, and the two who were the first to enter wanted to take the bundle from their comrade, but he refused to let it out of his arms. All seated themselves around the table, and the master of the house said grace. The soldier with the bundle, however, took no part in the act of devotion, but promptly poured into his plate a big spoonful of soup. The host's voice changed slightly from a devotional tone to one of mild annoyance, being checked by the fact that in those days everybody trembled before the soldiery, even when the latter were friendly. The others glanced inquisitively at the soldier's bundle, especially the maid, prompting the wife of the court wigmaker to look reprovingly at her "Americhe," while involuntarily scrutinising it herself. As

the last word of the prayer was uttered, she exclaimed loudly, "A child, a child, a child!" and all the others in chorus shouted, "A child, a child, a child!"

The good-hearted Austrian fed the little one with warm soup, perhaps thinking the while that this service of love was also a prayer. The child was a boy about two years old, who became our great-grandfather, and this ancestor of ours found the soup to his liking. He was half numb with cold and the soup was hot. Then came a big dish of blood sausage and a savoury cabbage salad, and if potatoes had then been known in Bruchsal, they, too, would have been served, but none were to be had. Our great-grandfather, like his grandchildren, had a good appetite. He enjoyed the sausage and the cabbage salad, and the delighted housewife said: "If I had known that a child was coming, I would have made some broth." This benevolent speech started a conversation from which the family learned how the soldiers had got possession of the child. Our great-grandfather had been found by the Emperor's men on the highroad where he was sitting half frozen on a heap of stones. Moved by pity the soldiers had picked up the child, although not knowing what to do with it, as they could not take it to the garrison at Philippsburg. They questioned the boy as to his name and where he came from, but he did not know and could say only a few words, the sole bit of information that he could give being that he was called Nicholas.

Of his parents and home the child could tell nothing, but on the whole the little Nicholas must have been an attractive infant, who appeared still more so in his helpless state. The rough-hearted soldiers were not the only ones softened by the sight, but also the wigmaker, his wife, his two assistants, and the maid. Frau Loew begged the soldiers to permit her to keep the boy for the night, to which her husband agreed, and when the guests had gone to bed and to sleep, the couple long discussed the question of the child. When morning came, a large basin of soup was served again at breakfast,

coffee being drunk only by the aristocracy. Then the worthy wigmaker, in full accord with his wife, laid before his guests the proposition that, as they had no children of their own, they should keep Nicholas and adopt him. The soldiers were delighted, and all three in company with the Loews were moved to tears.

As a farewell potation, Frau Loew brought in a big pitcher of wine of her own making, of which the men of war took huge draughts, drowning their emotion. Thereupon they proceeded on their march to Philippsburg. I do not know whether our great-grandfather ever saw the good Austrians again; in those days one seldom went beyond the boundaries of his own district. He took, however, a Philippsburg woman to wife, a circumstance which warrants the conjecture that he reached the neighbouring fortress. Now that our ancestor, in charge of his good foster-parents, had entered on the scene of his history, there should be much to relate of him, but it is with his biography as with the episcopal candles of Speyer that do not burn long,—I know hardly anything additional. Nicholas learned the trade of his adopted father, and became an honest man, and after the deaths of his foster-parents, he inherited the house in the Kaffeegasse, a fine vineyard, and also became wigmaker to the court. I do not know the dates of our great-grandparents' deaths. They left an only son named Jacob, who was the father of our father.

Up to this point we have been following Aunt Amanda's narrative, and it has shown the origin of our maternal ancestor. Henceforth I am unfortunately compelled to be brief, though at the expense of much that is interesting relating to the times and the personalities and to many historically and culturally important events, which can be followed through the German Family Chronicle.

The most eminent descendants on the genealogical tree are: Freiherr (Baron) von Traiteur, Pfister (our great-

grandfather, de la Condamine, a cavalier at the Court of Savoy, whose son, Charles Maria de la Condamine, was the celebrated naturalist, and the first person to make the ascent of Chimborazo; Jacob Löw, Doctor of Medicine and Privy Councillor, who married Maria Theresia von Traiteur; Placidus Joseph Anton Pfister, whose wife was Maria Magdalena de la Condamine.

Jacob Loew, the son of Nicholas, the adopted child of Löw, the court wigmaker, studied medicine, and was body physician to the Bishop of Speyer. He had four sons: Josef Adam, Hans, Alban, and Jacob. Hans became an advocate and was the father of Aunt Amanda, the writer of the Chronicle, while Alban was my grandfather.

Alban desired to become an artist, but he was brought up to be a merchant, according to the wish of his early deceased father, and he married the daughter of the magistrate and burgomaster, Kuenzle, of Gossau in Switzerland.

Court officials to kings, bishops, princes, and abbots, officers of high rank, physicians, advocates, merchants are to be found amongst the relatives who are near to me in line. There were valiant men and women, amongst them my great-grandmother, who, armed and at the head of a small company of revolutionists, marched against the Abbot of Appenzell himself.

These brief references are a poor substitute for Aunt Amanda's narrative, so I will hasten to begin with my grandparents, for my mother's stories about them still ring in my ears.

Landaman Künzle

From a photograph by Hermann Boll, Berlin

My Grandparents

AUNT AMANDA was right in saying that my grandfather, Alban Loew, had nothing of the merchant in him; he was given over to the love of art and nature. He had qualities that were not suited to business, but which made a very solid foundation on which his second daughter Marie (our dear mother) and later her daughters, Lilli and Marie (our humble selves), were able to build their great careers. He gave his very talented children the opportunity to study everything that seemed to him valuable, and on her sixth birthday presented my mother with a large, splendid pedal harp (there were as yet no double pedal harps at that time), which he had sent direct from Erard of Paris, and which still stands in my drawing-room to-day. It is possible that it was the old Margravine of Baden, who then lived in Heidelberg and was friendly with my grandparents, who was the originator of this very idea. My mother for many years received instruction from her personally on this very difficult instrument, which later on my beloved mother played so remarkably well. With this the corner-stone was laid of her very fine musical culture, to which she was predestined by her talent, industry, and seriousness.

When the family went to Switzerland on a visit, Grandfather Loew used to climb the Säntis and the surrounding mountains with his daughters, and botanise with them all day long, experiences which my mother always recalled with delight. There, especially, amid sublime nature, he laid in the children's hearts the foundation of all goodness, the

unbounded love of animals and plants. He practised world philosophy with them, young and tender as they were, and waked all the slumbering buds that unfolded so nobly later, especially in my mother.

But as my grandmother, also, was more of a poetess than a business woman—she left behind after her very early death whole volumes of poems and a history of Napoleon I, written in the French language—one can easily surmise that these two Loews did not fill their pockets with gold pieces, even though they conducted a large linen and cambric business in Heidelberg. Even as recently as 1875 this business still had the best reputation. It did not pass out of the hands of the family until much later.

The homesickness, from which grandmother suffered, was sometimes quieted by short stays at Gossau, whither she herself travelled with the children in the winter seasons. From Heidelberg the drive thither in sleighs took eight days. My mother remembered these journeys vividly, and in 1881, when I was in Switzerland, wrote me about them:

. . . I should like to have made the journey with you to St. Gall and Gossau. I cannot tell you how much it has moved me to hear that you are visiting the scene of my early childhood, of which I have so many bright as well as mournful memories. Although I left there at the age of seven I still know every house and where each stands, and could name many people that have lived in them. If you took notice of it, you must have seen across the brook, about the middle of the village, diagonally across from the cemetery, a rather large two-storied house. This was ours. From its windows I have often, as a child, admired the Appenzeller Alps. Although I was then still very ignorant, already I was spontaneously sensitive to so much that was beautiful, without the necessity of having my attention called to it by any one. I will bring to a close, however, these recollections of childhood, for they put me in too tender a mood, and that is not good for me at present. If you go to Appenzell, you may think, when you pass the first mountain, of how we were driving with a

horse that had become frightened, and were thrown by good luck into a ditch in front of the mountain that had a deep abyss on one side of it. My mother had hidden my youngest sister in a huge muff, and, because of the great danger, had already thrown the child out of the carriage. Such impressions remain with one for life, so do not mind if I bother you with them.

She also remembered vividly the ninety-six-year-old great-grandmother, on whose lap she had often sat, and she thought that she had lived to be ninety-nine.

Scarcely thirty-four years of age, our grandmother died of homesickness, like so many natives of the Alps, at Heidelberg in the year 1817.

After her death, grandfather took into the house as governess to his four daughters, a Fräulein Charlotte von Arnstädt, whom he married, about ten years later, and who presented him with a son.

One or another of the daughters was permitted to accompany him sometimes on the shorter business trips. It happened on one of these journeys undertaken in an open carriage that the eldest, Emilie, was stung on the arm by a bee. They went to a peasant's house for assistance, but no doctor was at hand. The peasant's wife, who had just been churning, proposed as the best remedy to put the child's arm in the churn. So the father and child rode not, like the Erlking, swiftly through the wind and night, but the father drove slowly with the child and the churn to the nearest little town where, after much cross-questioning at the town gate, they found a physician about midnight. The churn had to be broken to pieces, as the child's arm was already so swollen that it could not be got out otherwise. When, later on, the three eldest daughters moved to Frankfort-on-Maine, grandfather settled at Breslau with the rest of the family, where he died of cholera in 1829, Julchen having departed this life before him.

Marie Loew

Frankfort-on-Maine—Cassel

Extract from the Cassel Theatre Archives:

Marie Loew,

who was born at Heidelberg in 1807, received a musical education, and made such rapid progress, especially on the harp, that at the age of thirteen she was heard in public, distinguishing herself. As she was also endowed with a lovely voice it was carefully trained by Schleyder von Wartensen and Schelble. She appeared on the stage at Frankfort-on-Maine as Agathe in the *Freischütz*, and her good method and really beautiful voice speedily won her fame and engagements at Magdeburg, Brunswick, Bremen, Aix, and Leipsic, while she appeared as a visiting artist at Mannheim, Darmstadt, and Cassel; in the last named city she has filled the position of court singer since 1837. Amongst her most successful parts are *Norma*, *Jessonda*, Valentine in the *Hugenotten*, Romeo, and Rebecca in *Templer und Jüdin*. By reason of her active zeal, constant industry, correct interpretation and especially pure intonation, and her modest demands she will be able to retain the undivided applause of the Cassel public which also, on every occasion, receives her harp playing with great enthusiasm. Her co-operation in church finds all the greater appreciation, because her beautiful, soft and yet strong voice and her simple delivery are especially suited to church singing.

Dates of appearances, et cetera, follow.

Marie Loew

AT the early age of thirteen Marie Loew was engaged by the Cäcilienverein of Frankfort-on-Maine in the joint capacity of concert virtuoso and teacher of the harp. Her two sisters,—the elder Emilie by name, the younger, Lilli—accompanied her to Frankfort, where, under the protection of a family whose friendship they had won, they

Marie Loew as Rebecca in *Templer und Jüdin*

From a photograph by Hermann Boll, Berlin

adjusted themselves to their new surroundings. Emilie was the "policeman" of that charming sisterly trio—in nearly every family some individual plays that rôle. I myself was called that later, when the resemblance between our two characters was recognised.

All three girls studied there what was considered necessary for them to study, and gained experience also in practical domestic concerns. Marie drew very well and did superb embroidery, as she possessed talent, industry, and perseverance in everything. The rest has already been told us by the Cassel report.

At Leipsic she became acquainted with Richard Wagner, his family, and Brockhaus and Avenarius, his relations. He was a daily guest of the Loew sisters, and brought Marie all his difficult, unsingable youthful compositions. Emilie, the policeman, drove him away when he behaved too badly and paid court to Marie, but he did not mind that and came back again daily. He, himself, still called Marie Loew, in later years, his "first flame," and recalled many scenes, which indeed had long escaped her own memory. At all events they had merry times when he was with them. They met each other again at Magdeburg in 1836, where Marie Loew, together with Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, sang, under his direction, *Norma* and *Romeo und Julia*, and where a comical little episode occurred.

Marie Loew, who, as Desdemona in Rossini's *Othello*, accompanied herself on her own harp in the "Willow Song" in the last act, spoke down from the stage to Richard Wagner, who conducted the opera. The orchestra was playing at sixes and sevens, and Desdemona saw that Wagner turned the leaves backward, while the orchestra was already far in advance, so she called out to him from above, "Further, further!" The audience understood, "Fire, fire!" and fled from their seats. A panic arose, but the audience was soon quieted, and the opera was resumed. They were again engaged together at Königsberg, and Marie associated in a

friendly way with him and his wife, Minna Planer, of whom she had much good to tell. Immediately afterward Marie went to Bremen, where she was not only mistress of an excellent professional position, but was also loved and esteemed in the first patrician families. Then she went to Cassel under Spohr's direction. Spohr, who valued her highly, composed many things for her for the harp, and an aria in his *Faust* by Klingemann, that I myself subsequently have often sung in concerts. A very special distinction consisted in the fact that Spohr transposed a half tone higher for her the adagio of the first aria of *Jessonda*, as it sounded more beautiful, a thing that he would have done for no one else.

I give here a letter of Ludwig Spohr's.

V. H., March 10, 1843.

Highly Esteemed Fräulein,

In recognition of your beautiful virtuosity on the harp, which is so rare in Germany, I beg you to be so good as to accept the accompanying duet for harp and violin, as a souvenir of the composer. May it be an inducement to you to permit me and others also soon again to admire your beautiful talent.

With especial respect,

Your very devoted,

Louis Spohr.

Later he gave her also the following testimonial:

This certifies that Fräulein Marie Loew has been a singer for many years at our Court Theatre, and that she has, moreover, frequently appeared at our concerts, amid general applause, as a virtuoso on the pedal harp.

Dr. Louis Spohr.

Cassel, April 12, 1847.

All these musical numbers, like the Wagner compositions, have fallen a prey to time and change.

In addition to all the dramatic parts Marie Loew sang also the Queen of the Night, and Constanze in the *Entführung*

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Freitag den 8. December 1837.

Abonnement suspendu.

Zum Benefice der Kammersängerin Demoiselle Pistor:

Euryanthe.

Große romantische Oper in 3 Aufzügen, von H. v. Chezy.

Musik von Carl Maria von Weber.

Personen.

König Ludwig der Sechste,	Herr Krieg.
Adolar, Graf zu Nevers und Rethel,	Herr Dorska.
Euryanthe von Savoyen, Adolars Braut,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Lysiart, Graf von Foreſt,	Herr Töppel.
Eglantine von Puiſet, eine Gefangene, Tochter eines Empörers,	Demoiselle Löw.
Bertha, ein Brautpaar,	Demoiselle Wettlaufer.
Rudolph, ein Brautpaar,	Herr Harig.

Herzöge. Fürſten. Grafen. Edle.
Damen. Fräulein. Edelknaben.
Chor von Rittern.
Chor von Gewappneten und Burgbewohnern zu Nevers.
Chor von Landleuten.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Donnerstag den 28. December 1837.

5te Vorſtellung im Zweiten Abonnement.

Norma.

Oper in 2 Aufzügen, von Felix Romani.

Musik von Vincenz Bellini.

Personen.

Severr, römiſcher Proconſul in Gallien,	Herr Dorska.
Oroviſt, Haupt der Druiden,	Herr Krieg.
Norma, deſſen Tochter, eine Seherin,	Demoiselle Löw.
Adalgiſa, Prieſterin bei dem Tempel Irminſuls,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Clotilde, Norma's Freundin,	Demoiselle M. Schmidt.
Flavius, Severs Begleiter,	Herr Harig.

Zwei Kinder. Druiden. Barden. Tempelwächter.
Prieſterinnen. Galliſches Kriegsvolk.

Programmes of Mme. Lehmann's Early Appearances

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Sonntag den 11. Februar 1838.

14te Vorstellung im Dritten Abonnement.

Die Zauberflöte.

Oper in 2 Aufzügen, von Mozart.

Personen.

Sarastro,	Herr Krieg.
Die Königin der Nacht,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Pamina, ihre Tochter,	Demoiselle Löw.
Erste Dame der Königin,	Demoiselle Wettlaufer.
Zweite Dame der Königin,	Demoiselle Leißring.
Dritte Dame der Königin,	Demoiselle M. Schmidt.
Tamino, Prinz,	Herr Dereka.
Papageno, Vogelfänger,	Herr Birnbaum.
Monostatos, ein Mohr,	Herr Damé.
Ein altes Weib.	
Erster Priester,	Herr Häser.
Zweiter Priester,	Herr Harig.
Erster Genius,	Demoiselle Ch. Lieber.
Zweiter Genius,	Demoiselle Zinn.
Dritter Genius,	Madame Jenke.

Priester. Sclaven. Gefolge.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Donnerstag den 12. April 1838.

8te Vorstellung im Sechsten Abonnement.

Lestocq,

oder

Intrigue und Liebe.

Oper in 4 Aufzügen, nach dem Französischen des Scribe zur beibehaltenen Musik von Auber für die deutsche Bühne bearbeitet von dem Freiherrn v. Lichtenstein.

Personen.

Elisabeth, Peter des Großen Tochter,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Lestocq, ihr Arzt,	Herr Dereka.
Goloskin, Polizei-Minister,	Herr Töppel.
Eudoxia, seine Gemahlin,	Demoiselle Löw.
Strolof, Goloskins Leibeigener und Posthalter,	Herr Birnbaum.
Katharina, Leibeigene in Eudoxia's Diensten,	Demoiselle Leißring.
Dimitri Lapukin, Hauptmann im Regiment Nowogorod,	Herr Damé.
Samojef, Offizier im nämlichen Regimente,	Herr Harig.
Woref, Goloskins Adjutant,	Herr Weißmann.

Offiziere, des Regiments Nowogorod.

Hofleute. und Masken. Hofbediente. Soldaten. Leibeigene. Volk.

as was then customary, and all untransposed. She, unfortunately, was entirely lacking in the egoism and arrogance which characterise so many incapables. She always hid her light under a bushel, and she was talked of only in those places where she could sing and conquer. As her fine nature sedulously avoided any kind of notoriety, it is not to be wondered at that she was only a little known outside of Cassel, and the more so as she very seldom played special engagements at other theatres, a course of action which, by the way, was not viewed with favour by "the powers that be."

She had letters of introduction to Goethe from Frankfort, but, in her modesty, she made no use of them, which, of course, she regretted all her life. She sang under Weber, Spohr, Marschner, Richard Wagner, and Heinrich Dorn; she likewise knew Spontini, who wrote for her, even in later years, an excellent testimonial as a teacher of singing. As colleagues she had Schröder-Devrient, Malibran, Pistor, and Sontag. Her voice was a beautiful, full soprano. In spite of fatigue, emotional crises, and the blows of destiny, she kept her voice in all its clarity of tone, its volume, and its youthful brilliancy, until her seventy-seventh year, that is, until shortly before her death. Her technique of breathing, her trills and colorature were most perfect, and she sang her colorature not only with verve but often with actual classical grandezza, which proves that, by proper treatment, our organs may laugh at years.

At the close of the year 1847 Marie Loew became acquainted with the leading tenor, Carl August Lehmann. Her sister Lilli had been married to Pauli, court actor at Cassel, dying soon after. Emilie, to supply the place of the mother to the children, went to live in the home of her brother-in-law Pauli. Marie Loew gave her hand in marriage to Carl August Lehmann and thereby ended, only too prematurely, her career as a singer.

By this union she placed on her head, instead of a myrtle-wreath, a crown of thorns, which was not lifted from her until long afterwards. The wounds which it made played a part in my life, and I can tell much more of them than of the relatively short happiness that attended her career as an artist.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Sonntag den 8. April 1838.

5te Vorstellung im Sechsten Abonnement.

Die Jüdin.

Große romantische Oper in 5 Aufzügen, nach dem Französischen des E. Scribe von Friederike Elmenreich.

Musik von F. Halevy.

Personen.

Fürst Leopold, kaiserlicher Feldherr,	Herr Dams.
Prinzessin Eudoxia, Nichte des Kaisers, seine Gemahlin,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Cardinal Brogni, Präsident des Concilliums zu Constanz,	Herr Töppel.
Eleazar, ein Jude, Juwelier,	Herr Deréka.
Recha, seine Tochter,	Demoiselle Löw.
Ruggiero, Ober-Schultheiß der Stadt Constanz,	Herr Krieg.
Albert, Obrist der kaiserlichen Leibwache,	Herr Weißmann.
Ein Offizier der päpstlichen Leibwache,	Herr Hartz.
Ein Wappenherold,	Herr Häser.
Erster	Herr Specht.
Zweiter Bürger von Constanz,	Herr Stübecke.
Dritter	Herr Jenke.
Juden und Jüdinnen. Volk.	

Stumme Rollen.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Dienstag den 1. Mai 1838.

3te Vorstellung im Siebenten Abonnement.

Robert der Teufel.

Oper in 5 Aufzügen, nach dem Französischen des Scribe und G. Delavigne bearbeitet von Th. Hell.

Musik von Meyerbeer.

Personen.

Der König von Sicilien,	Herr Gerlach.
Robert, Herzog der Normandie,	Herr Deréka.
Bertram, sein Freund,	Herr Töppel.
Raimbaut, Landmann aus der Normandie,	Herr Dams.
Allberti, Ceremonienmeister,	Herr Häser.
Der Prinz von Grenada,	Herr Weißmann.
Isabelle, Prinzessin von Sicilien,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Alice, Landmädchen aus der Normandie,	Demoiselle Löw.
Ein Waffenherold des Prinzen von Grenada,	Herr Hartz.
Ein Waffenherold des Königs von Sicilien,	Herr Olrog.

Ein Priester. Ritter und Große. Damen. Pagen. Bräute. Nonnen. Eremiten. Priester. Bauern und Bäuerinnen. Sicilianische Soldaten. Knappen. Stallmeister. Volk. Dämonen.

Scene: Sicilien.

Programmes

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Montag den 4. Juni 1838.

Abonnement suspendu.

Neu einstudirt:

Der Kreuzritter in Egypten.

Heroische Oper in 2 Aufzügen, von Gaetano Rossi.

Musik von Meyerbeer.

Nach dem Italienischen von Friederike Elmenreich.

Personen.

Aladin, Sultan von Damiatte,	Herr Töppel.
Palmide, seine Tochter,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Osmin, Vezier,	Herr Dams.
Adrian von Montfort, Großmeister des Ordens der Ritter von Rhodus,	Herr Devrka.
Felicia, seine Nichte,	Demoiselle Letzring.
Armand d'Orville, Ritter von Rhodus, unter dem Namen: Elmerino,	Demoiselle Löw.
Alma, Vertraute Palmidens,	Demoiselle Egeling.
Mirva, ein Knabe,	Elise Specht.
Emire, Imane, Volk } von Egypten.	

Ritter von Rhodus. Europäische Sclaven.

Die Handlung ist in Damiatte.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Mittwoch den 29. Mai 1839.

1te Vorstellung im Achten Abonnement.

Jessonda.

Große Oper in 3 Aufzügen, von Eduard Gehe.

Musik vom Hofkapellmeister Louis Spohr.

Personen.

Jessonda, Wittwe eines Rajah,	Demoiselle Löw.
Amazili, ihre Schwester,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Dandau, Oberbramin,	Herr Krieg.
Nadori, Bramin,	Herr Devrka.
Tristan d'Acunha, General der Portugiesen,	
Pedro Lopes, Oberster,	Herr Dams.
Ein indischer Offizier,	Herr Eichmann.
Erste und zweite Bajadere,	Demoiselle Ernst. Madame Schaub.

Chor der Braminen und Bajaderen.
Chor der Portugiesen, der indischen Krieger und des indischen Volks.

Die Scene ist in und vor Goa, auf der Küste Malabar. — Zeit der Handlung: Der Anfang des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts.

* * * Tristan, — Herr Biberhofer.

Programmes

My Parents

Marie Loew—Carl August Lehmann

1848–1853

My Mother

IF the year 1848 had done nothing more than bring me into the world, I might cut myself a new pen, like Aunt Amanda, for the recording of this event. But the date was already inscribed in the book of history in human blood, so that my insignificant self did not count at all. November 24, 1848, the date of my birth, was, however, already quite remote from the terrible occurrences. The revolutionary tendency had not yet asserted itself in me. It was in the Sandgasse at Würzburg that I saw the light of the world. I looked, my mother said, like a monkey, for my whole body was covered with black hair. Fortunately, my parents were only passing through Würzburg and no one knew us there. But even after a year the child was always "asleep" when any one wanted to see it, and not until the second year did I begin to take human form.

We stayed at Würzburg only six weeks; then went, I think, to Rotterdam. Of that place an amusing scene remains in my memory based upon my mother's stories. The houses were then as thinly and badly built as now, and one could understand every word that was uttered in the next house. One evening, on the night before the performance of

Der Prophet, when my parents were sitting at supper, voices became audible through the wall of the adjoining house. They were those of the three Anabaptists, who were devising a conspiracy and agreeing to run away the next day from the conductor. My father, who was to be the Prophet, did not think himself bound to betray the Anabaptists, although it would have been pleasant to avenge himself for their contemptible treachery to him, the Prophet. How the opera passed off the next evening without the Anabaptists has escaped me.

At Brunswick, whence the opera company travelled over to the small watering place, Amalienbad, for single performances, my parents first met Albert Niemann, who, as a twenty-year-old youth likewise under engagement there, used to carry me, the two-year-old child, about in his arms. From there we went to Hamburg, where, on May 15, 1851, my sister Marie was born, at No. 8 grosse Drehbahn (twenty-two years afterwards she lived by chance in the same apartment). I think that we then went to Mayence, where I got a cut in my forehead by falling downstairs. The wound had to be sewed up, and it took more than twenty years for the scar to disappear entirely. Thence we moved to Lemberg, where we lived in the theatre building, as was the custom.

From this time forth I can remember much independently, amongst other things, our large, handsome apartment, the dining-room, and a fearful thrashing that my father gave me for disobedience,—a broken plate was the cause. I shrieked, mamma wept, my little sister howled loudly, as she could not bear to see any one beaten, and our family dinner was disturbed. Then I recall that I saw my father as Fra Diavolo fall down the rocks in the last scene, which, like the occurrence above mentioned, left a very strong impression behind with me. Then my memories are obliterated, and they come to life again only on the journey from Lemberg to Prague, and in the Eiermarkt in the latter city.

But before we undertake this journey and settle ourselves

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Sonnabend den 20. October 1838.

15te Vorstellung im Elften Abonnement.

Neu einstudirt:

Figaro's Hochzeit.

Komische Oper in 3 Aufzügen, nach dem Italienischen.

Musik von Mozart.

Personen.

Graf Almaviva,	Herr Krieg.
Die Gräfin, seine Gemahlin,	Demoiselle Löw.
Susanne, ihr Kammermädchen, Figaro's Braut,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Figaro, Kammerdiener des Grafen,	Herr Töppel.
Marzelline, Beschließerin,	Demoiselle Beaujot.
Antonio, Schloßgärtner, Susannens Oheim,	Herr Häser.
Hannchen, dessen Tochter,	Demoiselle Elise Tripp.
Cherubin, Page des Grafen,	" " "
Bartholo, Arzt aus Sevilla,	Herr Birnbaum.
Basilio, Musiklehrer der Gräfin,	Herr Daus.
Don Gusman, Richter,	Herr Specht.

Bediente. Jäger. Bauern und Bäuerinnen.

Die Scene ist auf dem Schlosse des Grafen, in der Nähe von Sevilla.

* * * Cherubin, — Demoiselle Hoffmann, letzte Gastrolle.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Dienstag den 1. Januar 1839.

Abonnement suspendu.

Zum ersten Male:

Zum treuen Schäfer.

Komische Oper in 3 Aufzügen,
nach dem Französischen des Scribe und Saint-Georges,
zur beibehaltenen Musik von Adolph Adam
von dem Freiherrn von Lichtenstein.

Personen.

Isidor Coquerel, Conditor in der Lombardstraße, „zum treuen Schäfer," in Paris,	Herr Derska.
Madame Bergamotte, seine Nachbarin, eine Parfümeuse,	Demoiselle Beaujot.
Caroline, ihre Tochter,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Der Graf von Coaslin,	Herr Töppel.
Die Gräfin, seine Gemahlin,	Demoiselle Löw.
Serrefort, Polizei-Gestreiter,	Herr Krieg.
Dubois, des Grafen Kammerdiener,	Herr Häser.
Germain, Diener der Gräfin,	Herr Tripp.
Toinon, Ladenmädchen bei Coquerel,	Demoiselle Gerlach.

Ladenmädchen. Fischweiber. Polizeisoldaten.
Landleute. Dienerschaft des Grafen. Volk.

Die Oper handelt am Ende der Regierung Ludwigs XV. Der erste und dritte Aufzug in Paris in Coquerels Wohnung; der zweite in Chaville, dem Schlosse des Grafen von La Villiere.

Kurfürstliches Hoftheater.

Sonntag den 26. Mai 1839.

15te Vorstellung im Siebenten Abonnement.

Don Juan.

Oper in 2 Aufzügen. Musik von Mozart.

Personen.

Der Gouverneur,	Herr Krieg.
Donna Anna, seine Tochter,	Demoiselle Pistor.
Don Octavio,	Herr Derska.
Don Juan,	" "
Leporello, sein Diener,	Herr Birnbaum.
Donna Elvira,	Demoiselle Löw.
Masetto, ein Bauer,	Herr Steller.
Zerline, seine Braut,	" " "
Eine Gerichtsperson,	Herr Stübecke.

Bauern und Bäuerinnen. Gerichtsdiener. Furien.

* * Don Juan, — Herr Biberhofer.

* * * Zerline, — Demoiselle Stahl, zweite Antrittsrolle.

Programme

in Prague for sixteen years, I must introduce my father as he lives in my memory.

Carl August Lehmann was a large, strong, handsome, very good-natured, but often very quick-tempered man. I have inherited not only his features, but also unfortunately his vehemence. My sister, on the other hand, resembles our gentle mother, though she has her father's lack of steadiness. The seriousness and industry of our mother have fallen to me.

Born the son of a town musician at Jüterbog, he was educated for music, and, like Albert Niemann, Pauline Lucca, Amalie Joachim, and many others, he began his theatrical career in the chorus, as was then usually the case, for, in order to become an artist, one had to serve from the bottom up. I know of only one letter from my Grandfather Lehmann, and in it he expresses to his son his pleasure in the latter's prosperity, but begs him not to write too often as the postage cost so much.

My father had a glorious voice for the heroic tenor rôles, received excellent positions, and earned fame and money enough to be certain of an assured future. His acting, warmth, and effective expression, as well as his beautiful voice, were praised in the criticisms of that day. A brilliant life would have been his still for a long time to come but for his quarrelsome temper, and there were worse passions, besides, that gnawed at the short-lived family happiness. Drinking and gambling began their destructive work, though only in the first stages. Careless of the future of himself and his family he did not remain anywhere long. And yet my mother had given up everything for him, trusting in a happy united family life, a hope dear to her heart, constituting as it does an ideal in the breast of every true woman. The union was unequal and therefore unhappy.

In view of these perpetual wanderings what would become of the future and of the children's education? Hopelessly my mother looked forward to both. For the sake of the children, the gentle silent wife bravely resolved upon a

separation, a course which was obvious to my father also, and to which he consented with a heavy heart. My mother, unfortunately, did not have the courage to return to her old position as a dramatic singer, for she was now almost forty-five years old. Perhaps, also, she availed herself too quickly of the chance of becoming Professor of the harp in the Prague National Theatre orchestra, which was offered to her through a friend. Be that as it may, she thereby gave her destiny a decisive bent. If along with it she assumed superhuman burdens of care and labour, yet it was for her happiness. Anything that I could say in her praise would be too little, and so it is best that I should let circumstances and events speak for her.

At Lemberg, my parents had become acquainted with Römer, the actor, and his family. One evening mother sat in the box with the young married couple, listening to Rossini's *Othello*, in which papa had a rôle. During the last act, Herr Römer remarked, "I have heard and seen Desdemona performed differently, and the lady accompanied her 'Willow Song' herself on the harp." In reply to mother's enquiry where it had been, Herr Römer said, "At Cassel." When mamma, thereupon, revealed herself as this very Desdemona, there ensued astonishment, rejoicing, and a friendship for life. When the Römers settled at Prague, they heard of the vacant position, called Director Stoeger's attention to my mother, and the die for our future destiny was cast.

So, at the beginning of the year 1853, mamma sat inside the mail coach with us little children, I something over four and my sister not quite two, and drove towards Prague. I do not know how long we were on the way; the journey must have been terrible, however, for my mother, alone with two children as wild as we. All that has remained in my memory is that mamma once called out, "Lilli, a deer!" Whether the impression was really so strong or whether it is imagination, I think I can still see the deer feeding at the edge of the forest.

Carl August Lehmann

From an old photograph

Prague

1853–1868

AS a traveller, returning after long wandering, sees his home lying before him bathed in evening light, so we, glancing down the road of life, look back upon our childhood. Behold all is golden; everywhere is reflected the brightness of happiness, the knowledge that we had a dear mother who, living with us in heavy sorrow, yet made our childhood so unspeakably happy that even the fame to which she led us could not eclipse it.

I

THE heaven of our childhood lay in the "Three Crowns," at Prague. The old front house, in which our landlord Lederer lived, had arbours towards the market in which there were stalls. A great, long courtyard was made by two new side wings. We had our little dwelling in the left-hand wing, and it consisted of one large room and a kitchen. An ancient rear house—the whole place was once a convent—was at the end of the courtyard, and was connected with ours by a new staircase. All the buildings were two-storied. The ground-floor rooms were used entirely for business, and in the rear house, on both sides of the dust-pit, were two big vaults. On the first floor of the old rear house was one large apartment connected by a hall, which formed a gallery on the second floor, on which a number of small lodgings opened, their windows in part looking upon a second narrow courtyard resembling a garden, and formerly the court of the convent. My brightest memories cling about the big vault of the rear house, where were stored away the colonial provisions of Klein, the merchant. He often invited us

children to dip into this or that barrel to get almonds, nuts, and raisins, or to lick a leaky molasses cask. Once, however, though "uninvited," I reached for a glass that appeared to be full of syrup. It overflowed and burned my arm and hand, for the syrup was vitriol, and, in consequence, paradise was closed to me forever.

On the second floor was a kindergarten, kept by Fräulein Blowsky, to which only children of the best families went. Scarcely was mamma settled, and my sister had celebrated her second birthday, than we were both taken there. We would start at nine o'clock in the morning and were fetched away again at noon. Mamma did not pay in money, but gave a daily singing lesson to the little tots, none of whom were over six years old. *Komm, lieber Mai*, by Mozart, *Kommt ein Vogerl geflogen*, *Weisst du wieviel Sternlein stehen*, and the rest of them, those charming songs for children, we babies would twitter with delight and love, and mamma, when all went very well, would sing second.

At Fräulein Blowsky's we learned French and German poems, dialogues, how to make bows, that is, to bend and hold ourselves erect, to string beads and to count, to construct lamps out of glass pearls, which were presented to friends and relatives, and which were not as cheap as they looked,—in short all that belonged to a good education and which could be done by such little children. Treated with much love, endless patience, and some strictness, for Fräulein Blowsky put us in the corner or even made us kneel on peas, we learned much while at play. Happy memories are connected with this period of apprenticeship, and all the dear little children who grew up with us. Later mamma taught us short pieces, which we played either in school or in the Ursuline convent. I remained until my twelfth year, together with almost all of my fellow pupils, at Fräulein Blowsky's, whose kindergarten changed gradually to an establishment for young ladies.

Then, for two years, I went to the Institute kept by

Monsieur and Madame Clottü, where everything was said and taught in French, and after that I had a year and a half at the school of the Ursuline Sisters. The large, robust Mother Superior, who gave the lesson in arithmetic, took me especially to her heart, and lavished upon me a care which I requited inadequately. I could not get through the single and the double Rule of Three, and even to-day I stand far below the level of these arithmetical sciences, of which I comprehend only that which relates to household accounts. I enjoyed especially the drawing lessons given us by the pretty young Sister Bernardine, but either my talent was too slight or the lessons did not suffice to develop it, and in this direction, also, I made small progress. From that time on I had only private instruction—French with Monsieur Chaussieur, the winner of the great literary prize, and elegant penmanship from Herr Nickel, a wretched, lean old man whose eyes and whose clothing were eloquent of hunger. Mamma paid him fifty kreutzer an hour, and set before him thickly-buttered rolls and meat, which probably constituted his only meal during the day. My sister's handwriting does not give evidence of a training in good penmanship, and neither have I acquired a fair hand. But the poor old gentleman, whose name we were fond of conjugating as a verb, "*je nicle, tu nicles, il nicle, nous niclons, vous niclez, ils niclent,*" is not to be held responsible, for we were then not yet able to judge and to condemn the evil of bad chirography. If he can look down from above, and see me forming letters so as to do justice to him and his teaching, and if he suspects how heartily penitent I am towards him, I may be sure of his forgiveness.

Before I left Fräulein's Blowsky's advanced school for young ladies she had received a new boarding scholar, Betty Wurm, a pretty, lively girl, full of mischief, which she originated and we helped her to carry out. After some one of such "merry pranks"—it could not have been very bad or I should have remembered it—the entire Institute was

commanded to appear one morning in a certain schoolroom. As nobody would play the informer, it was declared that "the judgment of God" should unmask the culprit. A big market basket was placed on a stool, and we were ordered, one after the other, to put our right hands under the lid and to touch what lay inside. This form of judgment appeared so mysterious that it was really alarming, for no one knew what was in the basket. Most of the girls were so stupid as really to touch the object inside, but I smelled a rat and was careful not to do it, so that, while all the other pupils withdrew blackened hands, branded with the mark of God, I emerged in the whiteness of innocence from this highly dangerous Inquisitional test. In the basket was sitting a big live hen, blackened with soot!

II

It is not hard to get from the second floor to the first if one is accustomed, as were we children, to take several steps at once. I should have liked to have skipped the first floor altogether. The barbarian, Cölestin Müller, lived there and had his piano institute, which he, together with his sister, made into an actual hell for me. I was scarcely six years old when mamma applied for a free scholarship in his school, which I won, after passing an examination, for a term of six years.

Mamma proceeded mercilessly with her system of education, that must have caused her more unpleasantness than ourselves, though we children could not appreciate it. Although mamma received the largest salary of any member of the orchestra, it was only six hundred gulden annually. The apartment cost ninety gulden, and less than one room and a kitchen one could not well get along with. She had also to supply her harp-strings herself, and they swallowed up a goodly sum,—big covered bass strings cost two gulden apiece. Fortunately they did not break often, but when it

happened it made a hole in our hearts and our purse. Although the theatre furnished a harp mamma preferred to use her own, for the other could not compare with its wonderful tone. Only by enharmonic changes which entailed much rewriting and study did mamma find it possible to master the difficult orchestral parts on the simple pedal harp, which could be modulated only a half-tone in the diatonic scales, and not two half-tones like the later harp with double pedals.[1]

In order not to expose the valuable instrument to daily trips in wind and weather, mamma had fitted up a room in the theatre, whither she went every day to practise, forcing her to make a double journey. She never let a day pass without practising at least an hour to an hour and a half. It was this inconvenient arrangement that was principally to blame for my beginning so late my study of the harp, which, for the same reason, I gave up again after some years.

When we removed to Prague, we took with us beds, body and house linen, silver and clothing—articles of luxury, knick-knacks, etc., were temporarily stored with Uncle Paul in Cassel—but, having no furniture, we now were obliged to secure some. As mamma had little ready money, she had to proceed cautiously and sparingly, and, under such circumstances, the purchase of a piano, which C. Müller would have let us have for 250 gulden, could not be considered. And yet I had to practise. Müller offered mamma, in this dilemma, a class room where I might play every morning from seven to eight. In winter, mamma went down there as early as six o'clock to warm it with our fuel, so that little Lilli might sit in comfort. A bundle of rods, I well recollect, lay on the piano, but they were never used in earnest.

The free lessons, which could be had in all the music schools of Prague, were paid for by members of the aristo-

[1] My cousin recalls how once, when he was admiring her harp, mamma told him that she tried on it Richard Wagner's passages for the harp, from his operas before they were published, that she frequently suggested corrections to Wagner, and that an animated correspondence with him was the outcome.

cracy. Herr Müller made us pay richly for what we—according to his view of it—did not bring him in. In insolence he left nothing to be desired. We had to sit at a dumb piano and practise finger exercises, wearing finger nets, an invention of his, which cost me many tears. Müller's bony sister was, however, almost worse. If we sneaked out of a couple of minutes she smelled it out at once, and dragged us back to the silent finger exercises. I may have been occasionally lazy, indeed, but I am sure that I never received a spark of love from them, so I could never return it. Mamma, however, showed her gratitude to the whole family quite disproportionally to her means. Many pupils who would not stand Müller's boorishness left him, among others Römer's very industrious daughter. When I was permitted to leave the Institute, after a six years' course, it was a day of rejoicing for me. I played Chopin at the pupils' concert, that took place in public on the Sofieninsel, and I pleased, perhaps on account of my dainty appearance; a little white muslin dress with a pink silk scarf and small black velvet bodice was very becoming to me. I must not paint myself better than I was, and must admit the truth that I might have learned much more and might have been far more diligent in those six years, for I could work hard and occasionally did so.

After several years of instruction from Müller, Uncle Kuenzle, of Heidelberg, advanced mamma the money for the piano, which she was to pay back at her convenience; and now I no longer had to practise downstairs. Instead of that Berta Römer, who also had no piano, now came to our house at seven o'clock every morning, summer and winter, to practise, when we Lehmann children were either still in bed or had just got up.

III

In Prague, we met the Römer family with whom mamma had become acquainted in Lemberg. Herr Römer

played young lover parts;—his wife was the sister of the famous Prague baritone, Steinecke. Their daughter Berta, two years and a half older than I, was a good, industrious child, and both her parents and she were unusually nice and respectable persons. As our two families nearly always lived in the same house, and we girls went to the same schools, I became Berta's best friend, and, on my side, the affection continued for a long time. I was often told by others that I was not as much to her, but I did not believe this. I was not of a suspicious nature, and mamma had taught me to forgive freely. One day, however, I was compelled to admit the truth, and the old bond of friendship which had so long linked me to her was broken forever.

Little by little, other old friends gathered about my mother. First, there came the actor Hassel and his wife Theodora, a godchild of Charlotte Buff. Just think, a godchild of Werther's and Goethe's Lotte, whose silhouette she had, and which we gazed upon, of course, as something very wonderful. Then followed the entire Birnbaum family from Cassel, whose daughter Auguste was married to Prince Friedrich of Hanau, the son of the Elector, and who, in spite of all the latter's efforts, could not be divorced from him, because the marriage of the couple had taken place in London according to law. In the interests of truth, I set down here the facts, which I have taken from a Rhenish newspaper, and which Adolf Oppenheim discussed some years ago in the publication *The World and the Stage*. I hope that he will pardon this use of them.

The Marriage of Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Hanau with Auguste Birnbaum

Prince Friedrich Wilhelm of Hanau, son of Friedrich Wilhelm, last Elector of Hesse-Cassel, born in 1842, married in London, against his father's will, Auguste Birnbaum, an actress at the Court Theatre in Cassel, where her father,

the well-known comic actor and manager, Birnbaum, was also engaged. So many false reports have been published concerning this marriage that an absolutely true statement of this interesting affair may be welcome. We give this authentic account of the circumstances from notes, taken by Birnbaum's benefactress, Amalie Stubenrauch, and based upon the complete information which Birnbaum, who was, as a rule, not very communicative to strangers, had given to her.

The father had not the faintest suspicion that Prince Friedrich of Hanau, son of the Elector of Cassel, had shown attention to his daughter, as the Prince met Auguste Birnbaum secretly at the house of a woman friend. One day Birnbaum was commanded to appear before the Elector at the castle. There the Father of his Country received him with these words: "Birnbaum, you low scoundrel, look after your daughter, shut her up—my son is a rascal, should be also locked up, do you understand?"

Birnbaum, who, as we have said, had no inkling of the love affair between his child and the Prince of Hanau, replied quietly with a negative to the question whether he had understood the Elector's speech.

The Elector, a man of passionate temper, was first taken aback by Birnbaum's reply, then jumping up and raising his arm to strike, he burst out with, "Dog of an actor!" Luckily, the adjutant entered at this moment with some report. When he saw the Elector with uplifted arm about to strike Birnbaum, he sprang between the two, for Birnbaum, with flashing eyes, stood panting with suppressed excitement, and ready in the adjutant's opinion, to act energetically on the defensive if the Prince had struck the blow. A painful pause ensued, then the Elector pointed with an emphatic gesture to the door. Birnbaum left without saluting, walking erect, and the Elector hurled the epithets, "Dog and scoundrel" after him. The Princess of Hanau had heard of the scene, and begged the adju-

tant to hasten after Birnbaum and to exact his promise to tell no one of the occurrence. Birnbaum declined to give a promise, but spoke of it to none, except Fräulein Stubenrauch later, and hurrying home he called his daughter to account. What he learned from her in this interview was of such a nature that he immediately sought out Prince Friedrich at his palace, and he demanded of him nothing more nor less than to restore his child her honour, of which he had robbed her under cover of the most solemn promise of marriage. Prince Friedrich, confused at first, soon collected himself, swore that he loved Auguste, and promised Birnbaum that, under any circumstances, his word, given to the daughter, would be kept. Only he reminded the actor that the Elector, after learning of the relations with Auguste and the Prince, would have his son closely watched, and that under these conditions a marriage would be impossible.

"Then," said Birnbaum, with sharp decision, "you will have two lives on your conscience, for if the shame in which you have plunged my daughter is prematurely noised abroad, and you will not become a legitimate father to the child, I will kill my daughter and myself before your door, and Your Highness may rest assured I shall keep my word!"

The Prince quieted Birnbaum, and begged him to avoid any disturbance. He said he would keep his promise and fly from Cassel with Auguste, and, in any case, protect her at once from his father's persecution. That same afternoon Birnbaum received from a trusted person information that the Prince was resolved to escape to England with Auguste, and to be married to her there. The Elector, however, had his son strictly watched, and the latter succeeded only by a stratagem in getting away from Cassel that same night with Auguste.

When the Elector learned the next day of the flight of Prince Friedrich, he ordered that the military and police pursue the couple, arrest Birnbaum, bring him to the

castle and hold him there. At least ten times during the following days did the Elector present himself before Birnbaum, whom he sought out for the purpose in his prison, and shout at him, "Dog of an actor! Canaille! You shall pay for this!"

Through the entreaties of the Princess of Hanau, and those of the Elector's intimates, the poor comedian was at last released, but he and his family were commanded to leave the Elector's dominions within twelve hours. The furniture, and even the clothing and linen of the Birnbaums, were confiscated by the Elector. This violent measure was ordered on the ground that Birnbaum, to assist the flight of the Prince of Hanau, had given money and its equivalent to the latter; so, in order that the fugitives might not receive any further help, the Father of his Country held back Birnbaum's property. It remains unexplained how the Elector was informed that Birnbaum, knowing that the Prince was not provided with much money for his flight, had given him not only his savings but whatever in an emergency he could convert into money. Therefore, when Birnbaum received the decree of banishment he was entirely without means. Some of his colleagues pitied him, and secretly lent him enough for him and his family to travel to Wiesbaden. He believed that he might find employment there or at least be able to remain until he had got another engagement, but, through the scheming of the Elector of Hesse, the Nassau Government turned him out as "an actor without money or engagement." Birnbaum then went to Prague with his family. The vengeance of the Elector followed him there also, and, after a stay of six days, the Imperial and Royal Government of Prague, instigated thereto by Cassel, drove him from the crown land of Bohemia, as being "without money or means of earning a living." The same fate awaited the sorely-tried man in Vienna, whither he turned, aided by actors who collected money for him in Prague. In his need, he bethought him of his former colleague,

Fräulein Amalie Stubenrauch, for he knew that she was highly esteemed by the King of Würtemberg. To his old friend he wrote briefly of his troubles; and he hoped to obtain a situation through the recommendation of Stubenrauch, who was then all-powerful at Stuttgart. Amalie Stubenrauch was a great artist and a charitable, warm-hearted woman. She received the Birnbaums, and not only brought about an engagement, but gave him the money necessary to establish a home in the Swabian "Residenz." Instead of settling himself, however, Birnbaum took the money and sent it to Prince Friedrich, who meantime had married Auguste Birnbaum in England, so that the young couple might lack nothing, while the old man and his family suffered from want in the fullest meaning of the word. The Elector caused the English Government to put difficulties in the way of the young people there, and they fled to Switzerland, whereupon Birnbaum borrowed and sent money to the Prince for his support in that country.

But the Elector of Cassel was not inactive; he turned to Switzerland and requested the banishment of his son. The Federal Council declined to act on the suggestion. After the failure of this manœuvre, the Elector sent to his son a confidential messenger who induced the Prince, a man of weak character, to leave his plebeian wife (who had shortly before been prematurely confined and who was ill in bed at a hotel in Solothurn), and to steam back secretly to Cassel. A telegram from his daughter informed old Birnbaum of the shameful treachery of her husband. Again did Fräulein Stubenrauch give aid, and he sent money to his daughter, who returned ill and crushed to her father's home in Stuttgart. Herr von Gall, then the Intendant of the Royal Court Theatre there, undertook, against his will but at the prompting of high persons, the mission to persuade Auguste, Princess of Hanau, and her father, Birnbaum, to give the Prince his freedom for a money consideration. Both father and daughter naturally repelled this suggestion indignantly.

The letters which Auguste wrote to her husband, Prince Friedrich of Hanau, remained unanswered with the exception of one. Just a single letter did Auguste receive from her husband, and it contained only a few obviously dictated lines. It read thus:

I came to see that I had acted only under pressure from your father when I fled with you from the house of my ever-kind and exalted parent. I wished thereby to avoid the scandal with which your father threatened me. You surely agree with me that a union entered into in madness and under coercion cannot rightfully exist. I hope that later you will think of me without anger, even if I cannot permit, according to the law of our house, that you in future should call yourself my wife, as our marriage, which we contracted under a delusion, is not valid according to the opinion of my father and all lawyers.

From that moment the Princess of Hanau gave way completely, and death at last released her. In the cemetery at Cannstatt, she lies buried by the east side of the surrounding wall. The tombstone bears this inscription:

AUGUSTE
Wife of His Highness Prince
Friedrich Wilhelm of Hanau,
born Birnbaum, November 9, 1837,
died June 29, 1862.

These are the true facts of the matter of the marriage of the actress with the Prince. Karl Birnbaum, broken by the misfortunes of his family, died of apoplexy soon after, during a performance of *Die Karlsschüler* at the Court Theatre in Stuttgart, in which piece he played the part of Sergeant Bleistift. In his pocket was found a scrap of paper with the following:

To-morrow, the day after the first performance of *Die Karlsschüler*, my mutilated body, to which I hope death will come

quickly, will be found on the railroad tracks between Feuerbach and Kornwestheim; may I be kindly remembered and given a quiet, simple grave at the side of my beloved child. No inscription is necessary.

The unfortunate, sorely-tried father was laid beside his child.

Long before Father Birnbaum died so suddenly in his profession, his wife died at Prague, at the house of her youngest daughter (subsequently Frau von Ledebur), after great and protracted sufferings. Four weeks later, Auguste was to have gone to Cannstatt to recuperate. Mamma, who loved her dearly, helped her to pack her trunk, as Auguste herself was unable to do anything. A cough from the lungs had changed the blooming young woman to a shadow. I seem to hear her still, begging mamma to put this or that "in the coffin" instead of "in the trunk." After a few weeks death set her free also. What terrible experiences had these poor people undergone, and they were not the last! A true friendship of many years bound our parents together, and we children had known much kindness from them. How happy we thought ourselves to be able to requite them by sincere attachment.

Mamma, in every case, repaid a thousandfold any kindness shown to us children by other persons. Gratitude was a virtue which she preached to us daily, and which she herself was glad to practise. But what I mean is that she was constantly giving, and that she taught us to look at every bonbon we received through a magnifying glass. Only once, when an acquaintance invited us to partake of hot cross-buns and each of us children received just one apiece, she had not the heart to talk to us of gratitude. But she asked her friends to come in, and she baked wonderful cross-buns herself, and we children were permitted to eat our fill of the delicious dish.

Before the Birnbaum family moved to Prague and all

their misfortunes came upon them, Auguste and Josefine arrived alone, and we saw them every day. Auguste studied singing with mamma, who mothered both the young women, though in vain. There was much merry-making when they and the ladies of the Hassel, Römer, Steinecke families, the witty actress, Burggraf, and two or three other Prague acquaintances came to see us.

Mamma presided with kindness and gentleness over our small dwelling, made the celebrated "Lehmann coffee," and the Hassels and Steineckes contributed their unfailing high spirits. If there were not enough coffee spoons Auguste von Schaumburg used the "stirring fork," which long remained a password in the memory of old friends. It happened sometimes that the liveliest ones of the party gave tableaux, which caused much laughter; but I cannot recollect many details.

IV

Now that we had a piano pupils in singing presented themselves. It was interesting that later several Jewish cantors came for lessons, among them Leopold Landau, who afterwards took an important position as the lyric tenor of the City Theatre at Hamburg; all of them poor with beautiful voices, which they developed finely.

It was amusing, also, that some of them, with other young Jews, stuffed themselves at our table on the occasion of the "long day" or the "long night," as it is called, because, as they said, they could not stand the protracted fast. Let us hope that, nevertheless, they are now in the company of the blessed.

Mamma, who had a peculiar standing in the orchestra both as a lady and an artist, ventured at last to take one of us children with her there. Everybody respected her and strove to show her attention and professional courtesies. Among the younger members of the Prague orchestra, who

were her co-workers, I may mention the conductor, Rebiček, and Professor Halir. Mamma, though most modest, could be very energetic when it came to protecting herself from rudeness.

Once when a young conductor was guilty of some impertinence because a passage was not played in tune the first time, she said to him with quiet decision, "You do not understand the matter," which silenced him, because it was the fact that he knew nothing of her instrument and the management of it.

Mamma took into her employ, when we moved into the "Three Crowns," a little servant who had a great desire for education, and who received for wages two gulden a month. Emilie Drahota did all the lessons we had in school, and so learned what we learned without having any previous preparation. She was a little "cracked," however, which developed in later years into full insanity. She slept in the kitchen, as was then the custom. If she came in at night to take another look after us she was plastered as white as a ghost. It did not frighten us, but we spied about and at last found in her bed our tin dolls' soup tureen, to which was sticking a chalk-like paste. We did not dare say anything, but from that time on I, in particular, watched everything that she did. One night, long after we children had gone to bed, I heard her walk softly into the room. She went to the cupboard which stood close to my bed and where mamma kept her silver as well as the coffee and sugar, groped around in the paper bag saying as a precaution, half aloud, "Why can't I find the spoons?" and then left the room softly. I knew now that she took the sugar. Another time mamma searched the girl's dresses, which hung in our big wardrobe, and found all the pockets full of coffee and sugar. As everything always stood open, there was no reason for stealing; it must be then that she disposed of the supplies in another way, so without saying anything about it they were now locked up. When Emmy now

tossed about at night, and complained of sleeplessness or her poor bed, I could not refrain from having my revenge. I would call out to her, "As you make your bed, so do you lie on it," or "A good conscience is the best pillow," which I hurled at her with dramatic force and intense sarcasm. Proverbs always impressed me deeply, and so I hoped they would have the same effect on Emmy.

It was said by F. Kliemke: "An apothegm is the entrance to a palace; most persons see only the entrance." "Who lies once men ne'er believe, although from him they truth receive." No more falsehoods for me! And so I trained myself on a foundation of all the good teaching given me by my mother and my excellent instructors, without whom, supplemented by my own nature, I should never have felt a desire to enter into such palaces. I acted according to their teachings, and did not have occasion to fear a relapse. There was, however, one of the proverbs which I never could understand, namely, that "once done is not done at all."

Emmy was stirred up by a lawyer named Linhardt, who lived in our house, to bring a suit against her brother, and she lost it, together with all her small property.

After we got rid of this "Alp," as mother used to call her, we took another servant, a woman who carried water and performed all the heavy housework. Mamma still attended to everything else, and we helped as best we could, learning thereby how to manage a house, and much more that was of great use to us in life.

V

The help of her cousin, Amalie, Princess Karl Theodor of Wrede, who often surprised us with presents of handsome clothes, was very welcome to mamma, for it enabled her to dress elegantly, according to her habit, without worry and without dipping too deep into her pocket. We children,

too, were always well and suitably dressed, especially when we were very young; for mamma understood how to arrange things skilfully and tastefully. Later, difficulties came at every step, for we shot up so quickly and were so big and unruly.

How often I have thought of our awkward age, as I have listened in Berlin to the good story of a ballet dancer of the Royal Opera, who said to her rapidly growing boy one day: "Youngster, if you keep on growing so fast, God is my witness, I will put ruffles on your breeches," a garment then in fashion. We also outgrew everything, and lanky feet, arms, and legs showed themselves at every point. If they were covered up in the morning they had grown visible again at night.

Not only for our support but for our education did mamma plan, work, cook, and sew, and all our friends and acquaintances, moreover, made claims on her goodness and readiness to oblige, while many imposed shamefully on her strength. She never rested, not even at night, for then, pursued by care, she was not able to recuperate. Other people shared our meals, while she herself, when she returned late from the performance, had often nothing more than a piece of dry bread and a glass of water.

Then she would often work half the night to earn something additional, for there was not enough for all the necessities required for our education and maintenance. Mamma's physical and spiritual condition at that time is shown in the following letter, a reply to the inquiry of one of her friends who wished to visit or to live with us.

The first thing to be answered in your letter concerns your coming here. I do not need to say what a pleasure it would give us to see you again, but in my small apartment it would be impossible for us all to exist in this frightful heat. I am speaking quite openly, you see, and you will not resent my candour. In the first place, the increased bustle which would follow inevitably

upon our living together would wear upon me terribly, for I am no longer the robust woman I was when you left me last year. I have become so extremely nervous and suffering from my many experiences that I am frightened almost to death by an unusually loud word. When I play at the Theatre I put such a strain on my nerves to keep myself up that I let myself go when I am at home. I know that I do it, but I cannot help it. Quiet is always my entreaty with the children, for quiet is what I must have. Moreover, the children might be too much disturbed in their daily work and their piano practise, which must not be interrupted by any changes. I insist on the home work, for I constantly think that I cannot be helpful to them much longer, and thereafter I want them to be able to revere my memory.

The way many of her acquaintances profited at the expense of her strength soon made me mistrustful of people in general, and sometimes, when matters went too far, I showed my teeth, which did good for a while. Now and then, a boundless yearning for solitude came over me, so that I would have to force myself to talk and associate with people. Perhaps I longed to become dumb again as I was in infancy. All I had to do was to swallow down a single unspoken answer, and silence re-established itself in me.

Father had promised to provide for us all as far as lay in his power, and that was assuredly his intention. Remittances arrived from him now and then, but they grew steadily less. He came himself from time to time, and lodged with us until it could not be managed any longer. We knew that he loved us, for he brought us fine toys and other presents, but his coming never made us happy while it rendered my mother actually miserable. Aside from the fact that he always turned topsy-turvy our life that was planned so regularly, mamma lived ever in secret fear that he might spoil for her, through intolerable meddling, this place of refuge in which our future was to be rooted. He often went out walking with us, and was not a little proud

of his family. Though we sometimes needed the rule of a loving father, yet, under existing conditions, that was quite out of the question. As I think to-day of all the trouble which these visits caused my poor mother I feel deep sympathy with her, and understand less than ever my only-too-irresponsible father, who made her so unhappy. And yet I recall a walk with him in the Belvedere at Prague, where I picked rock-roses for the first time on the walls of the Fortress, for the paths of the Belvedere bordered or still border on the moat;—the Fortress has been demolished in part. The Belvedere was reached by a ferry under the splendid old stone bridge. On the other side of the Moldau it lay against the heights of the Kleinseite, continued to the Hirschgraben at the Hradschin, and stretched to the "Baumgarten," in which was located the castle of "lazy Wenceslaus." We did not go there often because it was not so easily reached as the fields and gardens behind the Horse Gate (Rosstor), which was also a little playground for us children. Since that walk every little rock-rose makes me think kindly, if sadly, of my unhappy father.

VI

In the year 1856, mamma carried on the negotiations between Richard Wagner and the management of the "Stoeger" Theatre in Prague, with respect to the opera of *Lohengrin*, as she had already done in the case of *Tannhäuser*. Wagner finally agreed to give them *Lohengrin*, as he had *Tannhäuser*, for twenty-five louis d'or. As far as I can remember, mother said that this price had been stipulated for when *Tannhäuser* was accepted. She gave him reports of the performance, but the whole of that correspondence with Wagner appears to have been lost, for acquaintances borrowed the letters and did not return them. Only one remained in the hands of Päumann, who was then the Prague Lieutenant of Police, and was printed

after his death, first, after the decease of my mother, and the second time in the *Neue Freie Presse;* all attempts to recover the original letter have failed. The letter runs as follows:

Dearest Friend,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter and its pleasant contents. It is a shame that I have not replied before. I have been kept by this horrid illness all winter from the final completion of a great work, the score of my *Walküre*, so that now, as I am just able to think of it again, I prefer to take my pen in my hand and devote myself with passionate stubbornness to the finishing of this, rather than to anything else. This is now happily accomplished, and my first act is to write to Prague. As regards the production of *Lohengrin*, I must believe, especially from your reports, that once more a miracle has happened, for whenever I sell this opera to a theatre I feel always genuine despair that I, for the sake of a few miserable thalers, must offer in the market-place this work which I myself have never been able to perform or to hear, and expose myself each time, as I fear, to the greatest misunderstanding. I am determined that I will not give *Lohengrin* to Berlin and Munich unless I can myself produce it there. If there was much at your performance that should have been otherwise (it seems to me in particular that Reichel as Lohengrin must have been very uninteresting throughout, which would prevent the main point from being effective), yet I see that much, and probably the greater part, was crowned with extraordinary success or this triumph would have been impossible. That Elsa was so good[1] saved the whole thing; she is the chief person of the tragedy, and if the interest she arouses is not held throughout, every hope of success is gone. In Breslau the mistake was made of giving Elsa to a beginner, while Ortrud was admirably done by Nimbs, and, as the Lohengrin was bad, everything, of course, was lost. Such parts as Ortrud, hard as they appear, often take care of themselves, while a weak character like Elsa may easily become uninteresting. Lohengrin should be portrayed as ideally elevated and attractive

[1] Elsa was Fräulein Louise Meyer, afterwards Frau Dustmann-Meyer.

if he is to appear finally as the tragic principal,—in such manner that when he accuses Elsa at the end and yields to his great grief after his discovery, he is so shattered and horrified that suddenly he seems to be the one who is undone. This involves a great deal, though the effect would not be so hard to get if our unhappy tenors had not sunk so far, through *Martha* and such stuff, that now nothing more can be done with them. Well, let us be satisfied this time, and I am delighted indeed that it went as it did. Let me assure you that your reports and each of your accounts and descriptions warmed and cheered me. The wish that Germany may at last open to me has been awakened in me more than ever by this occasion, and I have already been thinking whether it might be possible to get a passport from the Austrian Government, so that I might, if necessary, journey from here without touching any other German territory except Austria. I am thinking, also, of how to put an end to this stupid state of things. It would give me great pleasure to see you again, especially in Prague.

Yours, etc.

RICHARD WAGNER.

ZÜRICH, March, 1856.

Extracts from Letters of my Mother to Friends

PRAGUE, 1856.

How gladly would I have written long ago if I had had the power. I have felt wretched for several weeks past, due to the fatiguing rehearsals for the opera of *Lohengrin*, which often lasted from eight in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon, and I, on account of practising, had to go to the Theatre an hour earlier. Another cause was some silver embroidery for the opera which I undertook, and which kept me closely at work every night until twelve or one o'clock. I made too heavy demands on my body and used myself up, for, in addition, I have to see to all the management of the house and the children. What will one not do for the sake of the children! You would not believe how terribly spiritless and out of tune I am, how I have to pull myself together so as not to fall into utter lethargy, for one is lost who lets himself reach that point. I was so exhausted

that I often had to leave the orchestra during the *Lohengrin* rehearsals, and relieve myself by weeping. Wagner's glorious, ravishing music excited me fearfully; I wanted to weep all the time, for that made me feel better.

Within a few days, we expect His Majesty, the Emperor, who is coming for the silver wedding of the old imperial couple who live here. While he remains, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are to be given twice. It will be a bad week for me, as I am feeling so far from well. I shall soon write more at length. I want to send a few words to Wagner to announce the success of his opera. Again good-bye!

MARIE.[1]

The embroidery order for *Lohengrin* came about as follows. Mamma had embroidered on some special occasion for her old friend and colleague, Hassel, a rococo waistcoat which was admired by every one in the Theatre. Director Stoeger noticed it, and asked her if she would be willing to do the work in spangles on the costume for Lohengrin; and she consented. How much it cost her one sees from her letter. We children suspected nothing of that, but were overjoyed when we were permitted during the day to help to sort out the spangles. Almost twenty years later we all three sat in Bayreuth, with quite different feelings, and embroidered white leggings with blue wool for Siegmund, the Volsung.

VII

It is time at last for me to introduce my sister, Marie, whom I first called "Hitzi," from which came the name "Riezl," and this has been used by the family and her friends ever since. She was two years old in Prague, and so fat that she fell down at every step. I learn from mother's

[1] From Wagner's *My Life* (p. 836): "It was affecting to me after so many years to meet Marie Löwe" (written erroneously with "e" in the book instead of Loew) "whom I had known from my earliest youth, who now has quite given up singing for the harp, plays this instrument in the orchestra, and assisted at my concerts."

letters that Riezl was much stronger and developed much more rapidly than I; for, though I was older by two years and a half, I was far more backward in everything.

At the age of two, I had not spoken a word but pointed to objects, and my parents thought I was dumb. I showed already my later propensity for silence. We were very unlike each other. My hair and eyes were brown, while Riezl was fair with blue eyes. We were both tall, but I was sickly, while she was much more mature in body for her age, and endowed with a fearful amount of temperament. Wild and ungovernable, she never returned from school or play without some injury to her arm or leg, or a cut on her head. Half of her clothing was usually left clinging to the bushes, while her hats constantly fell into recesses that are not mentioned in good society. How often were her schools and teachers changed! Riezl was never to be found, and when she was caught at last and brought by good luck into the room she promptly vanished again, as though the earth had swallowed her. Mamma called her the "Sink," for she could not be held fast. She was the soul of kindness and good nature, ready to sacrifice herself for any one without reason or request, qualities which she has never lost, though she has paid dearly in experience without becoming any wiser.

Her musical memory was nothing short of phenomenal; what she heard once she was able to sing and repeat as though she had studied it for years. Her voice, compared to mine, was as much stronger and fuller toned as her body was more vigorous. When at the age of seven or eight she accompanied from memory entire scenes on the piano, sang up to high C and trilled on it, and laughed and cried until we thought that the child had gone mad. Her great talent showed in everything, and mamma was justified in hoping that a wonderful future lay in store for her. My talent apparently hid itself, and showed most in earnest study and effort, or in greater concentration of the intellectual powers.

Although often idle and ill-humoured, I would frequently exert myself to the utmost to be the first in school in understanding and apprehension. Then I studied as though I were mad, roused by the spur of my ambition, and caught up with what I had neglected here and there.

How extremely rough and rude we could be as little children, especially when it behooved us to be well-behaved, I will illustrate by a story. Mamma was expecting an important visitor, and begged us earnestly to keep quiet for only half an hour in the afternoon. We promised, of course, and meant to be as good as could be. Our kitchen, which was indeed a second room, and in which we children were to remain shut up for this half-hour, was separated from the living room by a big door, partly of glass, and in which wood had long since been substituted for the lower panes. The lady arrived, and for five minutes we were really models of stillness. Then it grew very tedious, as we could not see through the wooden panels, and we became audible. Before we were aware of it, we had burst through the panels, and both were sitting astraddle, loudly rejoicing, in the apertures in the door. When mamma returned after seeing her supercilious vistor out with excuses and compliments, she announced that she would not punish us just then because she must keep her hands in good condition for playing in the opera that evening, but that we should not escape our chastisement after the performance. We lay a long time in bed, unable to sleep from fear of what would happen, but cherishing the hope that mamma would again show mercy rather than execute justice. We deceived ourselves. Our sweet, gentle mother, who had never struck us, who threatened only when she had tried all other means in vain, administered to us a good thrashing after the opera, not only with the dreaded rods, but with a big kitchen spoon, and, for the only time in her life, perhaps, gave vent to her just anger. I being the elder got it first, and when I howled, Riezl cried out: "Beat me, mamma, I can't bear to

see you whip Lilli." "You shall have your share," was the stern reply, and mamma kept her word.

VIII

The school and the Institute of Music went elsewhere; a dancing teacher moved in below, and a Jewish family named Zappert above us. The latter consisted of a fat old woman about seventy, her husband who was still older, an elderly son, who only came to call on them and did not live there, and an old-maid daughter, who, it seemed to us, was not quite sane. We used to see her, for instance, fully twenty times a day, empty at the sink, her little wash-basin (of which I was reminded in Goethe's bedroom at Weimar) and which had three spouts, and then wash each spout separately to clean it, spending half a day over it. It was said that they were very rich, charitable people, who had no wants of their own, and who lived in extreme simplicity. Every thread of linen was used in their house as long as there was a bit left of it, and I recollect seeing the daughter mend a woollen petticoat in which there was not a thread of the original goods left. I always loved to be with old people; this old lady and I were very fond of each other, and I sat awhile at her feet nearly every evening.

She let me read, taught me artistic darning, or superintended my handiwork while she talked French with me. She showed me the greatest affection, which stands out like a monument in my life.

We had become friendly, also, with the daughters of Feigert, the dancing teacher, whose father, once celebrated as a ballet master, taught us all kinds of old minuets, gavottes, quadrilles, *à la reine*, *à la cour*, etc., and other dances, the names of which are no longer known. He laid much emphasis on extreme elegance, and a distinguished carriage in dancing, and imparted so much grace to us and knowledge of this beautiful art that we have a great deal to thank him for. When I was only six years old, I, together

with my little fellow pupils, had lessons, from Ručičzka in the grand mazurka, and as we were all girls, the most proficient were picked out to be gentlemen. I, the tall bean pole, was always sure to be selected.

Mamma desired to have us trained in everything that would make us graceful. She believed that accomplishments are not hard to acquire, and she had nothing else to leave to us. I learned, in my very first position, how useful was all the information obtained by hard work, for I was constantly in demand as interpreter during the special engagement of a foreign artist, because no one but myself could speak French well.

Mamma was as solicitous for our bodily welfare as she was that we should acquire a knowledge of languages, without which one cannot be an artist. Even as very tiny children we were given a cold rub-down every evening, and were bathed twice daily in the Moldau, when the weather permitted, even far into the autumn, with the temperature of the water as low as fifty-two degrees.

We were obliged to walk a great deal, and had also gymnastic lessons, and for the preservation of our teeth, for which end mamma, as she said, would have given her last penny, we were sent to the very best dentist, Professor Ebermann. Thus did she care for everything, and watch over our future, when she would be no longer with us.

When the dancing master, also, vacated the large apartment, it was taken by a very large family of Jews named Bunzl. Herr Bunzl was the proprietor of a very big dry-goods business in the Graben, and had many children.

I enjoyed being in the company of Father Bunzl. The many Jewish customs which I learned at his house aroused my curiosity, and the elderly man always replied seriously and with clear explanations to the many questions of the young girl. The reasons he gave for these customs seemed to me so beautiful that from that time on I took a sincere interest in the Jewish religion.

In the centre of the Rossmarkt, the widest street in Prague, which leads up to the Rosstor, and at that time out beyond to the fields and the Canal Garden, there stands a stone statue of St. Wenceslaus, whose name day was annually celebrated. A big wooden half-dome was built about him, to the inside of which all the participants, the priests and musicians had access by a rear door. An altar was erected in front of him, and around him were hung little variegated oil lamps. At certain hours, especially at evening, religious services took place there, or prayers were recited loudly by a priest or Catholic reader, which were repeated aloud after them by the pious crowd, who knelt on the pancake-like pavement, to the damage of their coats and stockings. Drums and trumpets from the little wooden booth behind St. Wenceslaus accompanied the pious songs of the believers, for whom the Saint was prepared to perform new miracles. The saints of Prague had much work and were industrious people. In return they, especially St. John Nepomuc and St. Wenceslaus, were worshipped and sung to for weeks at a stretch, and praised and blessed with fanfare of trumpets, pealing to heaven, and an uproar of kettle-drums. We children would stand before it all, filled with curiosity, enjoying the invisible music, which seemed to us a holy mystery. We liked, also, the many little oil lamps that gleamed solemnly through the dusk, and, if I am not mistaken, shone also by day; when it was windy, they smoked fearfully, blackening the good old saint. Small oil lamps, which, in those days of tallow candles, had to have their "noses" cleaned with snuffers, and which were therefore called "snivel noses," seemed a wonder to us children.

IX

Behind the Rosstor, in the Pstross Garden, was the Arena, Prague's attractive summer theatre, a circular wooden

structure without a roof and provided with parquet seats and two galleries, the uppermost being finished with awnings, which afforded protection from the heat of the sun. When it rained, however, umbrellas had to be used, and in a heavy downpour the performances had either to be interrupted or even abandoned entirely. A narrow passageway on both sides of the open orchestra space separated the auditorium from the stage, and here were the entrances to the latter for members of the company.

Large groups of potted plants stood obliquely across from the audience, which, like green curtains, hid the passageways as well as the steps to the orchestra. Behind these transparent screens of plants we Lehmann children and Berta Römer would stand, as often as time and opportunity permitted, which meant as often as the house was sold out and no tickets were left for the members and more particularly their families; otherwise we sat with mamma in the first row.

The performances began a little after four o'clock and ended before half-past five, as there was a performance every evening in the National Theatre. Local farces were usually given with excellent talent. Skutta, with his big red, jolly countenance in which two violet-blue eyes were more expressive than any words, had only to show the end of his nose to put the audience in good humour. Then there was the pearl of all local singers, Therese Müller, whom I could never forget amongst all the dozens I heard subsequently. Then Frau Rohrbeck, Raimund's first "Rosl" in his opera, *Verschwender*, whom I often saw, also, in the same piece as "the old woman,"—Hassel, Markwordt, Dolt, Sekira, Feistmantel, Preissinger, and all the others who acted and were applauded in the charming old musical farces *Therese Krones*, *Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind*, *Bauer als Millionär*, *Verschwender*, *Der Mord in der Kohlmessergasse*, and in the ever memorable *Zauberschleier*. These were pieces and farces of the good old times, in which one not

only could laugh but could also weep. The *Zauberschleier* had a particular charm for us because Herr Römer played the artist in it, the sole and last juvenile lover part which was given him. Upon the opening of the large "Neustädte" Theatre, in 1859, the dear Arena, in which we with many others had had such happy hours, was closed.

The manager, Thomé, soon reduced Herr Römer's monthly salary to thirty-five gulden, probably in the belief that an actor who played only small parts needed less to eat, and his family might go begging. It was not much better than that indeed. The Römers were more modest in their wants than one can imagine, and yet only the prospect of his pension, formerly much higher than now, enabled Herr Römer to keep up under such reduced circumstances. His wife was a model of good management, never had a penny of debt, sent her children in the afternoon to my mother, and went out for her own coffee and supper as soon as her little housekeeping was finished. The children were fed by mamma year after year, and later, also, she gave Berta lessons in singing without pay, so that the latter's education as a singer did not cost the Römers anything.

The position of superintendent of the building now became vacant at the Neustädte Theatre, where performances were given only in summer, and Römer applied for it. There was no compensation given for the work involved except lodging, light, and wood, but that alone was a great consideration. The Römers, known to be honest, trustworthy people, received the appointment, which made them better off.

The theatre stood in a large garden; seats and work rooms, reached only by passing through the superintendent's apartments, lay in the rear. The scene of our heaven was now transferred thither, to the houses used for decoration purposes and the large open space, where were kept misplaced articles of every description. All our free afternoons were spent there. Herr Römer slept, Frau Römer ran

out for coffee, and we three girls romped about in old clothes.

We hid ourselves among folding doors that were piled up in scores, and climbed up to regions that we could reach only with ladders, and were often unable to descend again without assistance. Here was stored the big waterfall box in *Dinorah* that, when the lid was open, poured forth the flood from which Hoël-Steinecke had to rescue his insane bride, fat Jenny Brenner as Dinorah, who trilled so long that Jahn laid down his baton and looked at his watch. When the weather was bad we did our lessons there or crocheted, knitted, and learned things by heart. There stood, on a little mound, the gondola from *Stradella*, in which Nachbauer, as Stradella, rowed himself forward, and we rocked far up and down in it until the old boards cracked. Many were the times I stood near mamma at rehearsal, when she accompanied Nachbauer on the stage in the serenade from the *Lustige Weiber*. He generally failed on the high G sharp at night, and she comforted him when the audience laughed at him. Over and over again he would assure her: "Frau Lehmann, I will show you that I shall become something great; I am a hard worker, and have my mind made up to succeed." He obtained a fine position in Munich, but never became a great artist, although he was a lovable and excellent man.

X

We were Protestants. The congregation of Protestants in Prague was not numerous; they had only one church and no schools. We received the whole course of Catholic religious instruction at mother's desire, who believed it would do us no harm. We derived special pleasure from singing in the Catholic churches, and we never let pass such an opportunity. We sang all the masses at sight, and were so extremely musical that we were much

sought after. At that time it was still customary to sing in soprano, tenor and alto keys, in which we had been instructed through the theory and composition lessons we had with Müller.

When Berta Römer, who was almost three years older than I, was to be confirmed, mother asked our pastor, Martius, if he would not confirm me also, but the old man would not hear of it, for he considered that I, who was only eleven years and four months old, was not mature enough. Mamma tried to talk him over, however, and her reasoning seemed to him so illuminating that he did not resist her request any longer. He was a good, handsome old man with silvery hair, who made our confirmation lessons impressive, but who did not know how to draw out of us the least human interest in the religious idea. Mamma did not attend church, and would not allow us to imperil our health by going to the churches which were then unheated. As a substitute we wandered on Sundays in the fields and woods with eyes open to Nature, and learned to adore the wonders of the Creator.

If I have always been moved, ever since I began to see, by the Gothic architecture of a Catholic Church, soaring towards heaven, a house of God in which one can pour out his soul at any time, I have never been able, though willing, to pray to order at the time appointed, sitting with a hundred other persons in a Protestant Church, when I felt absolutely no impulse to do so, or to listen to the frequently tedious, uninteresting sermons that neither spoke to nor gave me anything. One small Protestant congregation had for me at that time only the attraction of something "different," and I seemed to myself to be a very extraordinary and enlightened person.

The religious idea always interested me, but that was as far as it went in those early days. People were so petty, the Catholic priests that I knew at school were so naïve, our dear minister, Herr Martius, so awfully long-winded, that,

in truth, with the best intentions, I could not make myself believe it produced any impression on me. I knew far more about God through my mother; she brought Him nearer to me by her wonderful example than any priest had ever been able to do. How many have a clear conception that God means goodness and Jesus means love and charity to our neighbour? and not only to the human being close at hand; for me and mine it includes the animals, who are equally dear to us and who seem to stand as high as we do in creation.

Since I have been clear as to what is true righteousness, I have also seen that the conceptions of it as God and Jesus are so lofty that the crowd cannot bring them into harmony with itself. If the "conscience" was formed to the idea of God we should have greater and better educational results to record in the people, for with the conscience we have we are compelled to be always in company. We might comprehend easily, even when we are still children, how to ennoble our conscience; while what we do learn is at the most to fear a remote and incomprehensible God. Goethe summed it all up in a few words when he said: "Man should be noble, helpful, and good," and Lord Henry Brougham wrote:

> Implant in a child the habit of holding truth sacred, of respecting the property of others, of keeping himself conscientiously from all ill-considered acts that might plunge him into ruin, and he will be as unlikely to lie, steal, and run into debt as to go where he is unable to breathe.

XI

Mamma avoided piano playing because it made her finger-tips less sensitive for the soft touch of the harp, and so I began when I was nine years old, whenever my free time permitted, to play the simple piano accompaniments for her lessons. In that way, I learned to supply

the voices that were lacking and got all parts and operas by heart, which was of immense value to us children. When I was fifteen, I sometimes took mamma's place at the lessons, because I had learned what was essential, and my ear was already perfectly trained for what was good and was sensitive to what was bad, but I was less indulgent towards laziness, stupidity, and arrogance than my mother, who chiefly owed her success, as I must admit to myself now, to her boundless patience and gentleness.

I had long been permitted to attend to commissions and orders, which taught me the right course to follow, to know what was fitting for our circumstances and how to take hold of life practically. After Emilie Drahota left our service, mamma had to do almost everything except the coarse work. That was attended to by our excellent charwoman, who should have a monument raised to her cleanliness, honesty, and real devotion, which rare qualities I was fortunately able to reward richly until her death. I, being the eldest, was fully initiated into the housekeeping, therefore, and there was certainly plenty to do. I fetched everything, and for a long time cooked quite by myself. Although I was fond of housekeeping and well trained to it, I must confess that cooking and the heat of the fire never gave me much pleasure, while Riezl, a born chef, excelled me in this direction also. She cared much more than I, indeed, about eating good things, and was also much annoyed if she had to wear my dresses, as she was very fond of adornment and an elegant appearance. I, on the other hand, was very modest in all my wants, patched, darned, and knitted for us all, and was not a little proud of my housewifely importance.

In reading about it to-day it seems very easy, almost like playing, but no one can see between the lines all the anxious years that our dear mother spent in getting us so far, and now as I read letters dating from that period, which came to me by inheritance, I know fully for the first

time what she suffered for our sakes. We never knew our good mother as otherwise than healthy, that is, we believed her to be so always because she never complained, and yet she often felt wretched and ill. She had erysipelas, for example, two years in succession, both times in the month of March. She lay in a high fever and had neither quiet nor proper care, so that, later, we often marvelled how the poor thing pulled through. She was as stern towards herself as she was tender towards others. She must not be ill, she often used to say, and she held herself erect through everything, denied her ills, and felt herself strong in the consciousness of her maternal duties and her high office to prepare us children for a future.

The Jew-baiting, which we experienced repeatedly in Prague, was confined to window breaking only, and, as far as I know, it never reached anything worse.

The comet of 1858 was, certainly, the most beautiful single phenomenon of the heavens that I have ever seen. It stood for many months in the western sky in full glory, and outshone all the other heavenly bodies.

There is only one picture that I can set by the side of this. It was on the eighteenth of October, 1911, at Scharfling on the Mondsee (Salzkammergut), that my husband, at four o'clock in the morning, called to my attention the following appearance in the heavens. The weather was perfectly clear, and in the north-east stood a superb comet, with a rather long, bright tail, that had just risen above the Hollerberg and was reflected in the lake, while eight to ten metres away, as my eye measured, only a few degrees higher and farther south—just above Kienbergwand and Schafberg—was the moon, in the last quarter. Very, very close to it, as though she had just passed through it, was Venus, wonderfully brilliant, looking larger than I had ever before seen her. The beauty of these three heavenly objects hanging in the east and the south-west and combined as a single great "constellation" was overpowering, and, as my

husband rightly observed, we should probably never behold such a thing again. I awakened all my household, who, like us, stood before it in admiration and silent worship. The nearest approach of the moon was over with the coming of day, and in the next few dawns we saw only the other members of our "constellation"; and these the autumn fog disclosed grudgingly only for a moment at a time.

At the end of 1862, we moved to another apartment in a new house near the National Theatre—Gallygasse 497. We were the gainers, inasmuch as this consisted of two living-rooms, a kitchen, and two bedrooms, but it was seventy gulden dearer than the old home in which we had lived ten years. This was a new care added to the many old ones, but it had to be. The former apartment could not be heated, and all our winter things had been twice stolen from the attic, because we had no other place at our command. In spite of many advertisements and much running about—they were found at a pawn shop—we never recovered a single thing, although mamma offered to redeem them herself.

There were pupils in plenty, but many of them so poor that mamma had also to feed them; they were chiefly impoverished musicians. There were only a few of the rich private pupils who paid for their lessons when they should; indeed, most waited often many weeks after the final lesson, while mamma, who had to count every gulden in order to discharge her obligations promptly, was often in despair. She assisted everybody, nevertheless. Horwitz, of the Vienna Royal Opera, once her pupil, told me, in 1904, that he would have died of starvation without her help. And Frau von L—, whose father was a colonel in Prague, also told me how she was benefited by the cup of coffee which mamma gave her before or after her lesson, because her parents were in such straits. How good, by contrast, were the things we had; mamma's cooking was unusually nourishing, she used only the best materials always, and took better care of us than we were then able to appreciate.

So there were very many who were indebted to her, not only for a few cups of coffee but for their lives, their careers, their acquirements and positions; but there were not many who showed themselves grateful. The majority took all the goodness, love, patience, and devotion as a matter of course, and as though such had to be.

XII

Before I say good-bye to the "Three Crowns," I must give a thought to a dear loyal member of the household, our old cat, that we took with us of course. She was spotted all over and of three colours, a cat of good omen, as they say in superstitious Bohemia; but more beautiful than her exterior was her gentleness and touching attachment to us. She always accompanied mamma to the door of the house, and waited for her at night in the courtyard, when she returned from the opera. We had, however, many other feline boarders besides this one, who was our "Tschitschi." We children dragged home all the forsaken animals that we found, as did mamma herself, whenever she met a suffering creature. They also came of themselves, for our garret opened directly upon our stairway, and we had cut a square hole in the door, so that Tschitschi might go walking in the attic when she wished. The starved or injured feline boarders were no sooner fed and cured than they disappeared again. Tschitschi was famed for her beauty throughout the circle of our acquaintances, and everybody in turn spoke for one of her lovely offspring far in advance. Conscious of her high vocation, she bestowed her blessing upon us twice or thrice a year, according to her power, in the form of from seven to nine babies, which counted up to twenty-one or twenty-two cats annually.

Of course Tschitschi moved when we did and made herself at home until she lost her life by a fall.

Her daughter, called "Frau Grau," as she always

begged, now inherited all our affection. She was indeed a real little person, with a very warlike character, and every one was afraid of her exceedingly large eyes. She did not like to be touched by others but would perform tricks, which is unusual in cats. She could "make herself pretty," and spring over a stick when she was so disposed, but that was not always the case. She loved to hunt birds, which we quickly broke her of doing by whippings, later she took her daily nap on the bullfinch's cage, without ever being overcome again by lust for the chase. She drank, by preference, out of the goldfish bowl, the occupant of which was so pleased by the visit that each time he came to the surface to coquette with the little grey creature. The poor red goldfish had been swimming for eight years around the small circular reservoir, and when I think of it to-day I could beat myself because of our stupidity and the torment of the poor fish.

Frau Grau was so dainty that she would sleep curled together on our shoulders, or even on our heads, while we wrote, gave lessons, or worked.

As she also came to an unhappy end, for a long while after that we had no dear little animal, until we transferred our love to dogs, of which we always possessed at least one specimen. They were not always handsome. Pity brought them to us, and she did not ask about externals, but was well acquainted with the places where warm hearts were ready to succour and receive.

XIII

I have hurried on far ahead of events, and must now return to the old Gallygasse and our new apartment, in which we seemed to ourselves like princes. The air and the locality were worse, however, than in the Eiermarkt, but we made improvements. The kitchen window was sown with beans, mignonette, tomatoes, and every possible kind of

hanging and climbing plants, which reached above to the third floor and down to the first; this display was my great pride and joy and looked splendid. As the wide outer double windows remained open the entire summer, I aimed at having a complete garden, and it was an object of envy to every one.

On the first floor lived the sister of our former landlord (who had never raised our rent), the wife of a violinist. Above us were the Römers, who, ever unlucky, rented only one room, while, on the other side, was the basso Siehr, afterwards in Munich, and Brandstöttner. There was a coffee-house on the ground floor, of which the mother of the composer, Rückauf, was the proprietor, and in the court-yard were shops for all sorts of small wares, presenting neither an elegant nor a pleasing prospect.

But the "summer house," as it would be called to-day, was new, and the pretty little dwellings built especially for artists by a stage physician. In the old front building, through which ran one of our entrances, another member of the orchestra, the cellist, Wiedemann, had a large music school. Two stories higher lived the poor old housekeeper, who ran up and down the four flights of stairs twenty times during the day and night, and was called "Öbs," because she began every sentence with that syllable.

At our apartment the singing lessons began as early as eight o'clock and with them all the others that were given in the house. But when Römer's son learned to blow the trombone, every tenant revolted, and he was banished to that little room which Goethe designated so wonderfully as "the chancery for lovers." There he might blow as much as he wanted and no one heard him. Our first arrival was the tall basso, Brandstöttner, who was so extremely lazy and without energy that he neither profited by nor achieved anything. Next came the colonel's oldest daughter, with a heavenly voice, but who also was more anxious to marry than to become famous. Then came a wealthy lady, who

never paid for her lessons, and, in the afternoon, arrived Karl Čech, afterwards first bass at the Bohemian Opera, who studied medicine also. He had first to help me dry the dishes, before his lesson, in which I was the accompanist, could begin, as I had to attend to the duties of the kitchen.

The last lesson, on evenings when there was no opera, was given to a very diligent but very unmusical Jewish bookseller, the only one who really kept up regularly with his lessons. Finally there was not a free hour left in the day, and, as I desired also to practice, I had to begin about seven o'clock. How mamma at the same time got through all the other work is a mystery to me. She was not called the "Bee" for nothing, only it was not honey at which she laboured. What a hard life she had for many years without ever complaining of it! Women are always spoken of as the weaker sex, but what would become of the men and children if this weak sex did not possess the boundless energy required to maintain itself and to educate its children? And how many thousands of families are there where the husband never remembers for a moment his duties to his wife and children, and yet they achieve success, nevertheless!

But no one mentions the cost to the poor women, the cares, illnesses, sorrow, and misery they experience, all that is simply accepted. It should be trumpeted through the world daily and hourly, so that at length things may be changed, and that they alone shall no longer have to suffer and atone for the thoughtlessness and even the crimes of men. Although I have no children of my own this question has often maddened me, because I perceive in it a miserable injustice on the part of the world and the laws of men, which, in the interests of the woman, I am trying to attack with all my strength.

XIV

From our very early years, we used to serenade our friends and acquaintances on birthdays, or other festive

occasions, with duets or trios. I think it gave pleasure, for our child voices sounded very pretty with mamma's soft lower voice. I have already said that we sang in all languages. These serenades had become quite stereotyped, for a former actor named Dietrich, called the "Pasha" by all his friends (then an active participator in Indian pleasure), had a number of women in his house, who one and all sacrificed themselves for his benefit. He attained the age of ninety-eight and outlived at least four of his wives.

His birthday, as well as Christmas and New Year's eve, was always celebrated with a large party, to which chiefly artists were invited, among them my mother, Frau Römer, and the handsome actress, Frau Binder, just pensioned. She was afterwards my dramatic teacher, and, in spite of her seventy years, was full of elegance and youthful charm in speech and demeanour. What she taught me in regard to these things has remained fresh in my mind, and I always imagine that I hear her youthful voice in certain places. When I grew larger I, as the better behaved, was sometimes also allowed to go there, and, later on, both of us children were constantly the guests of this hospitable house.

At one of the first gatherings that mamma attended there, it happened that Frau Binder read aloud Hebel's *Alemannische Gedichte*, that mother knew perfectly by heart. Frau Binder told how she had received the volume from a Heidelberg friend in Breslau—from Herr Alban Loew (mother's father). It was indeed a pleasure, and certainly a strange chance that she should meet the only person who still possessed recollections of her father. At Dietrich's, mamma often sang the great arias from *Norma*, *Fidelio*, and *Jessonda*, and the duets from *Norma* with Frau Römer, who had been an opera singer in early days, and who had a strong and beautiful voice. Mamma sang all these things a thousand times in giving her lessons, but, on the other occasions, it was something both complete and different and made an ineffaceable impression on my ear and heart.

Marie Loew

From a photograph by Hermann Boll, Berlin

The monotony of the musical life of Prague was broken in the year 1863 by events, which I can best give in advance by extracts from my mother's letters, before I proceed with the story of my preparation for my future career.

To Herr F—— B——, Bremen

PRAGUE, March 12, 1863.

My old friend, Richard Wagner, has been here, and gave a very fine concert. He marked me out for attentions, and Lilli and I were repeatedly invited to go to him. He did not visit his best friends, but he came to me. He is now again in Vienna and in a fortnight will be in St. Petersburg. Although he is fêted everywhere, the poor man has not enough to live on. I was particularly gratified that he still remembered so much which I myself had ceased to think of. His concert was a tremndeous success, and I am much envied because I possess his friendship. . . .

To the same

PRAGUE, November, 1863.

The composer, Wagner, is again here, and I and my pupil on the harp, Stanek, have assisted at his concert. I have been much taxed by the numerous rehearsals. We often go to see Wagner, who is charming towards us, and would like to adopt Lilli as his daughter. Lilli has declined, and indeed he is not old enough to play father to such a big daughter. . . .

We went to see him every day at the "Golden Angel," and the two friends had much to talk over, but I was too young to recall their conversations accurately. I only remember that Wagner embraced me stormily, and kissed me so much that I became uneasy and frightened. At home I vowed with tears that I did not want to go there any more. Mamma soothed me, and finally I went again.

When he returned the following autumn he lodged at the "Black Horse." He showed us the large silver laurel wreath which he had just received, with the names of all

his works engraved on the leaves, but I think I remember correctly that he scoffed at it. (We succeeded no better later.) This time he insisted upon hearing me sing, and the result was that he wanted to adopt me, so that I should sing all his compositions for him. Mother said, however, to subdue his impetuosity: "Be content, Richard, perhaps she will sing everything of yours by and by. Lilli is too young now, and you would be far too youthful a father."

That Wagner made a very extraordinary impression upon me then is not to be wondered at. People did not go about in Prague wearing a yellow damask dressing-gown, a red or pink cravat, and a big circular black velvet cloak lined with pink satin (which he wore at the rehearsals), so I stared and marvelled. But what he seemed to me then as a man he remained to me always. From that time I knew his eyes and his voice and never forgot them. What he gave me even then, in his music and his words, made an indelible impression that took deep hold on me; everything of his that I heard clung to me, for all had sunk far into my youthful spirit and memory.

And to-day when I hear those compositions which I heard then in Prague, I am still under the influence of the first childish impression. It was a revelation such as seldom comes to children. Of course I was taken to all the rehearsals, and so every note, every rhythm, every tempo sounds in my ears to-day as it did then. My recollections are as fresh as though it had happened yesterday. The final organ-like fugue in the Faust Ouverture never again seemed to me so glorious, never have I heard the "Ride of the Valkyries" so rhythmical as then when Wagner himself studied each instrument by itself. He did not take the tempo as fast as it is universally done, but he emphasised the rhythm much more. How could my young heart be so powerfully moved by the motif of "Love and Yearning" in the Vorspiel to *Tristan!* I knew nothing then as yet about *Tristan und Isolde,* but I felt that what so worked upon me must be some-

thing great and vital. This first impresion determined much in my life, for it awoke in me a desire for mighty art and profound expression. Unfortunately, I did not learn until much later that an entire lifetime is not sufficient for the study of the technique of this art and of the expression of spiritual emotions.

XV

I have taken wing already to *Tristan und Isolde*, thereby reaching the highest pinnacle of our modern music and operatic ideals, and must return to earth, in order that, rung by rung, I may climb the Jacob's ladder of art, trying my strength cautiously on every step in preparation for the next, that I may surely if slowly reach my goal.

So I shall lead the indulgent reader back to the Ursuline Convent, to a tiny little old nun, Mother Angela, the mainspring of our earliest children's comedies. She was the female *maître de plaisir* of the convent, which, through its excellent school, was in communication with all the other kindergartens and institutes for girls. Mother Angela tinkled a little on the harp, and mamma had to give her a lesson whenever she could find the time. The convent owned a Parisian instrument which Marie Antoinette had presented, and which she herself had played on. Mother Angela seemed very gay and familiar with the world. Although the nuns were strictly forbidden to look out of the window, she watched everybody from there, as she herself admitted, and knew more about their lots than many who were out in the midst of life. She questioned my mother, who was never inclined to gossip, about everything concerning the theatre and its members, about which she was crazy, and she also arranged for comedies and dances whenever it was possible. In return, she told mamma of all the scandals and quarrels in the convent, and the pert things she constantly said to the nuns. I had also to go often and dance

for her the *Madrilena* and *El Ole*, which Pepita di Oliva—a Spanish dancer, who had just made an appearance in Prague and set people mad about her—had introduced, and which I imitated, not too awkwardly, receiving as a reward cakes, sweets, and pictures of the saints.

I can still remember the very first piece which we produced there; it was acted by only two persons. Little seven-year-old Satori sat, as master of the house, in dressing-gown, cap, and slippers in a small easy chair, with a big pair of spectacles on his little nose and a long pipe in his mouth, and repeated a string of verses that had the refrain,

So, still sits the wife and knits.

Whereupon I, as the housewife, suitably dressed up, and working at a huge knitted stocking, also recited some verses, and answered him with the refrain,

No, still sits the man and smokes!

which would be just as true to-day.

What we performed there later I have forgotten. But in 1903, when I went to Prague and hunted up all the haunts of our childhood, I visited the Ursuline Convent and enquired for my old instructresses, of whom only Sister, now Mother, Bernardine still lived. I requested that she would come down to see me, and without asking for my name, some one went to fetch her. I waited in a small vaulted room, dimly lighted by the approaching twilight, from which I could look into a large hall, where many boarding scholars, silently waited upon by nuns, were eating supper at a long table. It was dark there also. Sometimes a black, silent shadow glided by me. As I waited a long time, I feared that I might have been forgotten, and I enquired for Mother Bernardine of two of the black, flitting forms, and whether I had been announced. They looked at me as though they were imbeciles, and disappeared without a word. It became

steadily darker and gloomier without and within. At last there was a light step at the door. I turned around and saw or felt, rather, a small, feeble creature, and before me stood a totally strange "Mother Bernardine." It had grown so dark in the room that I did not recognise her, and she could not distinguish me. After the first greetings between two women who did not know each other, she groped about for a long while, trying to discover who I might be—the voice seemed familiar to her. Almost forty years stretched between us. At last I told her my name, which she repeated softly after me, as though transported, "Lilli Lehmann!" She signed me with the cross, kissed me on the forehead, and began to recollect everything. She knew my position in the world; in recalling my childhood she may likewise have remembered her own lost youth. She, who had once been so pretty and healthy, was scarcely more than her shadow, and I should never have recognised her again. She fitted in with the constantly increasing dusk as though it were the expiring light of her own life. Heavy drops fell from the eyes of us both, that now could hardly discern anything, and sadly we said farewell. I had entreated her to have her charges taught in class how best to protect dumb animals, and she wrote me a few lines to thank me for the requisite books, papers, and my portrait. But when I returned two years later and asked to see her, the dear shadow had already taken flight.

A memory sometimes breathes through my songs, the perfume of as poetical a little spot as I have ever known. It is Prague's ancient Jewish cemetery, situated in the midst of the Ghetto, close to the oldest synagogue, which is called the "Alt Schul." As a fact we seldom went to that neighbourhood, but when friends or acquaintances visited the city, we took them to this out-of-the-way part of Prague-of-the-hundred-towers. In spring, however, we girls did find the way thither. The little resting place was then sown with violets, which gleamed from their green leaves out

from under the big gravestones that had fallen at all angles one upon another. It was a picture, replete with poetry, fragrance, and peace. The old Jews, long since turned to dust, who slept below, had no further share in the thought of death; they had passed into the peaceful, perfumed life of the blue violet and the ancient elder bushes. Once upon a time, when they were buried here, they lay packed tightly together, just as they had been forced to occupy the most contracted spaces in life, in their narrow Ghetto lodgings, where often three to four families, separated from one another only by chalked lines, made their home in a single room. When I, divested of all childish ingenuousness, saw this quarter some years ago, there were left standing only a couple of small forlorn tablets, ready to crumble to pieces. Everything else was gone, levelled to the ground, which, as all along the lower city on the Moldau, was to be raised several metres. However, these poor stones were eloquent enough of lives, unfit for men, lived in patience and in misery and endured with a fanatical faith. With a shudder, I turned away from this enclosure, once so blooming, that still remains, of the little forsaken cemetery. But the memory of its blue-violet eyes will nourish in the future, as in the past, poetical sentiment in friendly hearts.

XVI

The Schwestka Theatre

Whoever would be famous had to begin his career in the St. Nicholas Theatre, another cloister in which "play-acting" was fostered. The cloister really had been closed by Joseph II, and, for a short time, Mass was celebrated only in the old church; but it seemed that all the families into whose hands the monkless cloister had come, by purchase or inheritance, continued to follow this art. It is said that Schikaneder made his appearance there, and it is possible that Mozart's

foot consecrated the little spot, but that has not been positively ascertained.

When I applied for an engagement at this private theatre, the former cloister, now converted into a dwelling, was in the hands of a family named Schwestka, after whom the little theatre was called the "Schwestka" Theatre. The old director had married, for his second wife, a very fat and very pretty woman, who managed so to change the pronunciation of the most familiar words that it seemed frequently as though one were listening to a foreign language. But, as the way to the distribution of rôles by the director lay through the heart of his wife, one had to try to win in some fashion that of the pretty, fat little daughter Pepi, and one had to know how to coax even the fat old cook, Baby, who ushered one in, if all was to succeed as one desired.

The "Herr Director" and "Frau Director" did not act, although there was nothing in the contracts to hinder them. In their place the son of the first marriage, called Karl, who was no longer young, acted the intriguing parts. He was without talent and had a bad defect of speech. He was, in addition, superintendent, scene shifter, decorative painter, master mechanic, and lamp cleaner—vocations to which, later, we all devoted ourselves while there. He had his hands full, accordingly, when he "did" Mephisto or some other big part at night. It is not strange that he was not always perfect in his rôles, and that he inserted phrases that were overheard by his partner, and sometimes led to the most ridiculous scenes in the grandest tragedies. The scenic artist, prompter, and manager was a little, humpbacked official by the name of Wasserreich, who was only free late in the evening on Saturdays and Sundays. Performances were on Sundays only.

About this directorate the talent grouped itself in cliques, and in the little miniature theatre there was greater intriguing than at the National Theatre, but it was of great service to us. When I, at the age of fourteen, applied for an engagement, I

had, of course, to give a proof of my ability. Frau Binder, with whom I was now to study all the parts played there, advised a scene of Franziska's from *Minna von Barnhelm*, which I "went at" with enthusiasm. Frau Binder had gone over it with me several times, and coached me admirably, but when I began the rehearsal one day, stood for the first time on the little stage, and the moment came to let myself go, I could not think of a word or syllable of my part. And I had studied it so hard! That was the first disappointment, the first bitter experience, namely, that at home one might believe himself sure of everything, but that, in a strange place, before strange people and with new acoustics, be so affected that not a word would come of what was thought to be at command, and one might run away weeping, never to make the attempt again. With tears and sobs I had to excuse myself to the manager, and at first, even after several repetitions, I recited my scene with many mistakes and without the least expression. If it had not been for mamma's sake, I am convinced that I would have been turned away as useless, even from this private theatre. However, to my intense surprise, I was found worthy. At first, only very small subordinate parts were assigned me, which one could learn between one Sunday and the following. Preference was given to romantic pieces or classical tragedies, in which Karl Schwestka desired to scintillate, but Kotzebue also was much acted, as, for instance his *Vom Juristentag*, I playing the Austrian maid-servant, *Die beiden Helden*, and many other plays. There was a struggle over every part, as the talent was abundant, and the injustices committed were still more considerable.

When I had acquired a little ease, and had studied carefully a number of parts with Frau Binder, some pupils of my mother had also progressed to a point where they could attempt the "world signifying" boards of the Schwestka Theatre, so farces and little opera scenes were given. Among these pupils was a "juvenile," Marie Walther, the dish-

wiping basso, Karl Čech, brother of the Bohemian conductor Adolf Čech, whose parents (they were teachers) I had known in the country, Horwitz, the baritone, who was subsequently at the Vienna Court Opera, the young tenor Cassowitz, whom we immediately rebaptised Cassio, in Italian, Berta Römer the colorature singer, myself for anything and everything, and my sister later on. The pupils of other teachers pressed forward also, so everything was doubly represented to render performances possible. All the young people were very musical, and most of them were as poor as church mice. Cassio, a very youthful Jewish boy, whose father traded in rabbit skins in the Ghetto, earning about four gulden a week, was brought to mamma because of his beautiful voice, and he was possessed of really great talent. Mamma not only gave him lessons without charge but supplied his food as well, and gathered together clothing for him by begging of her friends. His old mother was extraordinarily elegant in spite of her Ghetto poverty.

He got an engagement in Prague, and had one afterwards for many years in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, but he had too many love affairs and they were his ruin. At his first appearance in the Prague National Theatre, his parents went up into the gallery to hear him—his mother wearing her best black silk Sabbath dress. But when she left the theatre she had on only the waist, for the skirt had been literally torn off all the way round. The old woman described, with delicious humour, the moment of astonishment in which she found herself standing in her petticoat before the audience, stripped of her most beautiful Sabbath skirt.

The son of Meyer, the Bohemian conductor, also sang sometimes at our house. Karl Meyer had a very fine voice and was very musical, but had no idea of how to make use of his material, and, moreover, neither practised nor studied. His father would not hear of a stage career for him, and made him take up chemistry. His comic vein was strongly developed; he cut up outrageously, lied with utter shame-

lessness, calling upon heaven with perfect seriousness, and amused us for hours with this "talent," so that even my quiet mother was compelled to laugh loudly. It is so often the case, however, with extremely musical people, that they confound the reading of notes with art. How frequently have I heard mamma complain that it was peculiarly difficult to make something out of very talented musicians, and it was so in this instance.

He often begged me to accompany him in *Lohengrin*, when he would march up and down the room with mamma's open scissors held aloft in his hand, and would clap them together only after the high A in the passage "Hoch über alle Frau'n" had come forth without "over-snapping," which was the only thing of which he thought. Our entreaties that he would take his tones softly and carefully fell on deaf ears. We wished, just then, to produce Gounod's *Faust*—for what they could do at the National Theatre we could do at Schwestka's—and he implored mamma to entrust the part of Faust to him, with which he hoped to give his father a proof of his voice equipment and his talents. He promised everything; swore that he would be industrious and obedient if mamma would take up his cause, and sometimes, indeed, matters did go very well. There were rehearsals at our house and at the Schwestka Theatre; the soldiers' chorus was furnished from the theatre, and the women's chorus was sung by unemployed members of the company. Conductor Slansky, of the German National Theatre, accompanied the opera on the piano, and as we could borrow only one copy of the piano score, I prompted for the whole opera, from memory.

We made ourselves and the public a present of the dances and the Walpurgis night. When the evening arrived everything passed off beautifully. Karl Meyer had promised to take the high C at the end of the aria in falsetto, which was naturally so strong with him that it was scarcely in great contrast with the chest-tones. The senior Meyer, who had

pledged himself to be there, had not appeared up to the middle of the aria. Only a few more measures separated Meyer-Faust from the high C and the end of the aria. Just then the elder Meyer entered the parquet.

Bang! and the younger Meyer collapsed, for, of course, he had taken the high C with a chest-tone, and bang! sounded simultaneously the doors of the parquet as Conductor Meyer slammed them after him and vanished. All honour to the discerning father, who did not permit even his own son to profane art, and who preferred to put him in a sugar factory.

That same evening was also the occasion of a special surprise, the début of my thirteen-year-old sister, Riezl. She sang the soprano part in the chorus before and after Valentine's death. Both her lovely voice and she herself trembled like aspen leaves, and the little quartet, *Herr, gönne seiner Seele Frieden*, sounded like the quavering confession of sin uttered by a tottering little old woman. Various other appearances followed slowly after this first one of hers. She sang "*Die schöne Galathee*" with much charm and beauty, and the performance, for which mamma copied the entire score, with all the voice and orchestra parts, as we could not borrow it for so long a time, was a splendid one. We gave farces and the lighter, older operas with an orchestra that comprised about twelve pieces, while the big operas were done with a piano. We gave the *Freischütz* frequently, and Frau Binder coached me so well in the rôle of Ännchen that I still lean on her training to-day.

For the last two evenings which I can remember, the following opera scenes were selected:

Entrée and duet from *Norma*	Adalgisa—Berta Römer. Sever—Herr Cassio.
Aria and duet, *Der Barbier von Seviglia*	Rosine—Lilli Lehmann. Figaro—Herr Horwitz.
Duet from *Die Hugenotten*	Valentine—Marie Lehmann. Marcell—Karl Čech.

Duet from *Der Prophet*	Berta—Marie Lehmann.
	Fides—Lilli Lehmann.
Duet from *Maurer und Schlosser*	Henriette—Marie Walther.
	Mad. Bertrand—Lilli Lehmann.

I was cast at noon for the parts of Fides and Madame Bertrand, in place of the contralto who was ill. My sister, not yet fifteen, and I, who was seventeen, sang these great scenes! I had also to attend to the stage setting, management, and costumes, as little time remained over to mamma for evening rehearsals. But we were sure of ourselves in all parts, and had acquired at the little theatre a splendid routine in all necessary professional knowledge, that others are either never able to obtain, or get only through engagements covering many years.

Mamma taught us and all her pupils to think of and pay attention to everything, to study all the other parts as well as our own, to sing to ourselves the cues and interludes, to be prepared for everything, and never to lose our composure when confronted with an emergency.

In the duet from *Die Hugenotten*, Riezl gave an illustration of this by singing as a matter of course from the stage, quite as though it belonged to her part, the music of the wind instruments, which did not come in that night as they should have done. Countess Kaunitz, who took an interest in me, was, together with her family, at the final performance, which was a repetition of the programme I have given, and they climbed the hen-roost ladder up to the theatre. When I was in Vienna many years later, for a special engagement, she and I laughed over it heartily.

We needed, of course, all kinds of costumes and clothes for the performances in the theatre, and for the dancing lessons which Berta Römer and I took. How often I was reminded of our own youth when reading the charming story of *Little Women* by Miss Alcott, for things happened to us exactly as they occurred in the book. There were a hundred

embarrassments and one led to another. We had so few superfluous clothes, almost none indeed. Two costumes of my mother's, which, fortunately, were not among the things stolen, and therefore could be used, made their appearance almost invariably when we did, for many long years in Prague, Dantzic, and Leipsic. We could not buy things nor could we run into debt, but, as we had to act, acquaintances, to whom mamma herself had shown a thousand kindnesses, lent us this or that, and she patched everything so cleverly together that Frau Burggraf, the first lady, often asked to be permitted to lend us something, because the articles were returned to her so prettily made up. What demands this made on mamma's strength, however, only those could conceive who had a look from the inside at the work which was connected with these partly necessary, partly pleasure-promoting undertakings. Neither she nor I liked to borrow, but Riezl, for the sake of looking pretty did not mind doing it, and mamma thus writes about it to Frau R—— at Cassel:

PRAGUE, November 14, 1866.

I cannot make a wardrobe for Riezl for the private theatre, so she borrows right and left, which often provokes me very much, for it makes me anxious lest she should not return everything in proper condition. Lilli has little, but what she has she keeps in excellent order; she borrows from no one nor does she lend, and she will give nothing to Riezl, because she fears it may be spoiled by her at the little theatre. I have often secretly helped myself to something of hers, when Lilli was occupied at the theatre, have sent it there to Riezl, and she has quietly hung it back again in its place, so that Lilli would not notice it. . . .

But Lilli always did notice it!

XVII

I should now, by right, let the curtain fall over our childish kingdom of heaven, but I must mention first a little affair of

the heart, which also belongs in the life of a young girl, and asserts its right as soon as she enters the world.

I met again, among the members of the Schwestka Theatre, a young student and his friend, with whom we used to exchange greetings at the "Three Crowns," as they lived in the old rear house, and we often encountered them on the single stairway which led thither and was the only means of connecting with our house. He, too, now wanted to become an actor. We knew that he was a quiet, cultured man, and were glad to meet him again. Although he never told me that he really cared for me, for it seemed so one day and seemed otherwise the next, the fire was kindled in me, and now I longed to admire something. But I could not comprehend his behaviour, and, at times, I had my tiny sorrow. He often complained of heart trouble, that we made light of and in which no one believed. One day, however, he disappeared, and it was said he had gone away to his home. Not long afterwards I received a little box from Reichenberg, whence he had come, containing a letter, some pressed flowers, and a little picture of a saint, which I had used as a book-mark. The letter read thus: he had never had the heart to speak to me of his love, because he would not have me tied to a man who was ill and feeble and could not live much longer. He sent me back the relics of his love, thanked me for all my kindness, and said farewell. The letter frightened me, especially as I saw that he truly loved me, and yet for no good reason, as it then seemed to me, he said good-bye.

But all happened as he predicted. The report of his death was brought us a few months later, by his devoted friend. It was the first love I had experienced for any one, and was only poetry, not reality. I wish that I had never cared for any one again, for I would then have been spared much and far greater sorrow.

My mother, ere this, had already received two offers of marriage for me. She laughed over the first one, and I

Lilli Lehmann at the Age of Fifteen

From a photograph by S. Kohn, Prague

howled with rage. The brother of my friend, Fräulein Bunzl, had unfortunately fallen in love with me and asked for my hand, but was rejected and fell ill of love. As the physicians could not cure him, the family besought me to play doctor for a few moments and to heal him with a couple of kind words, which I, at last, sorely against my will, was compelled to do. From that time he was restored to health, and I kept out of his way.

A second and very serious proposal was also declined. A young professor wanted to wait for me until mamma was ready to give me up to him, then he would keep me under glass, for the rest of my life, and watch over me as a treasure, for which I thanked him warmly. I nearly said yes to a third offer from a perfect stranger, who promised to provide brilliantly for my mother, because of my mistaken solicitude for her, whom it would not have rendered happy. Her age, worry, and my own weakness caused me, like others, to have many doubts whether I, with my delicate body and small voice, should ever be able to fill a position. A kind fate, however, saved me from this hasty conclusion.

XVIII

At length things began in good earnest. Mamma had, for a long time, been looking about for a suitable engagement for me, but had found nothing acceptable, in spite of her good connections. According to the constitution of the Prague National Theatre no novice was allowed to make her début there. Wirsing, the director, must have heard me talked about, however, for he permitted me to sing at a rehearsal with orchestra the Queen's aria from *Die Hugenotten*, and, as a result, without regard to the rule about a début, I appeared as first boy in the *Zauberflöte* on October 20, 1865.

Fearful of a failure, I called myself "Loew" on the programme, a name by which no one knew me, hoping

thereby to bear any mischance without being recognised. In case I gave satisfaction my engagement stipulated for small parts only, and that was exactly what my mother desired for me, as I was not subjected to too heavy demands, could remain with her, and could slowly sing myself into a larger sphere or prepare myself for it. As I was as pleasing as one can be in that part, I was allowed to repeat the same rôle on November 4th. The dramatic singer, Therese Schneider, between whom and the director there had long been dissension, sang Pamina. After the duet with Papageno, he said to her repeatedly while he twisted the ends of his moustache: "If you scream like that, you will scream the whole audience out of the theatre," which was very inconsiderate of him. She sang the whole first act with difficulty, then was seized with convulsions, and had to be taken home. I offered to continue with the part, although I had never studied it and knew it only from listening to the pupils' work. Wirsing and the manager, Hassel, accepted most gratefully, and Hassel announced the change.

My dear mother was sitting in a box, and when she heard that "Fräulein Loew has declared herself ready to take the part of Pamina," she nearly had a stroke. She rushed to me at once, and declared that I had never studied the rôle and it was an impossibility for me to sing it. But Fräulein Brenner, our Queen of the Night, said quickly in her high treble tones: "Oh, let her sing it, Frau Lehmann, she will do it all right!" And I did do it! The quartet had to be omitted, unfortunately, because no one could be found to sing the first boy, but everything else was left in, and I was a great success. I did not have a moment of nervousness, as I was sure of my business.

We were on as intimate terms with Mozart as though he had lived with us. And we were as conversant with Beethoven, Weber, Marschner, Wagner in his first operas, Verdi, Bellini, Donizetti, and Meyerbeer as with Mozart. It was

not an empty statement when we heard it said over and over again in our engagements, "Lehmann can sing Sarastro, also, if it is necessary!" Yes, thanks to our education and our talent we might have sung it. How we did study! While other singing teachers train their pupils in the arias at most, and usually very poorly, with us the ensembles were worked out just as carefully as the arias, and gone over a thousand times until everything went as it should go, regardless of whether it was this master or that. Therefore, we did justice to all styles, as though they were our birthright. For this and many other reasons we have become musical authorities in our professional life, such as few are.

Before I begin to tell of my own career, I must speak of the impressions which we children received of the artists who were under engagement in Prague, or who visited there, and who influenced our maturer artistic views and sentiments.

XIX

It was due to no merit of my own that I had to admire, even in my early childhood, a throng of admirable artists, whose characteristics were stamped on my memory. This was not only advantageous to me, but enriched my life. From each, I derived something special, and not one passed by without leaving an impress. Some had glorious voices, others played or sang remarkably well, and there were again others who were memorable personalities, who stimulated my slumbering talent and my understanding. There were many of these artists, who came in contact with us during my more than fifteen-year sojourn in Prague, whose art matured my judgment, which the fine artistic sense of my mother had guided. So it is not my fault alone that I, because of my absorption of all I have heard, seen, been taught, and studied, demanded a great deal from others, and still more of myself, and continually pressed forward

toward goals, for the attainment of which a lifetime perhaps might not suffice, though I reached many a one.

Among the visiting artists whom I heard and saw in Prague were Marlow and Sonntheim in their prime; Schnorr von Carolsfeld, Frau Dustmann-Meyer as Jessonda and Margarethe; Desirée Artôt, who was fascinating as Adalgisa; Trebelli, with her bell-like voice, pre-eminent as Romeo and Tancred; Patti, in her early days; Bignio, Joseph N. Beck as Don Juan, Ilma di Murska, Dr. Schmidt, Rokitansky, Marie Seebach, Sonnenthal, Devrient, Löwe, Hendrichs, Dessoir, Döring, Gossmann, Lewinsky, Baumeister, Hedwig Raabe, Friederike Bognar, Krastel, and Janauschek as Medea and Orsina. There were many Italian opera ensembles. In farces, I recall Treumann, Jauner, Knaak, Josefine Gallmeyer, Marie Geistinger, Albin Swoboda, Ascher, and Grobecker, and of dancers the celebrated Spaniard Pepita di Oliva and the charming Friedberg, who afterwards became Countess Westphalen.

And what ability was available at our own theatre! The actors as well as the opera singers were of the very first rank. Many of those named above, and who continued to come for special engagements, formerly had been engaged here.

Among the numerous tenors, Eduard Bachmann, next to the famous Steger, stood first for many years. He was a big, handsome, clever, and amiable man. He began as oboist in the orchestra, concertised much outside on his instrument, and, later, had his glorious voice developed. This voice surpassed, in beauty and brilliancy, any that I have ever heard; his tones were not simply musical, they were floods of deepest emotion. I have often talked of this singing with Director Jahn in Vienna, and he quite agreed with me that we have never since met with such a voice, and one that was so expressive. His breathing was almost boundless, and the management of his instrument had made him musical; he sang everything in the original and never

transposed. I am thrilled to-day as I recall his Arnold in *Tell*. And his Raoul! In the septet of the third act, he took the high *C* sharp from the chest, and repeated the number every time. The duet with Valentine was simply superb, there has never been anything like it since. Bachmann was an excellent actor, moreover, and possessed of unfailing good humour, both on and off the stage. When, for instance, he sang Barbarino in *Stradella*, with Steinecke as Malvoglio, one could laugh oneself sick. Yet it was not "horse-play" that he employed, but healthy, natural humour, which the management of the present day has killed. And he sang the voice passages in that opera so that one's heart leaped for joy and delight. It was just the same with his Corentin in *Dinorah*, and his Georg in the *Waffenschmied*. Conceive of a tenor with a godlike voice and great dramatic gifts, who sang not only the big heroic parts, but also those for tenor buffo.

To-day no one can have the least idea of the effect of such impersonations. The public of most theatres is now content with the worst kind of mediocrity, because it has not learned to know anything better, and because the so-called artists and the management included remain debtors to both their art and the public. We, however, who have known the best, have thereby had our taste for what is poor, ugly, and unworthy totally spoiled for us. Where are natural amiability, humour, voices, and talent now to be found? A singer becomes a tenor buffo only when he has a poor or deformed figure, instead of seeing that thence should radiate the healthy humour, the unaffected joy of life, both of which should be there for the refreshment of art and the public.

Then, again, how wonderfully did Bachmann sing *The Prophet* and *Ernani*, and how finely he acted all these rôles. The Prague Theatre used to shake from the thunderous applause when Bachmann, Adolf Robinson, and Frau Kainz-Prause, in her prime, sang together in *Ernani*. Unfortunately,

Bachmann did not sing long. My mother often warned him, but he believed that he could put any amount of strain on his voice, that it was indestructible, and so he did nothing to preserve this great blessing. After a career of barely seven years, he often sang out of tune or became hoarse in the middle of the opera. He was granted a long leave of absence in the spring of 1864, returned unimproved, and resigned his position at Prague in 1865. He went to Dresden in 1867, entirely recovered, and sang the next year at Munich with unparalleled success, when the King, Wagner, and von Bülow were most enthusiastic over him. Wagner proclaimed him his Siegfried, and furthermore dedicated his "Walter Stolzing" to him.

But, after he had suffered from three bad attacks of diphtheria, the doctors declared that the Munich climate was dangerous for him, and, in 1871, Bachmann, still in the full vigour of life, accepted a pension. He became director of the Carlsbad Theatre and soon died, deeply mourned by all who knew him.

Pauline Lucca came to Prague in 1860, and stood the whole theatre on its head. Being a genius, great liberties were permitted her, and already she took full advantage of this. When one reflects that this small person, only twenty years old, sang Valentine, Norma, Donna Anna, Lucrezia, the Vestal Virgin, and Iphigenie auf Tauris, besides other rôles, and carried through most of them with tremendous temperament, if not with artistic ripeness, one feels ever-renewed astonishment at the possibility as well as the success of the undertaking. Her voice was full, warm-blooded, and beautiful like the maiden herself, whose expressive, sea-blue eyes that resembled Niemann's, in their effective frames, like wheels, appeared to extend down on the cheeks and above on the forehead, and lent her face seriousness and intelligence. Her spiritual devotion was beautiful, and so was her passion, which consumed and inflamed everything. What did it matter if a tone, a gesture, were not what they

should have been; she made on both the profession and the public a powerful impression which was never effaced. Certain isolated parts still sound in my ears to-day after fifty-two years, as they called forth the stormy applause of the enthusiastic audience.

Pauline Lucca sent us children nearly every evening, by mamma, who had her seat in the ladies' box, big cornucopias of confectionery, which she received at the theatre, for it was then the custom for the habitués of the theatre to send ices and bonbons every night to the ladies of the company. She was most unconventional, and it sounded very funny when she would say in pure Viennese dialect: "Please, Frau von Lehmann, lend me your wipe, I have forgotten mine." She carried most of her wardrobe herself to the theatre, and, if mamma met her near our house and offered her assistance, she always declined it by saying, "Who does not wish to look at me when I have a bundle need not look at me at all." When she was to sing Iphigenie, Frau Burggraf asked her: "Do you know the myth?" to which she promptly replied: "I never bother my head about the rent (*Miethe*) the year round, for father pays that!"

After she had played a special engagement in Berlin, she became the spoiled child of its citizens, and was lost to Prague. We often met in life, however, and I often admired her. We came together first in Berlin, where we were colleagues for two years; in the meantime she had become Frau von Rhaden. When she met me there again for the first time, she pointed to the crown carved in ivory on the handle of her parasol, and said: "See here, Lehmann, you must do as well as I have done." Not long afterward she exchanged her "von" for the coat-of-arms of a Baroness von Wallhofen. She was very proud of it, and never failed to sign herself "Baroness" in her letters, a title which I never could remember to use.

I saw her at Copenhagen and in Vienna, where she sang a great deal, and always compelled me to give her the old

tribute of admiration. But she, too, kept her attachment for us, always came to hear me whenever I sang in Vienna, was full of praise for my performances, and visited me every time. She came once when there was trouble between the Crown and the Balkan countries. In conversation, she divided up the whole country amongst the rulers of all other lands, so that Austria no longer existed as such, and ended her political lecture with the words: "Then there would be peace!"

Lucca's Carmen was the only one for me. She was simple and great, and she remained simple, despite the many improprieties which she was guilty of in merry parts. These were as unpremeditated as her tragic, earnest moments —they came to her and she acted them. I liked her best in serious parts, because in animated rôles she was too "sloppy" in her treatment of the music. The Berlin musicians called it by a still worse name. When she came to see me at the Hotel Imperial, shortly before her death at Vienna, she was already complaining of severe pains, but had preserved all her charm despite her sixty-eight years.

Pauline Lucca was always a genius without ever becoming a "conscious" artist; a genius, whose glorious natural gifts were hers until her last breath, and who also kept her sincere admirers, in the first rank of whom I may count myself, to the end.

A page could be filled with an account of the splendid powers of the baritone, Adolf Robinson, who also belonged to those talented ones who are destined to delight their hearers, by reason of his charming personality, his warmth, his wonderful voice, and his beautiful, soul-refreshing singing. He appeared as the Huntsman in the *Nachtlager*, and sang Tell, Heiling, Zampa, Wolfram, Telramund, Luna, Carlos, Nelusco, and Don Juan with a fire, a self-forgetfulness, a nobility of acting and singing, that belonged in truth with the most beautiful and splendid impressions in which I have shared. All those should be grateful to him for whose

benefit he gave performances such as no one else ever could give again.

Wilhelm Jahn came to Prague in 1859, as a young, unknown conductor, and only a year later, Vienna tried to get him away; but, by good luck, he was bound to us for a long period. Jahn, even then, conducted all the Wagner operas from memory, and did not remain unknown very long. He had gone through a good schooling at small theatres and with Italians; and he possessed both a most agreeable speaking voice and a marked talent for singing. It was not strange, therefore, that he understood how to accompany the singers as did few of the young conductors, who thought that they needed to study nothing but Wagner, and to whom the old masters were so much air.

The utter lack of reverence displayed by the youngest of these ambitious "little monomaniacs" in giving judgment against the greatest masters of the remote or the recent past, in daring to make changes, in extracting the individuality from their works, and substituting something of their own highly individual nothingness, passes the comprehension of every one with real knowledge and of every devout critic.

A very well-known manager at Munich, before a rehearsal of *Tristan*, made the following telling remark as the conductor, who had kept us waiting a long time, came into sight: "He has the score of *Tristan* under his arm, but he cannot accompany the *Troubadour!*"

Modern conductors and "new musicians" take great satisfaction in scourging "tradition." There is no art, however, without tradition in its highest sense. We see spiritual greatness and artistic technique combined in perfection in old paintings, sculptures, and compositions which defy time. For the uneducated, the hyper-modern, they may go out of fashion, just as would a hat or a crinoline; but what is pure and created by heaven-gifted beings endures for all ages, and will ever be the standard of perfect beauty by which one must measure. That brings every one back to

tradition, for each man consciously or unconsciously borrows from it, life being too short for any individual to be able to create a perfected art, which requires centuries, or to become an artist without traditional guidance. Recent art resembles new wine, which intoxicates but does not refresh.

The best of the genuine operatic conductors, amongst whom Wilhelm Jahn and Karl Eckert were and Ernst von Schuch is still numbered, fared no better than the glorious works of the old masters, whose lives, or, in case they are dead, whose quiet graves are disturbed by the "new musicians," merely because they properly give more rights to the singers than to the brass. And all their greater wisdom did not save them from being thrown to the scrap-heap with gross injustice, after lives rich in artistic activities. Of course they were not masters that fell from heaven—they only *learned* to be masters!

Not one of those mentioned above, and I could name many more, would have taken the liberty, for instance, of providing the accompaniment of the recitatives, in Mozart's operas, with his own embellishments during the performance, as happens to-day. Contrary to all the rules, beauty, and requirements of the accents of speech, they forbid the singers to make use of (for what reason, I ask?) any appoggiatura, flying, thereby, in the face of tradition, and also killing the music, the text of which insistently demands its presence. It seems to me sometimes as though I heard sounds from those that have been buried alive, instead of dear living voices, so that I often have occasion to weep and mourn.

Is it intended to hold Wagner responsible for the present disuse of the appoggiatura? Has he none of them? And does one believe that he, who was such a fine artist in language, was so devoid of taste, or so unfamiliar with expressive speech that he would have written none? In every instance when the accent of syllables at the end of a spoken or musical phrase requires the appoggiatura, Spohr, Marschner, Weber,

and Wagner have written it out, and Mozart and Beethoven, according to the manners of their time, have indicated it by means of two notes of equal value and pitch, thereby signifying the correct rendering. What would be the state of mind of these two masters if they heard to-day their wonderful recitatives that precede the arias, and the dialogue-recitatives, rendered with a total absence of the appoggiatura, that is to say, with a total loss of expression.

In this connection, one needs only to look at Wagner in all his operas. Let us take at random the aria of Elisabeth, for instance, or the first scene between Tannhäuser and Venus, and in each composition we find them repeated, "Dich, teure Halle, grüss' ich *wieder*," "Ja, Dir erwachen seine *Lieder*," "Da er aus Dir *geschieden*," or "O, dass ich nun *erwachte!*"

Every singer trained in the classical school, and to that belongs the Italian art of singing, knows and *must* know that the accent falls on the penultimate syllable of a final word, and that this accent must be brought out, not only in the spoken word but in the music. Two equal-sounding notes, on syllables that are spoken long and short, would be both a neglect of the word accent and of the musical expression, and of that neither Mozart nor Beethoven would have ever been guilty.

Up to my time no artist would have submitted to such a prohibition, and never was it suggested to me by any one of the newest conductors, because the authority of my knowledge was my protection. Does there exist, however, among the singers of to-day, one who possesses artistic influence, and who will defend himself against caprice? I am, unfortunately, forced to doubt it, as their attainments are not of a kind that convinces. What I understand by artistic authority I will explain exhaustively later on.

Deeply do I regret that I was able to hear Schnorr von Carolsfeld only twice in my life. I was so young that I was not admitted to his artistic circle. When he came on the

stage in Prague, after his serenade in the *Troubadour*, one was tempted to laugh at his huge, unwieldy figure, but as soon as he made his first gesture, one was silenced. One knew who it was that stood there, one felt his significance, and would have gone on a pilgrimage to him had the existing circumstances permitted. It was an imperishable impression.

XX

Richard Genée was the successor of Wilhelm Jahn at the conductor's desk, and I began my career under his leading. Genée was a finely educated man, a thoroughly noble nature, an excellent musician, and a distinguished operatic conductor. But he did not have Jahn's youthful force nor energy, and he was short of stature, and spoke through his nose as though he suffered from asthmatic affections. Once, when I met him in Berlin, he thought he must apologise to me for something which had long weighed on his mind. He had given the director, Emil Fischer, of Dantzic, who had asked him about me, the following report: "Lehmann is very musical and a hard worker, but she has such a weak voice that you can never make use of her for big parts."

"Do not take that to heart, dear Genée," I replied. "You were quite right; I was very weak, and I was amazed myself that I succeeded in Dantzic in performing all the great rôles."

After my second début, that passed off so remarkably well, the management designed great things for me; they wanted to engage me for youthful parts, and to that end "Perdita" in the opera of the same name, composed by Barbieri after the *Winter's Tale* of Shakespeare, was selected, which I was to study as an opening rôle, and have ready to sing in the spring.

The part was charming, grateful to sing and to act, and I began to work hard at it without delay, although our laborious daily life followed its usual course.

as Leonore in *Troubadour*

From a photograph by Alexander Seitz, Leipsic

Marie Lehmann

as Princess in *von Trapczunt*

From a photograph by W. Breuning

Thus closed the year 1865, and the eventful 1866 began that was to bring us all much sorrow and many disappointments.

At the end of February the trial rehearsal for *Perdita* was suddenly announced without warning. I had accepted an invitation for the evening, to which I was looking forward with keen pleasure, which seldom occurred. As I had worked out the dramatic action of the part very prettily with Frau Binder, I was very sure of it all, and as trial rehearsals are held without orchestra, and sung only with half voice, I kept my previous engagement, led astray by my strong desire to go. I went to bed later than usual, a thing which I cannot stand to-day, and was very tired the next morning. The first act was very good and I took great pains; in the second I sang one passage too high, and all was over for the *ingénue*, at least for the next two years, which, however, worked unquestionably for my good. I should have mastered colorature singing rather than taken *ingénue* parts. I had been growing like a weed, and was weak and thin, so that I was upset by any angry word or even a gust of wind. My dear mother was filled with alarm because I would sit on the side of my bed at night and weep my eyes out, for no reason whatever except that I felt tired to death. She did more to strengthen me than she could afford, and Professor Maschka, who was familiar with such conditions in the case of his own daughter, watched over me like a father. Only by slow degrees was I able to control my weakness, and I have never been rid of great lassitude through my whole life. How much of a child I still was is illustrated by my making little dolls for myself when I was sixteen, and I spent my spare time in playing alone with them. Games of patience, the "puzzles" of to-day, fascinated me by the hour, and even the straightening out of tangled yarn enticed me to tests of patience.

The director, Wirsing, engaged me for small parts, however, from April 1, 1866, at a monthly salary of forty gulden,

and out of that I had to provide myself with all costumes except masculine attire. It was very little, but it was the beginning that had been long desired, and, though it would not have sufficed for me alone, I made it do with my little mother's help. I could now pay her twenty gulden for my board and lodging, and had twenty gulden in reserve for costumes and a bit of pocket money, for I possessed practically nothing.

I now sang the whole list of companions, ladies-of-honour, and court ladies, the first boy in the *Zauberflöte*, and immediately after, the first lady (which has remained my part), the shepherd in *Tannhäuser*, and the bridesmaid in *Freischütz*. I sang in all operettes, and acted in many plays, for instance, the fisher boy in *Tell*, a son of Kollatin's, and a boarding pupil in *Cinderella*, in which I created a furore, because my lanky thinness and lassitude—only feigned this time—suited the part so well. I had also to sing the song in the play for the captivating Seitler, who was Cinderella, as she could not do it herself. In short, I was on the stage almost every night, and yet, despite all my efforts and my diligence, I could not soar any higher. Director Wirsing, of course, was glad to have in me, at a very low price, a singer sure of her art, especially for these rôles, and was on his guard against losing me.

XXI

The war with Prussia broke out soon after the beginning of my first engagement, and lesser interests were swallowed up by greater. It brought great upturnings in Prague. The Bohemians bragged at first, and wanted to drive the Prussians with "wet rags" out of the country, but, when the lying nature of the Austrian announcements of victories came to light, and the Prussians continued to advance, the Bohemians shrivelled up, and the strong young men were so cowardly as to try to hide, in order to escape trench digging in the service of the enemy. They even made enquiries

of us concerning places of concealment, asked if the Prussians were men who would not massacre them, where they should bury their valuables, and other imbecile questions. How shameful! One day we saw big rack waggons that were loaded with furniture and luggage, on top of which young men were seated, who were running away over beyond the Kleinseite, and the next day Prague was entirely depopulated. Surely the Prussians now would come soon.

At the end of a morning walk, which I had taken with Frau Römer in the Canal Gardens, we saw, on our return through the fields, thousands of Prussian soldiers encamped before the Rosstor, where there had been nothing in sight earlier, and they seemed to have sprung out of the earth. At four o'clock in the afternoon, they marched in across the Graben, the Garde du Corps at their head, where we were standing, of course, waving white handkerchiefs at them. It was a wonderful sight!

Not an hour had passed, after the entrance of the troops, before at least one Prussian soldier's head was poked out of every window in the city. Without asking a single question each had gone right to where he was quartered.

Little by little the "valiant" young Bohemians made their appearance again, and, as they were neither "devoured" by the Prussians, nor put to digging trenches, they said in whispers: "If the Prussians would take us we would not object!" We also should have been contented, for it might have put an end to the everlasting friction between the Germans and Bohemians, which disgusts every man of fine feelings who stays in Prague.

I again insert here two of my mother's letters, which give better expression to the sentiment that prevailed then than I could do.

From the War of 1866

PRAGUE, July 18, 1866.

. . . I cannot think it possible that you received my last letter, or you would not have left us so long without news in

this terrible time of distress, when we cannot foresee the events of the immediate future.

The Prussians took possession of our city several days ago, and have behaved well, quietly, and with moderation. They are chiefly the reserves, mostly older, married men, who find it hard to be separated from their families. Half of the inhabitants of Prague have fled, whoever had anything to lose has gone, and whole houses are deserted, except for the soldiers who are quartered in them. All the nobility and the Austrian soldiers, including the police, who belong to the military, have departed. The Prussians have taken possession of all the guard-houses, and issue all the regulations to which the inhabitants of Prague have to submit. Placards are posted daily in large numbers, stating what they require, and how one is to behave. The whole situation is very alarming; you cannot conceive how one suffers under such conditions. The schools have all been turned into barracks as well as the Conservatory and the buildings of the University; every one has been thrown out of his accustomed routine and, moreover, deprived of his earnings.

Our theatre would have been closed long ago if the Intendant did not still hold possession of it, but that will not be so much longer, perhaps, and then what will become of us all? There is not a single lesson! It is particularly hard for us musicians, for everything is given up.

The Prussians are swarming here, and I am told that more are constantly being brought in. The quartering is fearful, and the landlords are having a hard time, but it serves them right, because they begrudged anything good to others. If one could only see a happy ending; if either of the monarchs was inclined to peace! The poor people who have lost their children, parents, brothers, and sisters have to console themselves, though their hearts may break in the process. . . .

We seem to ourselves forsaken and alone. The dreadful conditions have put me in a strange state; my head is sometimes so preoccupied that I could sleep all day, and my eyes are extremely weak. Riezl bears up the best; Lilli often has fainting fits, for instance, recently when we saw wounded men being driven past wearing bloody bandages, as, of course, she is not accustomed to such excitements. Men lie all day long in the streets, there

is no traffic, all the shops are closed, the suffering of the lower classes is terrible, and rioting is feared. Prussian cannon are planted everywhere, and no one may stir. How long is this state of things going to last? . . .

War—Some Weeks Later

I have sent many letters to you, which, most probably, however, never reached your hand, as the post does not go out, and all lines of communication are interrupted. I cannot describe to you what we have suffered during the recent sad days, and dare not speak more plainly in this letter, which goes by field post. We are all ill and miserable. Lilli is like a shadow, without an ounce of flesh on her bones, and, within the last month, Riezl has changed beyond recognition. The sorrowful scenes that we have witnessed, and the endurance of our own suffering have greatly reduced us. God grant that a change come soon or we shall succumb.

Through no fault of ours the war has affected our limited resources most disastrously. We will write fully as soon as the mails are resumed. The King of Prussia is expected to-day; he will live in the Burg.

You can easily imagine the state of things at our theatre, and everything else. The director is compelled to give hundreds of free tickets every day to the military, and receives no return. The boxes belonging to the aristocracy are occupied by the young officers, and have to be given them gratis. The Prussians behave themselves very decently, on the whole, and it is dawning on the Bohemians that they are much better educated than themselves. We, also, have six men from the reserves in our house. Even women living alone have soldiers quartered on them that they must feed, and no one asks where they find the means. I will tell you much more later when I am quieter. Farewell, my dears.

MARIE.

One of the six men of the reserves quartered in our house was a cabinet-maker named Lehmann, who told us how he had been thrown, while unconscious, on a waggon with many

corpses, and owed his life to the circumstance that he fell off the waggon and uttered a loud cry of pain. But for this lucky accident, he would have been put in the ditch with the dead men. They all had tales to tell of their severe sufferings, and declared they would rather emigrate than ever take part in a war again.

Cholera had broken out in Prague even before the Prussians had besieged it, and many of our acquaintances had been smitten, whom we children visited daily without the least fear or any bad consequences.

All these terrors, which first arose from our feverish imagination, and then indeed closely affected the daily affairs of all who had to live by their receipts for the day or month, working havoc with us also, gradually became things of the past. The war was over, the bustle of ordinary life again went on about us, and we ourselves resumed our old ways.

The big as well as the little people had been hard hit by the war, however. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel was dethroned, and lost his country because he would not join with Prussia. He came to Prague with all his family, and divided his time between the city and his Bohemian estate of Hotowitz. He was reported to ask every morning upon waking, "Am I not yet at home?" He never went home, because his principality was not restored to him. His wife, formerly a Frau Lehmann, though not related to us, who had been created Princess of Hanau, was a very beautiful and amiable woman, who knew how to take the Elector's moods—and he had plenty of them—with a fine sense of humour. When, for instance, in a fit of rage, he slashed, from top to bottom, with a pair of scissors, the handsomest dresses she possessed, she laughed heartily at the ill-humoured trick.

As soon as the Princess learned of my mother's residence in Prague, she sent her first lady-of-the-bedchamber to request her presence. This lady was the dear, refined Fräulein Spindler, who had to act continually as mediator between the parents and their children, and who impressed

even the Elector. Mamma had to tell the Princess all that she had been through since her departure from Cassel. The latter remembered me at Cassel, where I had been the year before with Berta Römer, in connection with a visit to Uncle Paul, as Berta first appeared there as visiting artist and then was given an engagement. The Electress, who observed everything from her palace window, sent word to us, through the Intendant, that our well-bred deportment had given her much pleasure. At that time we strutted about Cassel in crinolines with nubias.

The Princess begged my mother to visit her often, and, I, too, was included. She took so great an interest in us that afterwards she used to read my letters, which were not at all intended for crowned heads. She sent us every week a big pack basket full of expensive table delicacies, and did not forget us even when she was at Hotowitz. She meant well, indeed, but all the fine titbits could not take the place of mamma's simple but excellent cooking. Most of the things fell to our many hangers-on, for mamma ate very little and was always delighted to do a good turn to another.

She was so temperate, so modest in all her wants, that we often asked how she could subsist on the little nourishment that she took, and she always replied: "I stop just when a thing tastes best to me!" How very wise! We, her children, have held to her simple way of living, and have always found it the best for us.

XXII

We have now reached the year 1867. Our father had not come to Prague for a long time, because mother did not wish it, fearing that he might endanger us in the modest positions we occupied, and which we had obtained with difficulty. He was not getting on well; he had not found peace and repose, and very often he had been compelled to ask assistance of mother. Formerly when she had written

him about our talents, and had touched on her hope of a future theatrical career, he had been beside himself, and would never have given his sanction. Later, however, he wanted me to think of earning money. He wrote me to this effect on my twelfth birthday, which gave me such a shock in my happy childish freedom from care, that I can still see traces of its effect upon me. He probably thought that I ought to play children's parts, but to that my mother, in her turn, would never have consented.

My poor father died at Hanover on February 19, 1867, deserted and in wretched circumstances, as we were informed after his death. We had heard nothing from him for three months, and were, therefore, not in a position to hasten to his aid, which we would so gladly have done. At last he was at peace, at last he had found repose!

So, likewise, had my dear mother. The crown of thorns, that had pressed on her head for many years, was removed. Though the wounds continued to ache for a long while, she now could breathe freely, as her anxieties concerning us were less. I had made a start, and our little Riezl was fluttering her wings. The child insisted upon entering upon a stage career, and upon becoming independent, and would not be held back any longer. After protracted writing back and forth, the longed-for engagement was found for her at Leipsic, upon which she was to start on May 1, 1867. She was forced to wait patiently until then, whether she would or not.

Accordingly, on May 15th, she celebrated her sixteenth birthday in her new engagement in Leipsic. The director, whom she did not admire as much as he desired, pronounced her "quite without talent," although she had sung twenty-two times during her first month, and she received her dismissal in four weeks. She was still bound by her contract, but was given nothing to do. One afternoon she was in a hot bath when a knock came at the door. "A messenger from the theatre would like to speak with Fräulein Leh-

mann." "What is it?" "Can Fräulein Lehmann sing Leonore in *Stradella* this evening?" "I have never sung it and it is not in the répertoire, but I will sing it, nevertheless. Bring me the piano score." "That is already at the house." "Very well, you may say that I will sing, and will be at the theatre this evening; I do not require a rehearsal."

With her beautiful, soulful voice, her extraordinary facility, and splendid trills she was bound to please; her musical thoroughness was security for it. She met with marked success, and, from that moment, it was suddenly discovered that she had talent, and she was cast not only for soubrette parts, but for the Countess in *Figaro*, and Rezia in *Oberon*, amongst many, many other rôles.

I, too, had long grown restless at my post. Although director Wirsing told me frequently that I might remain as long as I wished, that did not console me for the uncongenial work, nor could it keep me there. I wanted to get ahead. So I resigned my position, to take effect on July 1, 1868, and sought another engagement for the autumn, that should lead me into the realm of colorature singing. I had been very industrious, had practised much, and had mastered an immense répertoire of all the principal parts. I had grown somewhat stronger, also, although I still had to conceal the "salt cellars" in my neck with a crêpe chemisette. I could not, of course, hide my long, lean, arms or wrap them up, as bare neck and arms were the fashion, regardless of whether it was becoming or not. It is easily understood that every use I made of them appeared angular and awkward. Over and over again, mamma said to me upon my return from the theatre, and when I thought I had "*acted*" very well: "You acted again to-day with your arms turned the wrong way." It must have looked very bad, and it was, assuredly, this least promising thing about me which impressed the eyes of the audience more than my good singing did their ears.

All in vain did I make my hands ache, writing for another engagement. The time for making contracts was long past,

and every possibility seemed to have disappeared, when an offer came, at the beginning of August, from an agent, Herr Landvogt, for me to go to Dantzic. I did not delay a moment, but affixed my signature, and awaited with much anxiety the duplicate contract, which finally arrived after a fortnight, and put a quietus on our fears. I was to have a salary of sixty thalers a month, and two thalers play-money guaranteed for ten times a month. This was a tremendous salary and a great piece of luck for me and my dear mother, and I am still grateful to Herr Landvogt, who did not then know me. I did not have to begin with debts, which I have never incurred in my life. I made very pretty costumes for myself (how modest everything was then!), and saved my travelling expenses. In order to build up my strength I accepted the invitation of my dear friend, Fräulein Czernitzki, to go to Hoch-Chlumetz, an estate belonging to Prince Lobkowitz. There, in the company of the old head forester, I wandered through the splendid woods in the early morning, which delighted and fascinated me more than I can say. I had often been at Hoch-Chlumetz, and I had at my service there a piano and a big library of all classical authors, which I devoured. There were dogs, deer, songbirds, and a lovely garden. How could I ever be able to repay fully those dear warm-hearted people who made my visit one of ever-memorable felicity.

Dantzic

From the Autumn of 1868 to the Spring of 1869

STRENGTHENED by communion with nature, which had soothed and exalted me, I travelled by way of Berlin to Dantzic. Only Frau Römer was at the station to see me off, for my dear mother was too wretched to go with me. We picked up a small horseshoe on the way thither, and Frau Römer declared it was a good omen. I now had taken the first step towards the future, and my plans for it were perfectly clear in my mind, even before I gave notice to Wirsing. They were briefly as follows: I wished to perfect myself in singing for a winter at a theatre open just for the season, to strengthen myself in répertoire and general efficiency for a whole year at a large municipal theatre, and, immediately after that, to seek admission to some important court theatre.

But while I was being carried to Berlin on a third-class fare, my heart was heavy with the thought of how I should master ten great rôles a month in Dantzic. This anxious question ceased to trouble me only when I reached Berlin, where my mind concentrated itself on the present, that soon wore a friendly aspect.

I took lodgings in the Chausseestrasse, with a family named Beck, who had been recommended to us, and who took good care of me. After a healthy sleep, I dressed myself carefully the next morning, and went to call on the renowned theatrical agent, Ferdinand Röder, who, when

he was an actor, had known my parents, and for whom, at mamma's desire, I was to sing something. Before I was admitted I heard a conversation being carried on in the next room by two men's voices:

"How much will you give him a month?"

"Forty thalers."

"You dirty scoundrel! The man can't live on that; you must give him at least sixty thalers."

Whereupon the other gentleman, who had been called the opprobious name, agreed to do it. As I learned later the controversy was over the salary of a young actor, and the one so unflatteringly addressed was the manager, Herr Engel, of Kroll's. When the door to the next room opened, I saw, for the first time, the Kroll "angel" (Engel) or the "coloured fellow," as they say in Berlin. He was a small, fat, thoroughly Jewish gypsy, with black curls, at whose brilliant, racial, spontaneous wit, I was often subsequently forced to laugh.

One must confess that Ferdinand Röder, the second man, who was also notorious, was yet the only theatrical agent who took the part of the artists. Instead of cutting the salaries, as happens to-day, because of competition, he always pushed them up as high as possible and, in that way, was of consequence. Röder let me sing at once, and took me himself to Herr von Hülsen, who asked me to wait a day longer, as he wished to hear me the next morning at the Opera House.

Herr von Hülsen wanted to secure me at once for Berlin, after he had tried my voice, and would have liked me to break with Dantzic by telegraph and start immediately upon a Berlin engagement. Probably Herr von Hülsen saw no obstacle in the fact that I had pledged myself to Dantzic, and just as probably would Röder have succeeded in freeing me for a position at the Court Theatre. I insisted, however, on going to Dantzic, so I expressed my thanks to Herr von Hülsen,and said I should hold myself in reserve and would

return as soon as I had learned more. He took my emphatic refusal in good part, for the moment, and said cordially: "Come when you will, I shall always have a welcome for you. You may have a short star engagement here whenever you wish."

This was the second important step with which Providence came half-way towards me, and, reassured, I continued by third-class at nine o'clock that same evening on the road to Dantzic, where I did not arrive until four o'clock the next afternoon, tired out and used up. According to agreement, I was to live there with a cousin of Simon, the Prague actor, who had said he would announce my arrival. But when I drove up to No. 26 Hundegasse, I found Fräulein Hoppe was not home. She had gone to a little garden which she rented outside the city. Some neighbours, who gave me this information, saw my embarrassment, and offered to send a message to her while I waited at their house.

An hour later the lady returned home in a state of great astonishment. She had neither been informed of my coming nor had she received any word from her cousin, and could not think of taking any lodger in her cramped dwelling. I was so near weeping that no one could fail to notice it. In my crushed state, I was just about to depart, bag and baggage, when she bethought herself of a better plan, and asked me to enter to look at her apartment, which, while not large, was roomy enough for two ladies. She must have seen that I was "somebody," and she now endeavoured to wipe out the first very disagreeable impression by inviting me to remain with her. Perhaps I should have refused had I not been so completely fagged out, a stranger, and quite upset by the failure of the plans agreed on. So I stayed, and must gratefully acknowledge that Fräulein Hoppe did everything in her power to make me comfortable.

After I had had a good cry, and had written to mamma, I fell asleep on a sofa in a new phase of my future life. I slept

soundly, only I dreamed that I was eating sweet grapes, and the taste of them was still in my mouth when I awoke, and looked up into the laughing face of Fräulein Hoppe, who had put a drop of honey on my lips as she leaned over me, and that had sweetened my dream and the imaginary grapes. We now got on well together. The very next day she took me to her friend, Frau Ulrich, who received me as though I were her own child, her husband and father-in-law joining with her; and they fairly spoiled me. Some days later, the two ladies found for me, with acquaintances of theirs, at No. 50 Pfefferstadt, a fine large room, which cost twenty-five thalers a month with full pension, and, in a week, I had moved there very content, and could not have been better off than in the hands of old Mother Heinrich and her two daughters. I had found friends already before I had made my first appearance.

The introductory visit to Herr and Frau Director Emil Fischer passed off just as I desired. The wife of the director, whose maiden name was Götz, and who had been the widow Dibbern, sat in her wrapper at a sewing-machine, making a child's dress. The director, also, was in a dressing-gown——it was eleven o'clock—with a cigar in his mouth, and his snuff-box in his hand; he proved to be much younger than his wife. He smiled at me, with his fine gazelle-like eyes, asked my preference concerning the part in which I should make my début, and the rôle of the Queen in the *Hugenotten* was selected for it. Although the Frau director continued to sew on the child's garment in silence and very seriously, without speaking a syllable or taking any notice of me, I knew at once which of them "wore the trousers." I heard that two more colorature singers had been engaged, which was bad news, but I went bravely to the battle and won it at the first blow. One of my rivals never appeared, and the other remained only second soubrette. "I never should have believed," I wrote mamma, "that there could be a smaller voice than mine, and yet

there are six singers engaged here who have far weaker organs."

The winter was not easy for me. The talents that had been assembled were better suited to light operette than to master works, which compelled me to learn at least one new rôle every week in operas which otherwise are given either very little or not at all,—for instance, *Krondiamanten*, *Schwarze Domino*, *Johann von Paris*, *Undine*, *Die beiden Schützen*, *Doktor und Apotheker*, *Carlo Broschi*, etc. The grand variations in the *Krondiamanten* I could not learn entirely by heart, as so little time had been given me, but as in the performance they, apparently, were to be read at sight, I ventured to attempt it. In other ways, also, I had my hands more than full, as our second conductor played the piano so badly that I had not only to sing but to accompany whatever was sung behind the scenes. My letters, which my dear mother carefully preserved, are better than my reminiscences to illuminate the situation at Dantzic.

DANTZIC, October 17, 1868.

MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA,

As I am to send you a report of everything I now must write you again. I sang the Queen in the *Hugenotten* yesterday, and have repeated the great success I had the first time. The public really likes me, and I am very contented. Just fancy, I must sing the part of Marie in both the *Waffenschmied* and *Zar und Zimmermann*, for which the Frau director will lend me costumes. You can imagine the state of things amongst our soubrettes. I sing the parts very willingly as they put no strain on me. I received very gorgeous bouquets again yesterday, and early today I bought myself a fuchsia bush, not very big but with a thousand buds, inside white and red outside. I take the greatest delight in it, and only wish that you and Herr Römer could feast on the splendid sight.

Don Juan is to be given on Monday with me as Elvira. I still have much to learn but do it with pleasure, as it would strike me as very strange if I were to have any days to rest, for I am so accustomed to study. I wish to write to Frau Römer, but just

now it is impossible; give her my love and tell her that I thank her a thousand times for watching over you as formerly, and shall never forget it. I take the greatest interest in Berta's triumphs.

No one has any conception how dear things are here. I pay five thalers for breakfast! What do you think of that? I have stopped taking meals at the hotel as my landlady is willing to cook for me herself; and of course, I like that. I send you herewith a criticism concerning Heiling, and I hope that you will be satisfied. How long ago was it, mamma, that when I sat at the piano and sang one of the many parts that I have already sung here you laughed at me, thinking to yourself, maybe, "Does the child really imagine that she will ever be able to sing such a rôle!" Is that not true? I hope, however, that I can attain to a high level in my life, so as to repay you even a very little of what I owe you. Only now do I understand all that I have learnt from you, and to what extent the good God has blessed me. I shall not fail in determination and industry.

A thousand thanks for your dear letters; do write much and often, and take 100,000 kisses from your

LILLI.

DANTZIC, November 12, 1868.

MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA,

I was just on the point of writing you yesterday, when I was interrupted by unwelcome visitors. My good intentions had to wait in a corner for a favourable opportunity, and there was none until to-day when I am sending you a thousand greetings from bed, where I am staying in order to save my strength. It is snowing to-day for the first time, and as though it were paid for doing it. It gives me a delightful sensation to look at the snowy roofs and the white figures that pass my window, while I can sit in my warm room and study. Scarcely has one opera been laid to rest than another is born, and one has to work much and long at it until the same history is repeated. I have to undergo the annoyance, and you, on the other hand, may read of my resulting triumphs, that give you greater pleasure than they give me, because you can digest them more quietly. If you have finished the criticism of *Carlo Broschi* I shall send you a fresh cargo.

The audience gave me a welcome in the midst of the singing, when I, as the Princess in the *Jüdin*, appeared on the stage in

Lilli Lehmann

as Theophila in *Krondiamanten*

From an old photograph taken in 1869

as Rosine in *Barbier von Seville*

From a photograph in possession of Mme. Rosa Fischer, taken in 1869

the procession in the first act. My friends say that I sang well, was in good voice, and looked very pretty. Whether our leading critic, Marcull, was satisfied I shall not read until this evening. Because *Carlo Broschi* had such a success, the *Schwarze Domino*, the *Krondiamanten*, *Johann von Paris*, and the *Maskenball*, have also been put in the répertoire.

I seized a moment of clear weather yesterday and went for a walk. I had gone about three-quarters of an hour in a fearful tempest when the rain caught me, also, and I had to seek shelter in a coffee house on the mountain, from which one gets a view of the lake. The weather had been clear five minutes previously, and now the whole sky was red, brown, and black, a really alarming spectacle. Suddenly the sun shot its perpendicular beams down on the lake, that was faintly illuminated now and then for a moment only to rage again in black horror immediately afterward. It was a marvellous sight! At such times I feel much closer to Nature than in her smiling moods; why is that? Give the riddle to Kohler, and greet him from your most loving

LILLI.

DANTZIC, November 20, 1868.

MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA,

Your irritation, due to not receiving two of my letters, is ended by now, I hope, and you will be as dear and sweet to me again as before. It is most beautiful here now; everything is frozen hard, and the sun shines, the sky is very clear and lovely, and good people are in good spirits. I am so above everything, for I succeeded again yesterday as Frau Fluth, and I must say, to my own satisfaction, that I did far better than the first time. My voice, too, was all right again. I must tell you frankly that, though my chest was not exactly affected, yet my voice sounded much weaker from continual singing. But, thank God, everything is in the best condition again. I have been on the lake once more with the Fischers, which always does me good.

Fra Diavolo is to be given on Sunday instead of *Dinorah*, and the Frau director is going to lend me her costume for it, which consists of a blue woollen cloak and a yellow woollen petticoat. If *Tannhäuser* is not given on the 24th, I shall invite the three Ulrichs, Fräulein Hoppe, and Herr Cabisius, our second baritone,

who is a very nice, reliable man, to keep my twentieth birthday with me. It is such a shame that we are separated by so great a distance that we cannot be happy together on the day we always kept so joyously. I hope it will be otherwise next year.

We must bury all our own desires until summer, for they avail us nothing any earlier. So many of our hopes and wishes have already been fulfilled that we should be content for the present, and in fact I am. I hope that I may be as happy all my life as I am now. I cannot always be so successful, but I shall certainly never despair, and shall bend all my energies to reach the goal that I see ahead. You will remain true and good at my side, and you shall have your reward when I have attained the end. I wish it were in my power to give you happiness now; believe me when I say that it is my only desire and one that I shall never put aside, and my first and most sacred duty. I wish I could requite you even a little for what you have deserved of me alone. I have often regretted it when I have spoken harshly or have vexed you; do believe that I have asked your forgiveness a million times, and I have repented my ingratitude from the bottom of my soul. I know, however, that a mother such as you forgave me long ago.

Do the Römers still go to see you every day? How do you get along with your accounts? Are you as accurate as your former bookkeeper? I continue to keep mine, and enter everything. I bought myself to-day some shirting for three little petticoats. Our stage is very sloping, and I needed them for the many short parts that I sing now. Do not forget to send me, dear mamma, the music and instrumentation of the Paccini aria, and my *Ahasver* by Hamerling.

Do write me soon again; remember me to all our friends, and accept a thousand kisses from your

LILLI.

I had been scarcely two months in Dantzic when I received contracts from Riga, Königsberg, Cologne, and Krolls' at Berlin, for the summer season. I held to my resolution and declined them all. Then came Dr. Laube with an offer for Leipsic, which I accepted without a moment's hesitation. It was a three-year contract, indeed, which did

Lilli Lehmann

as Carlo Broschi in *Des Teufels Anteil*

From a photograph

as Marie in *Zar und Zimmermann*

From a photograph

not suit me, but, as they would not consent to make it shorter by a year, I had to bite into the sour apple. I, appeared there on December 15, 1868, by invitation, as the Queen in the *Hugenotten*, on the 18th as *Carlo Broschi* and was positively engaged from June 1, 1869.

A very disagreeable incident occurred during the rehearsal for *Carlo*. The hero in the second act, joining in an ensemble, has a little ariette to sing, consisting exclusively of "parlando" passages, by which he endeavours to alienate the melancholy king from his false ministers and their intrigues. In order to cheer the king and to sustain his energy, he sings the frequently repeated passages more and more rapidly and humorously, triumphing unrestrainedly over his adversaries, and, finally, in the most rapid tempo, hurls his playful, equivocal words at their heads. The right effect is produced by the scene only when it is sung in this way and acted vivaciously. Gustav Schmidt, the conductor, who was especially fond of impressing his authority on beginners, and who could be very hateful as well also to old members of the company, dragged the scene without regard to the text and situation. During a short pause for breath, I called down to him "quicker!" which made him so angry that he laid down his baton, and resumed the rehearsal only after a long discussion with the manager. He had never had such an experience before! I really had no time to beseech him to do this while I was singing, but I made my excuses myself, and at last the rehearsal was continued. At all events the dragging of the tempo, to my thinking, was just as inconsiderate as my remark. That afternoon, when I took a walk in the Rosental with Heinrich Laube, he said that the incident had been very regrettable, and that he would assign all operas in which I was to sing to the conductor, Mühldorfer, so as not to stir up any more feeling. I was well pleased with this arrangement.

I learned to value G. Schmidt very highly later on, as he did me, for I soon succeeded, during my engagement, in

pacifying him so completely that he laid down his baton in Mozart's operas, for instance, *Figaro*, *Don Juan*, and *Die Entführung*, in which I sang the Page, Susanne, Zerline, Elvira, and Blondchen, and during my arias permitted the orchestra to accompany me alone, a distinction that was given to few when he conducted, and which meant, "nothing wrong can happen!" He was insanely strict, suffered no carelessness, and made most alarming faces at the artists who were guilty of a mistake of a sixteenth. If the less industrious gentlemen committed such a crime and avoided his glance, they had grimaces made at them in some care-free moment, even a fortnight afterwards, and only then was the offence expiated. He made us singers very nervous, and no one had an easy time under him. I am grateful to him for his severity, however, which led me farther on the path of all musical virtues and held me there.

I wrote to my mother as follows on my return from Leipsic.

DANTZIC, December 26, 1868.

MY DEAR, DEAR MAMMA,

Forgive me, if you are the least bit troubled about me, because I did not write to you yesterday. I was very tired after singing *Carlo* on Friday, but I again did it very well. Yesterday I received those parts which were sent to me—Caroline in *Die beiden Schützen*, the Princess in *Johann von Paris*, Venus in *Tannhäuser*, and Undine. I shall sing Venus on Thursday, and, moreover, *Don Juan* is given to-morrow.

According to what Fischer told me to-day, Orgény is not coming for a special engagement. He said: "If she proves better than you, she will do you harm; if worse I shall suffer, and, besides, you are such a favourite that I would not entertain the idea of inviting any one else."

Is that not most considerate of him? But the Fischers are people that are as good as gold and not suited to the position of directors, and I feel great pity for them. I paid her a call to-day after rehearsal, which took place in the same house; she would not let me leave and I had to stay for a meal. One feels entirely

at home with them. She lent me a white costume with roses for Venus, which I am very glad of, as the opera may be given only once. Matters are going very badly (I understood the reasons long afterward), but the opera draws, and even then only if I sing. That is not arrogance, it is the truth.

Your dear letter found me still in bed, and I am just so much happier to-day, because it cheered me even before I got up. The letter from Laube is very amiable, and I shall be very glad to go to Leipsic, as it will be the fulfillment of one of your chief desires,—that of being with your Riezl,—and then you need not worry any more at all.

Do you realise, mamma, that what you treated as a joke, years ago, has or rather soon will become fact? This thought makes me happy and light-hearted, and I do not feel lonely, but as though I were already with you, and we were now living a lovely life together. It may be that I feel this way because we write each other so often. I should never have believed that I could have so much to say, and, just think, if I do not write one day, on the next I seem to have a long, long story to tell you. Schmidt's letter, also, is very nice. Although I do not like him particularly, I believe that he is an honourable man and a competent conductor.

I did not exaggerate, did I, when I said so much in praise of Riezl's voice and art on my return from Leipsic? I rejoice that I am to be under such management and direction as that of Leipsic, for I have a very strong impulse in me to become something great, and that I can never accomplish here. All that I do proceeds from myself, and even if much of it is good, yet it is not so well done that it cannot be improved. That, however, cannot come about of itself when I have to study in such fearful haste; I need to have good guidance like that of Hassel or Oberländer (an actor at Prague and manager of the opera and drama). God knows that I am most grateful to both for what I saw and learnt in Prague, and that I have wished a hundred times that I had Hassel here, with all his rudeness. I have gone over all this to-day, at the Fischers'; they both are quite aware of it, but the present management is on bad terms with them, and, therefore while that continues everything will remain unchanged.

The criticism of the *Jüdin* is enclosed; it is not very remark-

able, indeed, but is quite just. I was entirely bewildered in the trio, and had to pull myself together to give the notes and text their ordinary value. I will tell you why. The ladies and gentlemen figured as supers, which irritated them extremely. Some of them behaved so stupidly that Frau Fischer came down out of her box after the procession and made a fearful scene in our dressing-room, which is small enough anyhow, so fearful that my head hummed like an old casserole. Then she sent to her house for an old dress, put on my shoes and my veil, and joined the supers in the following acts, which she had not done before because she had been sick in bed all day. Is it to be wondered at that one was quite giddy withal? It is already very late, and, as I am hoping that this letter can still go out to-day, I must close, and can send you no more for the present than 1000 hearty kisses.

Your

Lilli.

I now had made another big stride forward, and could follow with fresh courage the path I had chosen. Adolf Robinson's special engagement gave me intense pleasure, and he fascinated me anew, for I learned to know him better. We sang together in the *Barbier*, *Heiling* and *Tell*. Frau Fischer called him to account because he did not speak the prose lines in *Heiling* to her satisfaction. It was now superb. That night I wept my eyes out of my head from pity for Heiling, and would rather have gone with him than with my Huntsman. But I honoured him only as an artist and a very nice, modest man; he could never inspire me, strange as it is, with a deeper feeling, simply as a man. Everybody loved him in Prague; they were so enthusiastic over him there that a beautiful woman of the aristocracy once broke out with the cry, "No *Nachtlager* without Robinson!" As long as the lovely Countess lived she was teased about her utterance.

Zottmeyer, also, aside from his human eccentricities, was a great artist, who wandered about unceasingly, however, and could not take root anywhere. He interested me espe-

cially because of his dramatic talent. The most incredible reports about him were in circulation, calculated to inspire fear in a timid young girl. I did not like to be near him; even a stage caress would have distressed me. I avoided him as I would something unclean, and was glad that the répertoire kept me away from him. I can never forget his *Templer*, however, that impressed me as being artistic, great, noble, and true. I saw him at the Fischers', where he went to get the "right attack," a study to which he applied himself unintermittently, and he would have given his life for the conscious correct placing of it.

Director Emil Fischer was the son of the famous singers "Fischer–Achten." He was one of those rare artists who preserve their voices in advanced old age; he sang beautifully and sang everything. The two Arnuriuses, husband and wife, sang well but were uninteresting; he took first tenor parts, and she, who had once been a very good colorature singer, appearing with us twice as "Norma" and once singing the "Queen of the Night," took alto parts and old women. In other respects, one could not boast much of the opera, and only to the visiting engagements of Zottmeyer and Adolf Robinson did we owe some really excellent performances. Others were so much the worse, as is best shown by a letter to my mother:

Dantzic, March 3, 1869.

My dear, dear Mamma,

The name of the opera which you could not read was *Undine*, which I had learned in three days. Imagine, the big, difficult part, and I, moreover, with a carbuncle on my forehead, which is swollen way up.

I was in good voice, nevertheless, and performed my rôle very well, as I had given a tremendous amount of study to it. My lips spoke the words, without my having time to think of them, for everything went with such a rush. The part is very beautiful and I took great pleasure in it. On the other hand, our dramatic singer, Fräulein Chüden, sang, or rather tore to tatters, the rôle

of Berthalda in the second act, so that we all thought the curtain would have to be lowered. She is always uncertain and unmusical, and, on this occasion, she sang the second passage, "Oh, tremble!" (Ha, zittre!) instead of the first, "Beliebt Euch junge Frau." Nothing on earth could have torn her away from her false entrance, and, with an assurance that had never been hers before, she sang the whole thing firmly and triumphantly to the end. It was terrible.

That the second act was sung to a finish we owed solely to our extremely phlegmatic conductor, Dehneke, who quietly laid down his baton and stopped the playing of the orchestra.

I hope that you will rejoice, as I did myself yesterday, in my voice, that has become much stronger. A proof that I have learnt a good deal and understand how to sing lies in the fact that I have both studied and sung a tremendous amount without being hoarse a single time. I perceive, only now, unfortunately, that I have you to thank for it all, dear mamma, and I cannot express my gratitude as I would wish.

I am glad for both of you that you often go to Fräulein Spindler's; give my hearty greetings to the dear soul. I often speak of her and the others, the more frequently because the Elector has no peace, and something disgraceful about him is reported by the papers nearly every day.

Please give my regards to the Intendant and Wirsing. I appear in *Rigoletto* to-morrow, and *Lucretia* is to be given on Saturday, in which I am to sing Orsino.

Good luck to you!

With my whole heart your

LILLI.

(*Lucretia* was not performed.)

The Frau director, Rosa Fischer, played tragic parts, and acted and spoke as tragically in daily life as on the stage. She was always a tragedy queen, when she sewed on clothes for her children, when she ate, when she laughed, or when she quarrelled, when she petted her children or when she cuffed them, when she wept or joked. She was tragic, and also the soul of goodness. One got the impression, when she spoke, that all her words were written with *r*. If

she said "Berrrlin," she soon followed it by speaking of "Porrrtsdam." A lady was telling her something in the street one day that she had heard from another person, and Frau Fischer enquired, "Whoeverrrr told you that?" The lady quietly replied, "Your husband told me," whereupon, through the length of the street, resounded the remark, "My husband is an arrrss!" The words were uttered with intense pathos, and the *r* in ass rolled about our ears. We could not refrain from laughing vociferously, and she was obliged to lay aside her buskins, and join in. She also sang in the opera, when it was necessary to create some stately figures (as for instance, Pamela in *Fra Diavolo*, the Queen in *Carlo Broschi*, etc.), which strengthened the ensemble. Both of the Fischers were as kind as they could be to me. In return, I sang to please them nearly every evening, studied incessantly day and night, and acted also in plays at benefits. When Karl Grobeker appeared, by invitation, in the *Zärtlichen Verwandten*, and no one could be found to do Ottilie, I learned the part in one day. Although Grobeker praised me highly, I implored pardon of Roderich Benedix in my heart for all the deficiencies of my impersonation. This he graciously accorded me in Leipsic, where I learned to know him and spent many pleasant evenings in his society.

Johanna, the daughter of my landlady, was very helpful to me in my nocturnal studies, as she would repeat the text over and over to me or prompt me, while I went over it after her until I knew it perfectly by heart. At the same time I sewed or altered my costumes, which had been made in other styles, and had to be changed to fit me. Those that Frau Fischer lent me were ready to wear. She gave me for *Zar und Zimmermann* a charming costume of pink silk with real Valenciennes lace, that she had had specially made for me.

Towards the end of the season the comic actor, Schirmer, gave, for his benefit, the local farce *Spillecke in Paris*, in which he insisted that I should appear also, and, as there was

no part in it for me, one was specially written—that of a *débardeur*. Nothing worse could have happened to me, for I hated even the name, which seemed to me to indicate what was not respectable. I fought against it with all my might, but such pressure was put upon me that my professional sympathy conquered and I consented to do it.

Frau Fischer had assumed the responsibility of making me beautiful in the scene that had been introduced, in which I, holding a glass of champagne in my hand, was to sing an Italian waltz. When I reached the theatre that evening I was surprised to find, hanging up for my use, a pair of silver *débardeur's* trousers trimmed with green bows, and a lace chemisette. Good heavens! that also! I had been hoping to remain as inconspicuous as possible, and now it seemed to me that I was to shine forth in my shame. I made a great mistake when I hoped to be relieved of the part after the benefit, for all Dantzic now wished to admire "our Lilli" in her silver trousers, and the farce was given much oftener than we could have foreseen.

Apparently I had three benefits, but in reality I had one only. The management was always in money difficulties, so my name, as recipient of a benefit, was made use of to help out, and, when they were in the worst straits, I even went as a young and pretty advocate, to beg for assistance, which the rich people of the city gave willingly, out of regard for me.

I must say to the credit of the Fischers that, out of their goodness of heart, they often shared their last heller with poor artists or members of the chorus and orchestra. This did not prevent them from eating oysters and drinking champagne at night with several guests at the Rathaus or some other place, and every afternoon the good-natured "Charioteer Prillwitz" waited in front of the house to take the tragic Rosa and the jovial Emil, with their spoiled "cock-of-the-walk" son, for a drive of a couple of hours. Emil Fischer was the joy of life personified. Tears of pleasure

and merriment would course down his cheeks, and I doubt if a serious thought ever came to him in his life. Two more unequally matched persons than this couple would be hard to find, and there was only one point they had in common—neither had learned economy.

I made many dear friends in Dantzic. There was Dr. Piwko's charming house, and it was his mother-in-law who gave me my first laurel wreath. There were the Ulrichs, who petted and cared for me, and every morning, before the rehearsal, my second breakfast was ready for me at their house; everything that I could wish for was anticipated, and everybody spoiled me thoroughly. But I lacked the talent for becoming spoiled. I saw only proofs of true friendship in these acts, and the thought never came that it was a matter of course.

Traits of touching interest in me were displayed by this person or that. Rosa Fischer, for example, wanted to adorn me with her jewels—that had just been pawned again—for the opera of the *Krondiamanten*, so that the "others would burst with envy." But where was she to get the money? The cash box was empty as usual. Then came an offer from Dr. Piwko to redeem the ornaments, and I was able to dazzle that evening in real jewels, while Frau Fischer beamed from her box, and watched the other singers "burst" with jealousy.

People on all sides exerted themselves to please me and to entertain me in the old Dantzic families, to which efforts the Privy Councillor Spittel, with his wife and children, contributed to the greatest extent. The young lads from twelve to eighteen years old, who were the sons of these friends, used to promenade daily before my window in every possible uniform, and would line up, present arms, and shout hurrah! It was as nice as it could be; admiration for me began with the grandparents and continued down to the grandchildren, without passing over a single member of the family.

Immediately after my first appearances I received costly flowers from some person who long remained unknown to me, but, when a certain Count D—— wrote to me of his wish to be allowed to introduce himself, I did not need to guess further. I asked my friends whether I should receive him or not, and they told me by all means to consent. So Count D—— appeared, and I found him to be a quiet, earnest man. I asked him, nevertheless, not to repeat his visit, as it might be misconstrued in Dantzic, and he left, promising not to seek to call on me again. I could not stop him sending me flowers, however, nor prevent a daily promenade before my window of his horse and foals led by boys. I rewarded him for his honest admiration and his manly bearing to the extent of writing him, through Fräulein Hoppe, a week before I left Dantzic, and when I had moved back to her home, that he might come to say good-bye to me. I heard from him again only after the war, when he was living as a convalescent, after his leg had been shot to pieces, with his family at D——. I could not return his love, so he received only words of pity from me, and they hurt him, but I suffered, also, from sympathy for the fine young man, of whose earnestness and excellent character I was convinced.

The title of Countess held no attraction for me, my vocation was everything. I desired to advance, to attain, to become and to continue independent. I heard of his death only too soon, from his own family, and they thanked me warmly for the tact with which I had treated the passion that Count D—— had felt for me until he died.

At my benefits I was literally overwhelmed with flowers from every side, and the public really loved me. I have always remained loyal and grateful to my Dantzic friends for all their affection and consideration; I have never forgotten them nor they me. I still continue to be in close communication with all who are yet living, and in thought with those who have passed from this life.

On my Mother's Birthday

Dantzic, March 27, 1869.

Dearest little Mamma,

I have thought of you all day long and have been with you in spirit. Did Riezl wait for your birthday, instead of leaving on Friday? That would have been unpardonable. I have spent the whole of to-day at the rehearsal of *Die beiden Schützen*, and am fearfully tired, but you shall see my good intentions, at least, in my writing you to-night. I hope you have spent the day as delightfully as I did yesterday.

We had the finest weather yet, warm, clear, without wind, as though the spring chose yesterday for its entrance. I could not have passed Good Friday better than in God's out-of-doors. Fräulein Eichhorn, our pretty second soubrette, took me, with some of her friends, up to the outermost dikes. I was speechless from rapture, mamma. What an impression of the infinite universe! The sea was deep-blue and in its fullest beauty, and the two rivers, the Weichsel and the Motlau, that flow in great curves around Dantzic, were like light-blue ribbons. Many boats had gone out, and one saw their sails gleam in the sunlight. The sky was blue, still, and solemn, the city was quiet, and the forest was at peace. The trees and shrubs were beginning to blossom, and the earth was green. "This was the Lord's day" in its fullest beauty.

I went to the sea in the afternoon with Auguste Baison (the daughter of your old friend and sister of Riezl's godfather), who has been filling a special engagement in drama for a week past. We went from Brösen, first through the forest, then along the shore to a ferry, which we took across, and, by following the Mole, reached the *Arcona*, where I had been recently, as I wrote you.

We were seen and at once called for. After we were on board we first had to eat something, were then wrapped in big sailors' coats—a small boat was ready—and were rowed for an hour and a half on the ocean by two officers and four cadets. We had a wonderful spectacle; the moon rose, lighting up the sea and our boat. It was intoxicatingly lovely, and not cold at all. We returned on board at eight o'clock, took supper there, and, at ten, were taken to the railroad by two "sea monsters." Auguste

Baison was actually a little seasick on the ocean trip, but I kept up bravely.

The longer I am here, and the nearer approaches the time for departure, the more regret I feel that I must take leave of the beautiful nature in these parts. Leipsic will not give me that, aside from anything else; I shall lose the enjoyment of nature, and I shall miss it dreadfully. I beg you to free yourself in three weeks, dear mamma, and I promise to take you away then. Will you? I must close, for it is evening, and all sorts of troublesome thoughts come to me. Sleep well at the beginning of your sixty-fourth year. I kiss you many thousands of times.

Your

Lilli.

N. B. I forgot to write you that I have recently been to see Princess Marie of Hohenzollern. She lives opposite the Fischers, nods to me often six times a day, and is pathetically sweet when I go to see her. She has educated Marie Seebach, or rather has taken a great interest in her education.

When, as I was once taking a walk with the Ulrichs, a grey line against the far horizon was pointed out to me as "the sea, the ocean," I could not grasp the thought, for it did not fit in with my expectations. Later I saw it near by, walked on the shore, and fell in love with this ocean for which I yearned constantly. When the season came to an end, I stayed a week longer to be of use to Frau Fischer, who was expecting a baby, and then I was guilty of a piece of shocking stupidity.

"I fell in the water," is the entry in my diary for May 11, 1869. I can still recall this noteworthy event in every detail; it was more comic than tragic, but it might have ended very sadly.

Herr and Frau Schwabe, friends of my landlady, invited me to visit *Die Grille* (a small war vessel that Herr Schwabe supplied with provisions), which was very interesting to me. After the officers, with the greatest affability, had shown us all that was noteworthy on the ship, we took our departure, and were accompanied by the paymaster and Herr

Meding to the Mole, where the Schwabes intended to hire a boat that I might have another trip on the ocean. A boat was at the bulwark, but the ferry-man did not have the right to take out the small craft, so he offered to row us to the pilot station, from where we would be taken further. Herr Schwabe, who was young and very strong, sprang into the boat first, so as to help us ladies. In following him I was so incautious as to prop myself with my hand against the bulwark, which pushed the boat away. Herr Schwabe, who still held me by one hand, saw the peril and clung to my arm, while I looked the danger quietly in the face, but at that moment I fell backwards into the stream, hand in hand with my knight. I could not swim, unfortunately, and, like Frau Fluth, I asked myself, "How ought I to act?" Mamma had always desired in Prague that we should learn to swim, but she did not have ten gulden to spare for it, and a relative, who had promised me the money, never sent it.

My companion in trouble, who could swim as little as I, held me stoutly. When we rose to the surface, he drew me rapidly under again with him. I swallowed as best I could, for, as I have said, I did not know how one should behave when drowning, but I was still quite free from excitement. Suddenly I was again above water, saw a boat coming with several men in it, and knew that we should be saved. I was able to hold firmly to a pole that was reached out to me, until I had been drawn so close to the boat that I could hook my right elbow over its side.

Now I heard the cries of the poor young wife, who stood on the bulwark wringing her hands and wailing, "Save my husband, only save my husband." One could pardon such selfishness in the poor thing, but I had to laugh out loud when my fat knight most ungallantly shouted, "Save me, only me!" and I was quite content that he was towed first into the boat. In the meantime, I fished my black silk mantilla and my hat out of the water. At last, it was my turn to be pulled out, but that was easier said than done.

My long summer dress had wound itself about my legs like a snake; all the six pilots laboured in vain to lift me, until they succeeded by dint of superhuman exertions, and I stood once more in the boat and unwound my clothes. Frau Schwabe, who beheld her husband safe, called to me, "Good heavens, Fräulein Lehmann, the people of Dantzic will stone me if you have lost your voice!" A strong yodel from me assured her that she might safely return to Dantzic.

We were now taken ashore, our things stripped off in a little inn, and we were provided with dry clothing and packed into huge beds. I then noticed Paymaster Meding for the first time, from whose clothes water was pouring in streams. He was standing in the middle of the room, and people were trying to cut off his long water-proof boots, as they could not be removed otherwise. The situation puzzled me more and more, until it was explained to me that Meding, at the risk of his own life, had sprung after us in order to save us both. Of course I knew nothing about it when I was under water, and, when I was hanging on by the boat and could see clearly, Meding had already swam to land. A rescue medal rewarded him for his noble deed, but what does that amount to as a reward for such an act. I did not have an opportunity, either, to show him my deep gratitude for that which he had done for me, who was a stranger to him, as I did not realise until long afterwards how the matter might have ended for all three of us.

After we had been warmed up with coffee, and the two gentlemen had gone to Dantzic to get clothes for me, we women remained at Neufahrwasser, and even went to walk on the beach after we had somewhat recovered. The report of the accident and our happy rescue had rapidly spread through the place, and, just as we were about to climb into the hotel beds in the jolliest humour, we were surprised by a charming serenade, performed for us by the local men's chorus. I could not sleep; in the first place I was suffering from my throat, and then I could not get rid of the vision

of drowning. The thought came to me, for the first time, of how badly it might have turned out—not for me, I had been brave and calm, but for my poor dear mother, who would have taken to heart the loss of one of her children in such fashion, and I thanked God and my rescuer from the bottom of my soul. Some months later my watch suddenly stopped. When the case was opened a tiny drop of water fell out, and all the inside had rusted, which gives one some idea of how long I had been in the water and clinging to the boat.

During my first visit to the *Arcona*, I became acquainted with Adolf Mensing, who was then Lieutenant-Captain in the navy, with whom I formed a strong, true friendship, that still gives us happiness and pleasure to-day, as I write these words, after a period of forty-five years. We may look back with pride on the loyalty that has preserved our mutual affection through joy and sorrow. I recall, in this connection, an unpremeditated visit which we, together with Auguste Baison, paid the ship, and how they rowed us out to sea by moonlight. I rewarded the youngest naval heroes, who rowed us, with some little coins, pfennige, or "Düttchen," as they called the groschen pieces there, which was all I had about me at the moment. Even after thirty years I still received, here and there, from the men I gave them to, a message from hither and yon, accompanied once by one of these little pieces of money, as a proof that it had been treasured a long time.

Dantzic had become very dear to me, and not only because of its many kind people. The old architecture interested me; it looked so mysterious within, and put me so much in mind of home. The high gabled houses, with their flights of steps and vestibules, shaded by ancient trees, the quiet old streets, the churches and squares, the Rathaus and the Artushof, the life of the harbour, where one felt the breath of other worlds, the attractive surroundings, and finally the sea, which then seemed boundless to me,—how

long did I yearn for it all! With my emotional nature I never could feel at home in prosaic Leipsic.

And Berlin? In 1870, when I made my entrance, it was still "a small fishing village," as the natives called it, where each person knew every one else and the whole city, one might say, formed a single family, and I liked it far better than I do to-day. Now, a Berliner is a stranger in Berlin, and only the stranger feels at home. I have grown close indeed to Berlin and the Berliners, and all my interests are rooted in its spiritual heights, but my heart still clings to Prague, with its churches, palaces, and bridges—the historic, beautiful Prague, although it, too, has become different from what it was then, as everything changes in the course of time. All cities have to mourn seriously for what "once was," no matter what they are named.

I received the disturbing news in Dantzic that my sister had overworked herself in Leipsic, and had gone to the country to recuperate, but now she was feeling better. I saw from their letters that mamma and Riezl were very unhappy about it, so on May 12th, at night, I said good-bye to Dantzic, and went to Prague to clasp my dear mother in my arms. We had written each other every day, she knew every step that I had taken, and I knew all about her, and when a letter was delayed there was great unhappiness on both sides. All our letters have been preserved.

Our reunion was indeed joyous; all mamma's cares were ended, and, during the entire winter, I was able to assist my dear mother, to make her comfortable and to take care of her. I had been very saving, in spite of all requirements, and, when I went to Leipsic, had laid by a little sum, which consisted of one hundred thalers, and this was the foundation of my fortune. I had established a good system of saving, for I did not put aside what was left over, but took out of every month's wages a certain part to be saved, and forced myself to get along with what remained. I have taught

others to do this, and have been thanked by those who followed the good advice.

Mamma should now have gone to Leipsic at once with me, but we had not included Director Wirsing in our calculations, who would not set her free until a substitute was found. This took longer that we suspected. The salary had not been increased in sixteen years, and Wirsing would not think of raising it for that position, whereby he delayed our reunion for nearly a whole year. A substitute was found at last in mamma's pupil, Stañek, when he changed from the Bohemian to the German Theatre.

Mamma was not left alone during the winter, as she found an attentive friend in the young journalist, Karl Felix Kohler, the son of a friend, who had also admired me for years. I had to play doctor for him likewise once against my will. Kohler was extremely cultured, clever, and eloquent, wrote well, and kept me supplied with the best literature. Through him I learned to know Scheffel's *Aventiure*, a book which grew into my heart, and was peculiarly sympathetic to me. The first gulden that I earned were spent on Goethe, Shakespeare, and Schiller, in whom I have found enough meat for a lifetime, even were I to live a thousand years.

Kohler, who formerly came only rarely to see us, now called every day to bring my mother all the newspapers that spoke of me, to comfort her, and to show her attention. He even came to Leipsic once to hear me in the *Hugenotten*, and we continued to meet often in Berlin and Vienna, where, as responsible editor of the *Neue Freie Presse*, he wrote leading political articles for more than thirty years. He won great fame as a Shakespearean scholar, but he was an excessively modest man who always hid his light under a bushel. He predicted to my mother a great future for me, more because of my character rather than my voice or talents, as what he had seen of me up to then was not overwhelming.

I am impelled to insert here one of this friend's letters,

that is distinguished by his noble habit of thought, his deep sentiment, and great susceptibility to high art.

Honoured Friend,

I had hoped to permit myself to express my thanks to you personally this afternoon, but was engaged, unfortunately, about four o'clock.

Suffer me, therefore, to thank you in this way for last evening. You will understand me aright if I do not venture to add a single word of admiration, for I am too sensible how little anything I could say could reach the heights of your art. I allow myself only to remark that you know what a high opinion I always had of you, but yesterday I recognised how little conception I ever had of what you are. It was a revelation to me. I was moved and shaken to the depths, and received an impression that will never be effaced while I live. It was my sixtieth birthday. At the same time, you must reflect that I heard *Tristan und Isolde* yesterday for the first time. One cannot have that experience repeated. I rejoice, with the full and complete share I have taken in your destiny, that it was granted you to see the hopes and expectations of your youth fulfilled so richly and beautifully.

To have known you personally is the most precious memory of my life, and will ever be so. That you, at the pinnacle of your fame, have not forgotten me but think of me as a friend, is something I know how to value, and I thank you for it. I write you this because I might not be able to say it to you without being overcome by my profound emotion, and that I know you do not like. If you will allow me I will call, however, on one of your free days, in order to see you before your departure.

With unfaltering devotion,

K. F. Kohler.

Vienna, May 23, 1898.

I visited him at Vienna, and he called on me frequently and always formally as was ever his way, for Karl Felix Kohler was a born cavalier. His dear wife wrote me as follows after his death.

He spoke of you constantly, most-honoured lady, as of a vision. You were a strong influence in his life. At the very

last he said of you, "She was the highest and the most beautiful thing I have ever known!"

A dear woman friend laid on his grave the final greeting of old friendship in the form of a bunch of fragrant roses. I miss him more, as my memory dwells upon him, than I can express, especially as I did not recognise early enough his great inner worth.

Leipsic

1869–1870

I

THE symbol of the sun with its pointed rays, cut out of tin and shining with old gold, ornamented the gable of an ancient, square house, entirely detached, on one side of which the Pleisse merrily turned a mill. One storied, with mansard rooms above, it stood on the Ranstädter Steinweg in Klein-Paris, that educated its people. That was just why I had gone there; I wanted to learn.

A family named Berl, that was famous in artistic circles, kept a pension for artists in the mansard apartment, half for artistic, half for economic reasons, and their boarders felt unusually much at home with the popular proprietors. It is an odd thing that my mother had lived in the same house in her time, though not with the Berls. Richard Kahle and his mother lived there, and now I, also, went thither; and I could not have found a better place. The oldest daughter, Toni, was the heroine at the Darmstadt Theatre; the second, Anna, lived with her, and the third, Angeli, was the good fairy of the house. She could do anything, and was specially skilled in managing people.

Mother Berl, still a pretty woman though already somewhat shaky, kept in her provision cupboards little bottles that were labelled jokingly "Poison for Children!" to which she sometimes applied herself surreptitiously. Father Berl was not made of asbestos nor was he clean in his habits, but

he was a kind old soul like his wife, and was the father of everybody. I was put into two doll-like rooms, that I found very cosy, namely, a tiny living room and a bed-chamber furnished with a square piano shaped like a table and some old-fashioned pieces. Doll windows and curtains completed the comfort of the rooms, and a narrow iron stove heated them both at the same time. It became unbearably warm as soon as it glowed, which it did from the moment it was lighted, and the instant the fire went out, the water froze on the washstand. On the other hand, the apartment enjoyed the advantage of teaching its occupant, gratis, in summer the operation of lead roofs without a journey to Venice, and this was no easier to bear than the rheumatism-inducing cold of the winter, that was unconquerable in the attic rooms. Everything had been decorated with gorgeous plants and flowers by my sister's fiancé, Herr Fritz Helbig, with whom I then became acquainted, and I was now prepared for whatever might happen.

I soon found myself in the midst of the theatrical life of Leipsic, and was greeted cordially on every side. I felt, at once, the exchange of the antiquated, unheatable theatre at Dantzic for the splendid, convenient, big opera-house to be an unspeakable blessing. It could not be called "a great period," however, when I look back upon it. Much, indeed, of great excellence was prepared and performed with care and understanding, but not one of all the separate productions has remained in my memory as especially fine. My explanation of this is that none of the singers could have been an interesting or artistic personality. Only Frau Bertha Ehnn, of the Vienna Court Opera, who appeared in a short engagement as Mignon, has remained a vivid recollection.

Frau Peschka-Leutner, an admirable colorature singer, less eminent as an actress, was rightly applauded by the public and the press. I had been engaged in her place because she wanted to go to Dresden, but she thought better

of it afterward. We were constrained for a long time, as she was mistress of all colorature parts, while I, with my youthful vigour, brought elements into the ensemble which she lacked. Later on, the tension ended happily in esteem and the most cordial comradeship. The ensemble was always good, and the chorus and orchestra were excellent.

The conductor, Schmidt, as already stated, was at first very hateful and then extremely amiable. He held daily rehearsals with piano, from nine o'clock on, to which he came regularly half an hour late. He called them for the most played-out operas, did not overlook a single measure, and I heard, subsequently, that he was nervous before every opera. I found no models in Leipsic, but there was order and discipline, and, beside Gustav Schmidt, I had a very excellent manager in Heinrich Seidl, who employed my abilities in the finest way, and to whom I owe a great deal. He went through with me every rôle that he did not think sufficiently worked out, and that afforded me a wide view over the field of labour in my profession.

When I had established myself fully in Leipsic, I was drawn into many of the Gewandhaus concerts, also, which then was counted amongst the highest musical honours. Master David, who played the first violin at the concerts, gave me the piano score, with a dedication, after the performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalia*. Dr. Carl Reinecke led the concerts. I was on good terms with him, and he was really very dear and kind towards me, and continued to be afterwards when I was invited to go to the Gewandhaus concerts from Berlin. Once only he had a "bad finger," when I was to sing the Lieder of Robert Franz, with whom he was not friendly, and which he should have accompanied, and Professor Reinhold Hermann, my regular accompanist, had to be brought, accordingly, from Berlin. That was all the better, as nothing could be more fatal to me than a single grinding out of my songs. I was accustomed to be completely at one with the accompanist, through long previous

study together, and to give the audience a perfect whole, and not even Reinecke's art could have made that possible with a single rehearsal.

Even when we were still at Prague we sang Robert Franz's Lieder, which Riezl had sent from Leipsic. Fritz Helbig, to whom she was engaged, was an intimate friend of Franz, and it was largely through his efforts that the complimentary present of money, which was made to Franz in 1873, reached the largest possible amount. He managed Franz's property until his death, and even afterwards, for the benefit of his children. Helbig left several chests full of Franz's letters, which are chiefly of a business nature, however, but that yet contain much material so interesting that it is to be hoped they will be published some day. Fritz Helbig was very musical, sang delightfully, and was also a close friend of the well-known concert singer, Robert Wiedemann, who is now in his eighty-fourth year, and of all the other Leipsic artists.

It is not strange that incessant propaganda was made at Helbig's house for Franz's music, and so, we, more than any others, came to sing his Lieder. That I am still able to-day, after forty-three years, to throw myself into his songs with all my soul, is attributable to the deep feeling that I bring, unchanged, to his precious Lieder, which I have made my own property, and which I would like to preserve for artists in a new generation out of the bombast of the unnatural and unmusical hodgepodge, which I cannot listen to without rebellion.

Unfortunately, I did not know Robert Franz personally. When I say of his English Lieder, that the original text suits the music almost better than when they are sung to German words, it is what he has declared himself, as I read later. I could not render my grateful thanks any more in tones to their creator, but, to my great joy, it is still granted me to express thus to his children and my audiences what I feel for his works.

David did a very extraordinary thing in *Fidelio*, when he played in the opera, for he rose to lead the violins in the violin passages of the great Leonore overture (which was given here, also, in the *entr'acte*, contrary, as usual, to my finest sensibilities), and diverted the attention of the whole audience from the composition to Herr David. It was an unheard-of thing, and I can now hardly believe that it was tolerated in Klein-Paris.

I was on excellent terms with Heinrich Laube, as I have always been with all seriously-minded souls, no matter how prickly their shells. In their roughness I have seen only the proper recognition of the very first necessary and unavoidable condition of art, which they must demand of every one who would or should work with or under them, that is, devotional earnestness and complete surrender of all their powers. Anything else is an unprofitable waste of time and strength, of which so many are guilty.

Laube took a great interest in my talent, often praised me in old or new rôles, and was especially satisfied with my dramatic work, in which I earnestly strove to perfect myself, receiving much help from Heinrich Behr, the director of opera, and from Manager Seidl.

In that connection, I must not forget Frau Günther-Bachmann, who had once been a famous soubrette at the time mamma was in Leipsic, and who now gave the most finely-characterised studies, that were gems in their way, of comic old women. There was one old wardrobe woman I was delighted to find, who had formerly dressed my mother, and who now helped me. Frau Bärwinkel, as she was called, distinguished herself especially on the occasion of the engagement of Frau Artôt. A kind of dressing-room had been built on the stage, in which everything lay ready for the quick change of costume Angela has to make in the last act of the *Schwarze Domino*. Frau Bärwinkel, however, saw with horror that Frau Artôt was going off on the wrong side, so she rushed across and said, breathlessly, to the singer,

who, she had heard, spoke only French, "Madame, schank-schemant vis-à-vis!"

It was Frau Günther-Bachmann, a woman of few words and one who held herself aloof from everything, who set me free from stupid superstition at the very outset of my career. She was in my dressing-room when the wardrobe woman put my shoes on the table. "That will bring me bad luck," I heard myself say, repeating what I had so often heard from others. "My dear child," she said kindly, "you are now twenty; what will you be at fifty if you believe all such foolishness?" From that moment, I emancipated myself from superstition of every sort, for I saw how absurd it was to attribute the success of a part to a pair of shoes, instead of to my own ability.

II

The drama was excellent; Laube had found exceptional talent, and ability of all sorts offered itself to the master. It is almost incredible how much marked talent was congregated here. Friedrich Mitterwurzer was one with whom Laube tried many experiments, and who wavered in his profession between one thing and another, playing parts of all kinds, while his wife, whom Laube had put in the right place, and who was mistress of the sprightly style, already gave excellent promise. There were Mitell, the capital *bon-vivant;* Richard Kahle, an elocutionist par excellence, and a favourite with the students as an intriguer; Herr von Leman, a particularly fine impersonator of official parts; Engelhardt, just as distinguished in comedy; Herzfeld for the hero; Frau Herzfeld-Link, the youthful heroine; Georg Link, buffoon; Emil Claar, and Josef Nesper for smaller parts, but who soon left as he was given nothing to do. Clara Ziegler, who played heroine, was supplanted by Frau Strassmann-Damböck, and there were also Hermine Delia for drawing-room parts, and Frau von Moser-Sperner for

the sentimental. It was a fine ensemble, indeed, that was scattered amongst all the best court theatres after Laube's retirement.

I vividly remember a performance of *Clavigo*, that was full of Laube's spirit. It was acted wonderfully. The last scene of the third act produced such a tremendous effect that many ignorant people laughed at first, and then the whole house burst into a storm of applause. I was present at a similar effect, later, in Paris, when Coquelin played the miser in Molière's *L'Avare* at the Théâtre Français. While I was deeply affected by the tragic impression of human passion, almost to the point of horror, there were many in the audience who laughed, until here, also, a thunder of applause cleared the air. "Du sublime au ridicule, il n'y a qu'un pas."

Laube, who had many talented young actors in his company, naturally was not able to drill each one in his parts, for many did not understand and others again were careless, and he was struck with the unlucky idea of engaging Alexander Strakosch as instructor in elocution, who spoke Hungarian-German, and with whom every one, though unwillingly, was compelled to study. I cannot recall just how Emil Claar came into the Laube-Strakosch situation, but the consequences were most momentous for all three, as I could explain farther on.

I had been in Leipsic scarcely a fortnight, when I received word from Berlin that Herr von Hülsen himself was coming to Leipsic for an interview with me. I could imagine what it was about, and, to prevent premature talk, I begged him to let me go to see him at his hotel. I give what followed from my letters to my mother.

Leipsic, June 13, 1869.

My dear, dear Mamma,

When I went to Herr von Hülsen yesterday I was received with the remark, "Ah, so we are old acquaintances. I think you have already sung for me, and I was much pleased. Why did we not

come to an understanding then?" "Because I did not wish it." "You are right, you were unwilling." "Is it not better, Herr General-Intendant, that you should now seek me yourself, when I have learned something, than if I had remained at that time, a mere beginner, in Berlin?" He was quite of my opinion, preferred to take me with him at once, is willing to pay the contractual penalty if necessary, is going to talk openly and honestly with Laube, and will try his utmost to get me released.

Laube, however, would not consent, and only when Manager Seidl advised me to insist, at least, on a visiting engagement at Berlin, and to ask him to permit me to earn the money, did he yield, on condition that there should be no further talk of my leaving. I gave my promise and kept it, but subsequent unforeseen events helped me to be released from my contract.

Leipsic, Sept. 24, 1869.

My dear, dear little Mamma,

My daily work has come to a stop the last two days, as I have been prostrated by a rather bad inflammation of the throat, but I am on the way to recovery. My scribbling shows you that I am writing in bed. Otherwise I am quite well, have a good appetite, and hope soon to be over the whole thing. I sent my certificate to Laube yesterday noon, who immediately went to show it to Director Behr. The whole Behr family lives in two little rooms in the Rosental, because they cannot move into the large apartment until October. They eat at the inn, and were sitting very comfortably and unconcernedly at the table (as we do sometimes), when,

> "With measured tread the great man enters,
> Heinrich Laube, of all the centre."

Holding my certificate in his hand he shook it at Behr with his eyes distended, saying, "Here is a mess; now we are all dead men!"

It was so funny when Behr told it to-day that I had to laugh heartily in spite of my hoarseness, and Behr was startled by the sounds that I made. I ranged from the highest treble to the

lowest bass. The whole company has already been to see me to-day, and I am only surprised that "Heinrich" (Laube) has not appeared yet.

I doubt if you can read my scrawl unless you put on spectacles that magnify ninety-nine times, and then you will perform a great feat. I have sung fifteen times already this month. I am having much fun with the *Gerolstein*. Frau Krebs-Michalesi and your old colleague, Günther-Bachmann, have praised me highly, and the latter is very critical. When I say with horror in the last act, "You have a wife and four little chil——? Out with the plumes!" I am applauded every time, and I laughed so much myself at the last performance that I could not go on speaking.

In the first act our comedian, Engelhardt, introduces a joke that I think originated in Berlin. When I, as Grand Duchess, ask him kindly, "What is your name?" he is bashful and does not answer, and only to my repeated "What is your name?" does he reply with, "Also Lehmann!" and you can imagine the laughter that follows.

I am very content in my little sleeping nook; the beloved sun shines all day on my bed, my dear Berls come to see me, and nothing is wanting in my imprisonment but our grey cat.

Laube has had trouble for some time past with critics, the Mayor and the theatre officials. Laube is a weak man who lets our "Elocution-Master, Strakosch," lead him around by the nose. Claar and he beat the drum of fame incessantly for Laube which the latter does not need.

Parties for and against Laube are beginning to form, and voices are raised everywhere, each attacking the frailties of the others, for which Laube will probably have to pay heavily some day.

I go often to the Laubes'; Frau Iduna has taken me to her heart, and always kisses me to pieces when I arrive. She is a lovely, clever woman and I enjoy her society. It will interest you to learn, also, that the elderly, but still handsome and elegant Emil Devrient pays much court to me. He said to me recently, after the *Hugenotten*, that he had never seen so noble and royal a Queen, and called me "Artist!" I still am a long way

from that, but I strive to become one. In spite of his seventy years he is a very gallant and amorous old gentleman.

A thousand greetings for you, dear little mamma, and all our friends from

Your

Lilli.

It was a bad attack of angina from which I suffered, therefore worse than I wrote to my dear mother. I was singing in *Rienzi* the part of the Messenger of Peace, a favourite rôle of mine, and had to appear as such out of the traps. When I began the chorus to prepare myself, I felt sharp pain and a sudden hoarseness. With quick decision I whispered to the nearest boy, who was a very musical little girl who had already sung for me at rehearsals, that she must substitute for me, and I quietly shoved her forward during the prelude. It would have been worth while to preserve Conductor Schmidt's expression! But, as he grasped the situation, and little "Mühle" acquitted herself very well of her critical task, his face brightened with a grateful smile. Ferdinand Gross, our splendid Rienzi, sang this gigantic part eleven times in one month during the fair.

III

The members of the Arion Society honoured me with a torchlight parade, after a charity concert for poor students, and I was frightened to death by the remarkable ovation. Following a second concert of the same kind, we, that is Hermine Delia, Marie Wieck (a sister of Clara Schumann), three or four old professors and school councillors, a few young students belonging to the committee, and I held a regular Kommers. It was wonderful. The old gentlemen were ecstatic, the students were equally so, and we young professional women were bright and happy. The youngest of the students brought me a Mozartean salutation with a glass of champagne. Scarcely a year later, I received, by

military post and anonymously, a pressed rose with the following lines, "The last rose of summer, picked before the battle of Sedan, for the never-to-be-forgotten Rose of Leipsic." The young man did not return from the battle, as Professor Möbius wrote me, and these may have been his last words. I have carefully kept the rose and the letter as precious souvenirs.

My sister's extremely social nature had won her many friends, who naturally became mine also. We spent de-delightful hours at the Edelmanns', the owners of the "Modenzeitung," and were accounted members of the family. Other friends were Herr Hagemann, attorney-at-law, and his wife and her sister. Their house was the home of good humour; one saw there only happy faces, and unceasing and unaffected cheerfulness was the spice of their gatherings. One needed only to look at the three to feel the contagion of their happiness, and as soon as one entered their doors, no matter in how sullen a mood, one stood still and laughed himself into a healthy state again immediately. Hagemann was invited, in his old age, to hunts, scat parties, and social assemblies by Emperor Wilhelm II. He was as good a sportsman as scat player and society man, and did not seal his lips even in the Emperor's presence. He was once invited to a large company at the castle, and a glass of red wine at supper stood untouched in front of him. Suddenly the Emperor approached behind him and said: "So, Hagemann, you are not drinking?" "No, Your Majesty," he replied, "the Doctor has forbidden me to touch inferior red wines!" The Emperor laughed, and immediately ordered some of "the best," that, in future, was always served to his guest, and which the Emperor often sent to him at Leipsic.

I met Hagemann one day at noon, as I was coming from rehearsal, and, not liking the hat I had on, he compelled me to go with him to a very expensive shop, and to choose a very pretty chapeau for myself, and then to go home with him

to dinner. When I told the history of the hat to Frau Hagemann, she laughingly said: "Well, you are a stupid; I would have selected two for myself, for such an opportunity does not return again."

Fallen asleep in his armchair for his siesta, Alfons Hagemann slumbered, unsuspicious, passing without pain or sound on into the next world, healthy, serene, and happy as he had lived. His dear wife, who survived him more than ten years, embroidered a travelling pillow for me when she was eighty-one, with which she had to make haste, as she told me, in order to be able to deliver it finished.

Whether it was a fact, or due to our youth, we did not see much that was sad in Leipsic, and people were usually gay and full of the enjoyment of life. We often shared happy hours with friends at Professor Reclam's, also, and something very amusing once happened to us there. On a certain occasion no one was present, besides my sister and myself, except Conductor Mühldorfer, who left an hour earlier than we, as he had a little opera still to conduct that evening after a play. Mühldorfer was going to the new theatre, and our lodging was close to the old theatre, in quite the opposite direction. There was a dense fog outside, of which we did not know until we were leaving. When, at last, we fancied we had reached home, we found we were standing in front of the new theatre, where the doors had been closed a long time, and, with great difficulty, we arrived at our own neighbourhood in the middle of the night. I spoke to Mühldorfer the next day at rehearsal, and he said: "Do you know what happened to me yesterday, Fräulein Lehmann? I was quite turned around, found myself at the old theatre by mistake, and, when I got to the new, the performance had long been over. Some one had taken my place as conductor."

IV

BERLIN, October 12, 1869.

You have celebrated a real triumph in me to-day, my dear, dear mamma. I have sung the part of the Queen in the *Huge-*

notten, have had a great success, and so have reached a goal that I believed still lay far ahead. I cannot tell you how much I have thought of you; my one idea when I pleased so much was, how mamma will rejoice! I owe it all to you. Every one noticed how well I sang, and all asked me where I had studied. Everybody gave me compliments for you as my only teacher. I wish that you might have been there; but no, you would have died from fear, and so it is better that you were not present.

I had sung under a contract that bound me to Berlin for three years, and should have sung on the 14th of October, for my second rôle, the part of Rosine in the *Barbier*. I had gone through the rehearsal, but was called back to Leipsic by telegraph in the afternoon. My engagement was perfected, and now I only awaited a favourable opportunity to enter upon it as soon as possible.

On my journey to Dantzic, I had heard, with little enjoyment, a performance of the *Stumme*, but now, during my visit, I saw the ballet, *Fantasca*, that called forth my astonished admiration. But of all the ballets that I have seen in Berlin, *Flick und Flock* has always remained my favourite, and I believe the Emperor, likewise, loved it best. It was different when Adèle Grantzow danced, for then everything was equally good. This great actress and dancer one could not admire sufficiently; she was classic in her gestures and expression, in spite of the short little skirt that was then the fashion, and so beautiful that one never tired of looking at her. The Russian dancer, Pawlowna, is the only one who has ever affected me similarly. The boxes reserved for the profession were full as early as four o'clock. We took our needlework with us, and waited patiently from four to seven, so as to be the first arrivals, and secure a front seat. Adèle Grantzow was worth it to us, for we could learn from her softness and grace what no one else could teach us. It is horrible to think that this great artist had to die so early, through the carelessness of a charlatan who cut too deep with a dirty knife, when treating her for eczema. No one could

take her place. All the others were merely dancers, and none approached her as an actress, not even Pawlowna, although she possesses qualities that, to me, signify rhythmical perfection.

The only opera worth mentioning was Franz von Holstein's melodious *Heideschacht*, in which the alto rôle was sung by Frau Krebs-Michalesi, and I rendered that of a lively boy. The opera was liked, and was given often, as its fine and modest composer had many friends.

At the beginning of 1870, Riezl came to me in Leipsic, after she had again studied hard with mamma, and had got her voice in condition. But her nerves had suffered, which showed in frightful depression, when matters went less well one day than another. She wished to appear again in public, and we encouraged her to the utmost to do so. The chief thing now was that we again could share joy and sorrow together.

It was odd that almost all of the Elector's sons now lived in Leipsic. They were friendly with all the principal artists, and we met them often on festive occasions, or were invited to go to them, together with our colleagues. I wrote concerning this to my mother.

Leipsic, March 29, 1870.

My dear, dear little Mamma,

You will be glad to hear that we joined in a delightful supper party yesterday at Prince Heinrich von Hanau's. His brother, Karl, who appears to be a very quiet, serious man, made the best impression on me, although he is not at all good-looking. Riezl and I met Strassmann and his wife there, and almost all our associates. Prince Heinrich was the most affable of hosts, and more cheerful than I could have believed it possible for him to be. He seems to be a great spendthrift. At supper, Prince Friedrich, who has long been married again to the actress, Fräulein von Alten, proposed your health, dear mamma, which I was to give you with many respectful greetings. We amused ourselves (I beg you not to fall over) until a quarter to five in the morning.

V

If we had been educated in classical music like Händel, Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, and Schubert, thanks to mamma's pure taste and fine musical culture, yet we were able to broaden our musical horizon considerably in Leipsic where there was so much good music given.

At the old Gewandhaus, in particular, classical music was treated as a sacred relic, comparable to the Host, which was received only by the consecrated, and could be enjoyed by those alone who spent themselves in this highest of all arts, which came from the heart and spoke directly to the heart. What I received then from this sanctuary spoke and sang on in my life and in my art. The lessons I learned there were therefore of great importance for my future, and each of them was a gain for my spiritual life on the path leading to a better development, and to the purification of my judgment of the natural sentiments. In the place where Goethe, Schiller, and Sebastian Bach had wandered, one felt oneself uplifted in awe, and filled with deep emotion.

VI

I had vainly implored mamma, all through the winter, to make every effort to free herself from her contract as soon as possible. I advised her to play very badly, so that they would let her go. She wrote me back that she did that anyhow, for it had become very hard for her, and she was in a state of fear over each important solo. She had resigned long ago, but nothing was of any avail, and the cup had to be emptied to the dregs.

On the first of May, 1870, she was finally released from the chains she had patiently worn for sixteen years, and, on the 12th, I took our dear little mamma, in whom our entire happiness was bound up, together with the grey cat, our old bullfinch, and the golden harp from Prague to Leipsic. She

was offered so dreadfully little, when she tried to sell her old furniture, that she said to the Jewess who dealt in second-hand things, "I would rather give them away." "Well then," replied the other, "give them to me." They were all, in fact, presented to a poor acquaintance, and even the old sleeping couch with the "family hole," as I called the place where all our friends sat by preference, found some one to accept it gratefully. I carried mamma off in triumph. It was very hard for her to say good-bye to Prague, and she was still in perpetual fear that she had given up her position too thoughtlessly.

I had exchanged my two rooms under the lead roof for three on the east side that were larger, very pleasant, and neither so hot nor so cold, where we were all three happily reunited, and looked forward to a new life.

That many tears were shed after mamma had gone away, I do not need to state, for every one who knew her found in her a helper and a guardian angel, that was lost when she took her departure. She also quitted, with mixed emotions, the place where we had so long found a homelike shelter, where time had been spent full of anxiety for her and of happiness for us, and we left behind a heartful of attachment for everybody and everything that had been dear to us, towards all of which we could not be indifferent.

After Laube had positively declared that he would not resume the management of the Leipsic Theatre under any circumstances, I, with all the other members of the company, was released from my contract. Berlin came forward at once, and I agreed to begin my contract there on August 1st, as soon as I had again spoken to Hülsen. I had discovered the following clause in my Berlin contract, "The contract takes effect after the termination of the contract with the Leipsic Theatre management." Laube was not named, and therefore I might have remained there twenty years more. Hülsen was sensible of this, and, as a year had already elapsed since the Berlin agreement, I received

at once the salary for the second year of the contract, and an increase was set for the third year.

The scramble for the managership had begun. Among the many who applied was Emil Fischer, the director at Dantzic, who arrived in Leipsic, one day, after he had obtained information from me, and took rooms at the Hotel de Prusse.

We had been very anxious about Riezl, who had gone with mamma to Bad Elster after having a bad case of pleurisy. I received parts sent from Berlin to be studied ahead, in addition to the immense amount of work I was doing, and I could trouble myself very little about Emil Fischer, who, as I noticed, was well liked in Leipsic.

The war broke out now, and all other interests gave way to this event, partly longed for and partly dreaded.

We, however, continued our acting. Friedrich Haase and Ferdinand von Strantz had been appointed to the management, which they entered upon on the first of June. Both gentlemen entreated me incessantly not to go to Berlin, but to stay in Leipsic where I should have much better treatment. I did not consider it. *Martha* had been chosen for my farewell appearance. I found my dressing-room wreathed with flowers, and also the toilette table of "Lady Harriet." Twelve ladies of the chorus, ranged in a half-circle, held in their hands twelve big white bouquets, with twelve red letters in relief, which, taken together, formed my name. Each artist, as he appeared, brought me a present of flowers or wreaths. At the end of the performance I still had to say a few words to the audience before I could get away.

All my associates assembled on the stage after the performance. The officers of the direction and the management made speeches, and everything seemed to combine to make my good-bye very hard for me. But I had to tear myself away in spite of all the tears, the love, the appreciation, and the comradeship. My goal was higher, the way thither

still very long, and I could not and dared not lose any time.

I had already to lament the loss of much time because of the constant entertaining. I had been drawn into the whirlpool against my will, through the amiability of our friends, and my suddenly awakened careless gaiety, without stopping to consider at all how unfit I was for it. The late hours necessitated by my exacting professional work, the strain of the rehearsals, which, besides, robbed me of every morning, promoted neither my health nor my studies. I should have employed my strength better or saved it more. But I had been unsociable long enough, and soon I again became unsuited to every kind of society out of love for my art, that finally took the place of all that I had lost here or there or been compelled to give up. I must say for myself that this experience, also, was of service to the soul of the girl, as well as to the artist, who should not entirely lack the pleasure of life.

Herr von Strantz, who wanted to get rid of his Berlin apartment and furniture, offered it to me with his servant thrown in, a proposition that came most opportunely, and which, for the time being, relieved me of all house hunting. The recent trying circumstances had put a strain on us all, and I really needed some recreation. While I went with Riezl for a fortnight to Reinhardsbrunn in Thuringia, which was then still very quiet, mamma remained in Leipsic to prepare everything for the removal to Berlin. I took an excursion alone by carriage from Reinhardsbrunn to the Wartburg, and, in solitary meditation, enjoyed for the first time the mighty impression of the castle, the valley, the locality, and the whole enchanting region, which Scheffel and Wagner had long since taught me to love.

I had been back in Leipsic from this trip only a few hours when I received a telegram that read as follows: "Where is my husband? Wife and children are starving; find my husband for me. Despairingly, Rosa." The telegram had

been three days on the way from Dantzic to Leipsic. We were speechless, and racked our brains thinking whatever could have happened. We had said good-bye to Fischer some weeks previously, and had supposed he was at home. He could only be ill or the victim of some accident, therefore I drove to the hotel in fear and haste, and was shown by the porter into the garden.

There he sat—the director whom I had imagined dangerously ill—at dinner with several gentlemen, a large bowl of punch before him, and bright tears of delightful conviviality coursing over his laughing countenance. I was struck dumb again but not for long. Then I was seized with fierce anger, which his joviality and the proffered strawberry punch could not allay. I took him aside, showed him the despatch, and was given the most natural answer in the world; he could not pay his bill, and, therefore, could not leave! ! By afternoon I had settled his debt, with the help of a man acquainted with us both, had put my dear director on the train, pressed his ticket and baggage check in his hand, written to our dear Rosa all that I knew, and then I heard nothing more for many, many years from the poor "starving wife," and the all-too-thoughtless husband.

Only a few days later, mamma and I, with our little menagerie, likewise sat in a train for Berlin, travelling towards events that were shaking Europe.

Lilli Lehmann

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin

Berlin
1870–1875

I

ON the fourth of August, 1870, Berlin was in a state of frightful excitement, but not exactly because we had just arrived. News was expected from the seat of war. The armies had marched against each other at Weissenburg, and a battle was in progress. The fever of expectation had attacked us even on the train.

We drove straight from the station to 77 Markgrafenstrasse, where our apartment, still unknown to me, was located, and we were pleasantly welcomed by the housemaid. We found there were two front and two rear rooms, together with a kitchen, without other appurtenances (Berlin at that time was not properly equipped with a water and sewage system), and the furniture, although modest, was not unpleasing. I shrank only from an enormous bed that stood in the so-called "Berlin room," in which mamma and I had to sleep together for the present, as it was a week before it could be removed to make space for my own bed.

It was about seven in the evening, and after we had changed our dress, when we hurried towards Unter den Linden, whither, as we saw, every one was thronging. Extras were being called, and people were running about and shouting. Groups had formed, in the midst of which despatches, announcing the victory of our German troops, were being read aloud. Here some one cried hurrah, there some one wept for joy, and we two, who had just "blown in,"

joined in weeping with persons who were complete strangers to us. The crowd, shouting hurrahs, surged in front of the King's palace. The enthusiasm and the throngs of people grew steadily greater. We were unaccustomed to such scenes, and, full of alarm, we were seeking a way of escape by some side street, when we ran into the arms of a Leipsic acquaintance, who immediately assumed the position of our guide and protector. I do not recall now who it was, but I remember that we had supper together, and that about ten o'clock we stood before locked doors. There was no bell on the house-gate, and all our calling, inquiries, and searching were in vain, for we were simply shut out. For good or ill we were obliged to decide upon spending the night in a hotel, and we drove to Schmelzer's, where we found a good room, and the longed-for rest after such an eventful day.

II

The General-Intendant von Hülsen had positively engaged me for the part of Vielka in Meyerbeer's opera, *Ein Feldlager in Schlesien*, whether I could be released from my contract at Leipsic or not, and the performance was to take place on August 4th, on the occasion of the unveiling of the equestrian statue of Friedrich Wilhelm III in the Lustgarten. The opera was composed especially for Berlin, while it had been given much on other stages under the title, *Der Nordstern*, and with changes in the characters and some of the musical passages. I did not know it at all. Only a written copy of the part of Vielka, supplied with a bass, had been sent to me at Leipsic from which I was to study the opera, without knowing any of the rest of it—an extraordinary thing to expect. The great aria in the last act was really difficult; it formed a single grand cadenza, with the alternating accompaniment of two flutes, and it was often sung at concerts as a bravura piece by colorature singers. The breaking out of the war had of course put an end to the plan for a celebration of the unveiling.

Before the season began at the Royal Opera, I made everything ready, in advance, for my entrance upon my new position. I had never gone to see a critic at Leipsic, and I could not make up my mind to do so, because I regarded even this act of courtesy as a kind of begging, which I considered beneath both the dignity of art and of a critic of art. It was to my own hurt, I will add at once, as others take a different view of it.

I had brought letters of introduction from Dantzic to Professor Gustav Engel, who was a native of that city, and had to present them to him. Professor Heinrich Dorn was a very old friend of my mother, from the days of Königsberg and Riga, and I had, also, to go to him. There was, likewise, Professor Würst, whom I first met on the occasion of the rehearsals of his opera, *A-ing-fo-hi*, in which Betz and I sang charming parts. I was talking with him once about a singer whom he constantly praised to the skies, though she had a frightful "dumpling," which every one made fun of, and I asked why he never censured such a bad habit; whereupon he replied, "I do not hear it at all." Not one of the three gentlemen, on whom I called before my engagement as a visiting artist, interested himself in the slightest degree for me.

I had neither talent for nor falseness enough to gain the advantages that come from being constantly praised, which is peculiar to very many artists. That he, who understood my aims and gifts, should judge me fairly was all that I, as an artist, claimed from the critics. To find myself praised together with a lot of incapables filled me with disgust.

No, I have never begged nor fawned upon critics for favours. I have gone my own road proudly, the way of the will, of knowledge, and of capacity, in accord with my aspirations and my abilities. Thanks to my education, my talents, and industry, I have been able to pursue it with increasing authority. I quickly grasped what availed in art, and gladly learned of everything, with the firm resolu-

tion to attain to the greatest possible perfection in the realm of art.

I may be permitted to give here, perhaps, the later verdict of a man who is dear to us, that he expressed only towards the end of my career. It may serve as a justification of my earliest feelings, and contribute to the strengthening of the judgment of all those who love me, and who have hailed with pleasure, even with satisfaction, my artistic development. It will seem conceited only to those who do not know or love me, and to such persons I have nothing whatever to say.

Dr. Ernst von Wildenbruch

BERLIN, W., March 10–17, 1905.
14 Hohenzollernstrasse (evening).

GLORIOUS WOMAN!

I have just returned home after the Carmen Sylva evening, and I feel the need and the duty of telling you, great artist that you are, whom I have not heard for many years (I go out rarely at night), how greatly and wonderfully I was affected by your singing, your interpretation, your whole personality, by everything that is you. "At last one has come again," I said to myself, as you walked to the piano, "who commands her audience, instead of coming to it as a suppliant!" "There is one," I thought to myself, as you began to sing, "whose every soul fibre has grown, together with her task." "I have enjoyed once again," said I to myself, when you had finished, "the grand style that sounds forth from the personality of a race."

You have always given us much, as long as you have sung—but now that you stand, amongst the pygmies of the present time, like the embodiment in marble of the classic tradition, you bestow still more upon us, you give us your highest.

Permit me, noble woman, to thank you for what you have blessed me with to-day.

ERNST VON WILDENBRUCH.

III

Victory followed victory in quick succession, and was reflected in the songs and dramas of victory at the Royal

Opera House. On the opening night of the season, which was August 17th, all the members of the company at the Royal Opera, amongst whom I was now counted, sang together solemnly, from the stage, the National Hymn and the "Borussia" chorus. The ladies wore white dresses with black scarfs, and the gentlemen were in dress coats with white ties. We sang with enthusiasm, full of the consciousness that our Fatherland had been saved, and to the honour of our brave soldiers. This scene was repeated too often, however, for a lasting interest in it to continue.

On the morning of this, my first appearance, I had also the first and last rehearsal of the *Feldlager*, that was to be given the very next night, and which, to my great regret, was presented very often during the war, and afterward, whenever a patriotic occasion occurred. The unmeaning part of Vielka, which was not made more interesting by bad support, soon lost my sympathy, and eventually became insufferable to me. A few days later, Frau von Voggenhuber, who was to have rendered a song especially composed for this occasion, declined to appear in a patriotic performance. It was half-past six in the evening when Radecke, the conductor and the composer of the song, came to me, to beg me, in the name of the management, to be so obliging as to sing it. Although I held to my refusal for a long time, I ended by driving to the theatre with him, dressed quickly, and sang it at first sight from the notes without a mistake.

A short time afterward, she failed to take the part of Agathe in the *Freischütz*, and I sprang into the breach without ever having sung the rôle. From then on, I often acted as substitute for her, Frau Mallinger, or Frau Lucca, who were quarrelling together, and, in this way, I soon became in Berlin a useful person of the first rank. This was not favourable to my assuming a position of authority, however, and I soon felt that I had been put into the background. People had become accustomed to rely upon me at any time, and, as a result, they behaved very inconsiderately towards me,

while they had regard for all those who showed no consideration for the management. But I must do Herr von Hülsen the justice of saying that he paid me extra for my complaisance, and granted me readily all the leave of absence I asked for, which was a good deal, as I sang in many outside concerts and was much on the road. He was very thoughtful of those who filled inferior positions, and was ready to help when he could. One could look upon him at all times as a fatherly friend.

I had no lack of occupation, for, in the first ten months of my engagement, the following new rôles were added to the frequently sung old ones: Vielka in the *Feldlager*, Josepha in the *Zietenhusaren*, Elvira in the *Stumme*, Amazilli in *Jessonda*, Fridjof in *Sigurd*, and Friede in *Heimkehr*.

IV

I met the following artists as members of the Royal Opera:

Pauline Lucca, spoiled, beautiful, and interesting. She told us, as early as my first call on her, that she was positively going to America in 1872, and intended to run away if she did not receive leave of absence.

Mathilde Mallinger, who was the possessor of very pronounced talent for the stage, and had been educated at the Prague Conservatory. She had just come from Munich, and, although she had been before the public only two years, her voice had already deteriorated.

Wilma von Voggenhuber, a dramatic singer of much temperament, and with a very beautiful mezzo-soprano voice, who, unfortunately, as a musician said to me, only acted the part one day which she had sung the day before.

Marianne Brandt, contralto, a serious artist of rare gifts.

Frau Harries-Wippern, who had the most virgin voice I have ever heard. She was much admired at one time, and we were sorry to have her soon leave our midst, as, on account of illness, she applied very early for a pension.

Charlotte Grossi, a pretty young Viennese, with a rather pleasing voice, and passably good colorature. A protégée of Lucca's, a very young beginner, who had already been engaged, however, for a year, she had taken many parts, and had developed great arrogance, as the province of a colorature singer had been deserted. The rôle of Queen of the Night, for instance, had been spoken by an actress for a period of many years!

Louise Horina, a singer of anything, and Marie Gey, an operatic contralto.

Albert Niemann was our leading spirit, to whom all conformed. While I must admit that I had to become accustomed to his voice, because he sang freely only as an opera progressed, yet his artistic authority impressed the student at once. His spiritual conception and singularly convincing expression lent him increasing worth in my eyes, the more I learned to perceive the hollowness and insufficiency of other singers as contrasted with him. He had genius, power, and finished artistry in combination with authority; he did not dazzle, he convinced. From that time forward, Niemann was my standard for the singing artist, and the model, even though not the only one, for my striving.

Next to him stood the manly, though somewhat inflexible, Franz Betz, who was just developing towards the "Meister-singer."

August Fricke, our noble basso, who created deliciously humorous parts, in addition to all the serious ones.

Anton Woworsky, our most elegant colleague, who was waiting for his early pensioning.

Otto Schelper, who was not contented in Berlin, and who, unfortunately, was suffered to leave.

Heinrich Salomon, bass buffo, an excellent actor, of whom his future father-in-law said, after seeing him in *Don Juan*, that it was evident he had never been that hero, and so he would trust his daughter to him completely.

Then there were several gentlemen for small parts, of whom I remember:

Krüger (pseudonym), the tenor buffo who was called "Greasy Love" (Schmalzamor).

There remain the three conductors: W. Taubert, who conducted almost exclusively court concerts or his very good operas, *Macbeth* and *Cesario*; Carl Eckert, leader of all big works, and Robert Radecke who conducted all the operettas.

With the company mentioned above, which was filled up by the addition of a new member whenever one left, operas were given daily, and from two to four ballets a month, and it was very seldom that one opera had to be substituted for another that had been withdrawn. The personnel to-day is ten times as large, and the countermanding of performances ten times as frequent as then. The agreeable Heinrich Ernst took the place of Woworsky, after about two years, in the province of lyric tenor, and William Müller sang hero parts second to Niemann, or when the latter was given a holiday.

Theodor Schmidt followed Schelper, and all these three came from Leipsic, as did Richard Kahle and Georg Krause. Only a few members of permanent value were added in the course of the ensuing fifteen years, amongst whom Franz Krolop, basso, was the most eminent.

If I pause awhile over many an artist of whom only a few persons, I may be quite sure, are able to remember even the name, I believe that I am thereby fulfilling a pleasant duty, in throwing into relief their peculiarly fine qualities, which entitled them to be known and loved as artists—capabilities of special value which were possessed by no other artist, and which live on in me as beautiful memories, and so may not be passed by without my grateful recognition.

We had chances to admire, as stars, many great artists who appeared every year at the opera, as well as in drama; who brought variety and fresh interest into the répertoire,

and offered me incitements to work, which indeed I never lacked.

V

Hülsen informed me one day that my contract had been signed by the King at the headquarters at Ferrières, which, foolish as it was, filled me with pride. After the entrance of the troops, that we witnessed with friends from a house on Unter den Linden, I became acquainted with our splendid Emperor, Wilhelm I. He often conversed with me at court concerts, and at the opera, which he attended almost every night. There was then a little stage box on the first floor, for the use of the solo members of the company who were singing that night, where, unseen by the audience, they could follow the performance. Parallel to the stairway leading thither, there was another from the stage to the imperial proscenium box, separated from the other only by a wooden partition, and which conducted His Majesty to the stage.

About three-quarters of the way up there was a small sash window, used by the Emperor and other members of the imperial family, when they wished to talk with the artists between the acts. It was there that I chatted with him nearly every night, during the operas in which I took part, and it was there he told me many interesting things. Why did I not write down everything then as exactly as I do now? Many a precious word which testified to his boundless goodness, amiability, simplicity, and worth has accordingly been lost from my recollection. But enough still remains in my memory for me to be perpetually reminded how thankful I should be to him for all the proofs of his kindness to me.

After the horrible attempt on his life, when he was wounded, and from the consequences of which he long had to suffer, he came once more to the little window on the stage, and gave me his hand, gracious as ever. When I enquired, with emotion, after his health, and expressed my deep-seated

sympathy, he said, "Matters are not yet as they should be, for I still am unable to put on my boots alone." That made me laugh, and say, "But Your Majesty does not need to do that!" "Yes indeed," answered the Emperor, "I am accustomed to do everything for myself, and it makes me unhappy to be interfered with. I pack my things myself when I travel, so that nothing that I need will be overlooked, and now I am hindered in every way."

Once, as we were talking of an art exhibition, and I asked which of his portraits the Emperor considered the most successful, he said, "Lenbach's, as Her Majesty likes it best." He was always gallant, and the first of cavaliers. It was touching, when we artists once sat in the centre of the hall, at a court concert in the Round Salon, and Frau Artôt dropped her handkerchief, as she rose. I bent immediately to pick it up, but the Emperor had already jumped to his feet, and he hastened over to do the same thing.

He told me, shortly before I left Berlin, how well he recalled my first appearance, and how he was impressed by my "pretty, slender foot," as I got on and off the horse in the *Hugenotten*. I related to him then, at once, that I could not ride at all when I was there as visiting artist, and that I had been sent, after the rehearsal, to the royal stables to acquire the art of mounting and dismounting and of holding the reins, for, in Berlin, it was customary for the Queen, in the third act, to enter on horseback, to dismount on the stage, and to ride once around it. Then I learned properly in Leipsic, and often rode out there as well as in Berlin.

His Majesty was amused by a little adventure that I related to him. I was going home one night alone after the *Meistersinger*, and was addressed by a man on the way, who was not frightened off either by my haughty stare or my persistent silence. When distant only two hundred paces from home, I decided to speak to any man on the street who might protect me. The first I saw seemed to be a railroad official, towards whom I hurried, but when I begged him to

escort me the short distance to my house, which he was very ready to do, he introduced himself as Lieutenant von S—— of the artillery, in whose care I was now safe from further persecution. As I was praising the gallantry of his officer, the Emperor said with feeling, "I should have done the same; what a pity that I could not have been there."

Many times I told him charming anecdotes that were current about him. I often met the Emperor's body physician, Dr. Lauer, at Privy Councillor Henry's. It was said that His Majesty was eating lobster salad one evening, and Lauer, who had strictly forbidden the dish, surprised him at it. Lauer made a reproachful face at the Emperor, whereupon the latter called out cheerfully: "Since I promised, my dear Lauer, to make you an Excellency if I lived to be eighty, you begrudge me everything that's worth eating." The Emperor laughed heartily at this joke, and admitted that "se non e vero e ben trovato," and, after all, Dr. Lauer became an Excellency.

The Emperor was often seen at work, between the acts, in the anteroom of his box, if the door was accidentally opened. He told me that, otherwise, he could never get through with his work. He always sat unseen at the back of his small proscenium box, and only when the Empress or the Grand Duchess of Baden, his daughter, was with him in the theatre did he sit with the ladies in front, next the stage, where I doubt if he felt so comfortable. In later years he often slept during the music. At least we thought we saw him do it from our theatre box opposite.

His favourite operas were, *Die Weisse Frau*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, *Der Barbier von Sevilla*, and other comic operas and ballets, from which he was never absent, save for important reasons. Tears of profound emotion often filled my eyes when I talked with him. He knew how to express interest in each person so beautifully that one had to believe that he really cared what one did and thought, and he always

waited for an answer, a thing that few great people understand how to do.

How remarkably did he differ, in this respect, from the Empress. She was one of the most industrious of women on the throne, with a keen sense of duty, who did not have an easy time and did not know how to make it easier. Her best intentions were usually misunderstood by those whom she addressed and those whom she approached. She was not as well known as the Emperor, who was frankness itself, and who refreshed and rejoiced others with the feeling of noblest sincerity, which the Empress appeared to lack in such degree. But I know how seriously she took her duties as Mother of the People, how faithfully she pursued measures for their happiness, and how she never permitted illness nor old age to prevent her from dedicating herself entirely to them.

VI

During the years 1871–72, there were innumerable charity concerts given by the elect and the unelect, who wanted to curry favour with those "above," and often enough, indeed, they resulted in decorations being bestowed on them. It is not an exaggeration when I say that Marianne Brandt, the ever charitable and obliging, and I sang in at least twenty-five concerts for the benefit of the soldiers and those who had survived them. After one of these concerts, which was given under the patronage of the Empress, I received a letter of thanks, with her autograph signature, that I have kept as a memento of the royal lady.

The idea of being rewarded for an act of charity that I perform very gladly has always been intolerable to me, and I am known sufficiently well for it to be unnecessary to state that I did not think of obtaining a decoration for any such deed. But as so many "lint pickers" and "bandage sewers," who had also embroidered with such delicate sentiment, *auf Wiedersehen*, on their articles, received high

decorations, I am justified in asking how it happened that artists, who had been, are, and always will be unselfishly and self-sacrificingly charitable to a remarkable degree, were not the recipients of decorations, as were the "lint pickers" and other associates in philanthropic work. But, for aught I care, what is good for one is good for all! I would have let Marianne Brandt have this distinction with the best of good will.

One is made fully aware, on such occasions, how much beneath the level of the activities mentioned above do many people place divine art, which demands of those who would acquire it, talent, soul, and the sacrifice of a whole life. And I am overpowered by grief, when I perceive how far general culture still is from a proper valuation of art and artists.

VII

I had already become a part of the circle of artists, many of whom stood far above me. The incitement and necessity of working with them artistically I had long yearned after. My goal was to imitate the best, in which I had not yet succeeded from my own effort, to reach or even to overtake them at last; to escape from the sphere of those of small talents and no perseverance; to rise on my own spiritual feet; to place myself beside the greatest through ability and knowledge. This was an ambition that meant an incessant struggle between my spiritual powers and my bodily insufficiency, and a never-ending conflict, moreover. It was essential to find the causes of this lack of correspondence, and to conquer them, for which I needed a long life.

Although, at first, the "Greatest" looked upon me with superciliousness, I was not treated with unfriendliness from the beginning. I got myself in trouble, however, when I, in opposition to the "very Greatest," with all modesty, took the part of three of my associates, who had spoiled his big

scene in *Rienzi*. A very old artist and a younger tenor, both of whom were nearly blind when without their eyeglasses, and who represented two conspirators in that opera, together with Marianne Brandt as Adriano, should have stood, in the fourth act, by the rear pillar of the church door, and then disappeared quietly behind the church as soon as Rienzi, cursed by the priests and spellbound on the steps of the edifice, stands, apparently forsaken by every one, even including his sister, Irene, who has fallen in a faint a short distance away. The populace has fled; no one is left on the stage except Rienzi and Irene. At last Adriano rushes forward to Irene to carry her away with him. Irene recovers consciousness, thrusts Adriano aside in frantic excitement, perceives Rienzi, who is turned to stone, and throws herself on his breast. Rienzi, with renewed life coursing through him, shakes off his torpor, clasps Irene's head in his still trembling hands, kisses her ardently, with tears in his voice and heart, queries with deep agitation, "Irene, is it you?" summons all his powers, and cries with enthusiasm as he presses his beloved sister to him, "There is still a Rome!"

Yes, there was yet a Rienzi and a Rome, as this master portrayed him with his spirit, his authority, and his tears. But him, too, shall no one see again, nor shall one ever know a true Rienzi again. Blest were we that we yet beheld him, and could feel and triumph with him.

But we must return to the conspirators, who had placed themselves in front of Rienzi instead of behind him. Niemann, as soon as he observed it, motioned to them to step back. All three of them understood it to be an invitation from Niemann to take a more conspicuous part in the action, and began to attract attention in front, and to act the conspirator as never before. Niemann's anger increased, as they neither saw nor heard anything, and also continued deaf and dumb to my calls and winks.

In mortal fear, I asked myself how it would end. The

three had really spoiled the scene for him, as Adriano now had to pass in front of Rienzi, in order to reach Irene. It could not be thought out. The audience was as rapturous as usual at the end of the act, for it had noticed nothing, and called Niemann before the curtain a dozen times. And I, poor young thing, although I had contributed nothing except my best (which at that time had begun to show little on the outside but lay deep within me), was dragged out with him in the clutches of the lion who would not let me go. I, myself, was overcome after the scene, by the might of this Titan, by this scene, which, as given by "*him*," must have overwhelmed every one.

When we left the stage the three, who, of course, were no longer there, had to be dealt with. Then Niemann's irritation broke loose; the lion roared for the taste of blood. I saw how excited the man was after the terribly agitating scene, and the unlucky idea came to me to beg him humbly to compose himself, as the three culprits had misunderstood him, and had upset the scene unintentionally. He needed only a victim, and in his rage sprang at me. He roared at me so savagely that it was none of my business, that I ran to my dressing-room, sobbing loudly, and was scarcely able to sing the last act to the end.

The next day I asked for my discharge, without result, but reparation was promised me. I waited a long time, in vain, for this compensation. The "Great One," or the "Tall One," as the gentlemen called him, did not exist any more for me. I did not hear his bravos, all his words of praise fell on deaf ears, and, although I did not slight anything in the scenes I played with him, I held myself aloof for full three years from all intercourse, until one day the tension in ideal spheres, in which no artist's heart could waste itself, was happily terminated.

This was the only discord in the fifteen years of my connection with the Berlin opera. My attitude had won me the respect of the others, however, for Betz, who was not

very communicative, said to me one day, "You certainly have character."

An exemplary tone prevailed among the Berlin artists, which was never disturbed by the least remissness or coarseness. I am happy to say that I found this excellent tone in Prague, Dantzic, and Leipsic, for which, of course, not only the directors, managers, and conductors are responsible, but to which each individual, indeed almost every one, can contribute by being inaccessible to those who are less well-bred. The intimate "Du" that is used in Austria between all artists, and amongst officers, as I hear, is rarely employed in Germany, except amongst those who are linked together by long years of association and friendship.

The Austrian habit of unconcerned cordiality, which is completely wanting in the artistic circles of North Germany, as long as it is kept within bounds, gives much comfort to the easily susceptible artist. Only too gladly do I surrender myself, in passing, to this amiability, and yet I prefer the seriousness of the German artists. The extreme unconcern of the Austrian artist is not easy to bear, in the long run, during protracted intercourse. Work is taken more earnestly in Germany. On the other hand, Austria possesses stronger talents, which flow forth to others warmly with direct heartiness, the effective originality which we Germans are impelled by inner recognition and glad longing to hail joyously.

VIII

A performance of *Figaro*, with Frau Mallinger as Susanne and Frau Lucca as the Page, was announced for January 27, 1872. I should have gone to Dantzic for a special engagement on the night of the 26th but Hülsen asked me to postpone my journey until early on the 28th. He begged me, on the evening of the 27th, to be present at the *Figaro* performance, as it was possible I should have to

sing one or the other parts in the course of the night. Unlovely scenes had already occurred between Mallinger and Lucca. A short time previously, after a production of *Faust*, some one had shouted at Lucca in her carriage, "street-walker" or a similar epithet, and, since she complained about it, she afterwards drove in and out from the performances by the imperial entrance—the Emperor had commanded it! So I waited, on the 27th of January, in the artist's box, for whatever might happen.

The performance was stimulating and exciting enough. When Frau Lucca appeared as the Page, the galleries shouted, hissed, and whistled, and the attempt to say a word was scarcely made when the uproar began afresh. Even Eckert's intention of beginning the Page's aria with the orchestra was a complete failure. Lucca finally made signs that she wished to speak, whereupon the hissing and applause subsided, and she said, in the thoroughly Lucca-like way, "I do not know what you want of me; I am not aware of having done anything wrong, and I ask whether I shall sing or not?" More noise, until, at last, the applause and calls of "Sing!" overcame the hissing and shouting, and the performance could proceed.

Both of the ladies had seen me sitting up in the box, otherwise one or the other would assuredly have fallen in a faint, and the performance would have been interrupted. But the matter was not yet ended. In the second act, it is customary for Susanne to give the Page a kiss at the conclusion of the little aria. Frau Mallinger, who was perpetually, and not on this evening only, seeking after new nuances, and who often carried this habit too far, gave Lucca a little blow on the cheek, instead of a kiss. Frau Lucca complained of the "box on the ear," and the scandal continued to the end of the opera. It was a disgrace to the Royal Opera and to both of the women. It could not be decided, at the time, who was in the right, and now—I have forgotten.

Lucca was in Berlin for almost twelve years, receiving a

salary of only eight thousand thalers; she wanted to go to America, and applied, once again, for a leave of absence, which was refused her. When *Figaro* was announced soon after, the audience arrived and found the doors locked—Frau Lucca had gone to America! From that time on I sang many of her parts.

IX

In September of that year, we saw the parade for the three Emperors, at the Tempelhoferfeld, with our friend Kohler, who was sent out specially to Berlin by his paper for this occasion. Also, among many festivities, a grand court concert took place in the White Salon, at which I sang, and I saw, for the first time, all the splendour of the great ceremonies and the three Emperors, Wilhelm I, Franz Josef I, and Alexander II, besides Bismarck and Moltke. It was the last court concert at which Bismarck was present. The scene was wonderful. It is in the White Salon of the Berlin palace that all great ceremonies and festivities are enacted.

Across the hall, at its upper end, is a platform for the orchestra and singers. A wide aisle is kept open the length of the salon. To the right of the orchestra, the Emperor sits, in the centre, on a throne-like chair—on that evening the three Emperors—with the Empress; a little lower, and on either side of Their Majesties, are the Crown Prince and Princess and all the other Princes and Princesses of the Imperial House. Bismarck and Moltke were directly behind the Emperor that night. Facing Their Majesties, to the left of the orchestra, sit the ambassadors with their wives, and behind them the entire diplomatic corps and their ladies, all the ministers and other high officials, as well as the officers of high rank. Opposite the orchestra are the younger officers with their wives and other guests, as far as the adjoining galleries and rooms, which the court traverses upon its entrance. Although the concert does not begin until ten

o'clock, every one must be in his seat in the salon as early as half-past eight, and only we singers, because we used a separate entrance, had the privilege of arriving later. As every one was obliged to stand, the ladies were often dead tired before anything began, and real pity always seized me when I saw the little Chinese Ambassadress standing, and thought of her tiny stumps of feet, for she might not sit either, and must have endured extreme pain.

The court trains of the Empress and royal Princesses are borne by pages in rococo uniforms, but all the other ladies carry their court trains, themselves, thrown over the arm. The pages spread the trains over the steps of the throne, after Their Majesties have taken their seats, and place themselves close in front of the orchestra. The concert begins as soon as the chief master of ceremonies has given the signal to start.

During the intermissions, Their Majesties converse first with the ambassadors and their wives, and that is regulated according to time and politics, then with all such individuals as are to be especially distinguished. That night, the Emperor, after discharging this duty to the rear rows of the ladies of the diplomatic corps on the left, seeking out this one and that one, when returning, passed close to the orchestra, where he always greeted us artists kindly, after he had first given his hand to Taubert, the court conductor. After everybody had resumed their seats the second part of the concert began. At its close, all remained standing until the court, after saluting the assembled guests in a body, had withdrawn, when everything broke up.

The Empress was always present at the rehearsals, which took place the same morning in the palace, in order to inform herself fully about all the arrangements. The royal lady greeted us and enquired after each and all. Court Conductor Taubert presented the programme to her, and she selected what seemed to her best suited to her guests.

Only big pieces were performed at these concerts. It

was otherwise at the little Thursday concerts, which took place at the palace of Their Majesties on Unter den Linden. There everything passed off very cosily. The company sat, in groups of six or eight persons, at small round tables, decked with beautiful flowers. The piano stood close in front of the Empress, so close that one scarcely had room enough to make a proper courtesy. The Empress Augusta presided at one table, the Emperor at the next, the Crown Prince at a third, and the Crown Princess at still another. Prince and Princess Karl, the brother and sister of Their Majesties, were there, while the ladies and gentlemen of the court were distributed everywhere according to rank and custom.

Princess Karl was one of the most amiable women of our Imperial House, and always marked me out for special distinction. She was the only one who always carried fresh flowers in her hands, who wore the most tasteful and elegant toilettes of the entire court, loved animals, and always was accompanied in her walks by three huge black and white Russian greyhounds. She talked with me in the street, and at Wiesbaden, where I often met her, with special pleasure. She always removed her veil when she was talking with me, a delicate act which I valued very highly from her, because I had been taught it, and it pleased me doubly to see this tender consideration reversed in this case. She always knew how to say pleasant and agreeable things, and I have preserved a grateful recollection of her goodness, and, especially, of her love for animals.

X

When I was admitted to these Thursday concerts for the first time—we artists were in a room adjoining the salon, and could be seen by everybody as the big folding doors stood open—Prince Karl, whom I had already met at the theatre, walked up to me after a musical selection, and immediately

following him came a young woman, whose hair was simply dressed, and who had wonderful blue eyes. She spoke to me very amiably, and as simply and naturally as she looked, then turned to the Prince, and asked him to excuse her if she left as she had a frightful headache. Hülsen informed me that it was the Crown Princess who had spoken to me. Angeli has portrayed her glorious blue eyes very wonderfully, and preserved them for us, and yet only those who really knew her can have any accurate conception of their expression. I talked to her three times on special occasions: once, at the palace of the Crown Prince, immediately after Bayreuth where we sang the Rhine maidens scene with Ernst as Siegfried; a second time, at the house of Lord and Lady Russell Ampthill, the English Ambassador, and finally, as the Empress Dowager at Grunewald, when she approached me, held out her hand, and said to me these memorable words: "You can have no idea of the martyrdom I am undergoing!"

But indeed I could picture it to myself. Little as I knew of the inner struggles of this unhappy woman, my whole heart went out to her in her martyrdom. Without suspecting how far her sufferings had advanced, I attempted, shortly before her death, to offer her my services as an artist with intent to give her pleasure, but I was informed by a friend that she declined with thanks. She was, unfortunately, no longer able to see any one, and soon after she was released by death from her physical and spiritual martyrdom.

Beauty, manliness, and radiant cheerfulness were the Crown Prince's attributes. Every countenance about him cleared and reflected the brightness of this personality, which was to expire by such a terrible fate. I can still hear the shouts of the crowds when he walked along, and how, at the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria in London, all England cheered him as though he were the British King. And I can see him in his perfect beauty, galloping along in the uniform, dazzling in the brilliant summer light, of the Queen's

Cuirassiers, unsuspicious of the inexorable fate that had already marked him within.

XI

We stood on a peculiar footing with Princess Friedrich Karl, born Princess of Anhalt, descendant of the beautiful Anna-Liese. Artistically cultured, spoiled by the excellent theatre that the Court of Anhalt always maintained, she was interested in art and artist, went nightly to the opera-house, and gave us to understand, by glances at our box, when she was pleased or displeased. She observed very closely, and was always correct in her verdict. If she had been able to play a freer part at court, or even in Berlin, she certainly would have brought all the artists together at her house. As she could not do this, one had to be content with seeing, understanding, and loving her. Prince Karl introduced her lovely daughters, his grandchildren, to me at Wiesbaden. Prince Friedrich Karl, like Bismarck, after the Three Emperors' Celebration absented himself from all court concerts and theatres. He occupied himself with forestry and gardening, which he cultivated passionately, and even with his own hands, and he derived more satisfaction from it than from any ceremonial pomp.

Besides the still very youthful daughters of the Crown Prince, those of the very elegant Princess Alexandrine von Mecklenburg-Schwerin belonged to this select circle.

The venerable Dowager Grand-Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin,—of whose girlhood Heinrich Heine has so much to tell us,—who was the very aged sister of the Emperor, and Grand Duchess Luise von Baden, his daughter, came to Berlin only on special occasions as did many other crowned heads and princelings, that completed the illustrious assemblage.

There was a performance in the picture gallery on March 22d, in honour of the Emperor's birthday. Short portions

of operas were given, or little acts that were written, composed, or combined with the purpose of amusing, but which, in my humble opinion, did not afford the least pleasure, and I fancy that everybody must have been bored to death by them. Court Conductor Taubert, who had to take into account personal tastes, the possible and the impossible, had to labour continually with Desirée Artôt de Padilla, a singularly lovely woman and artist, Empress Augusta's favourite, to invent operas and scenes, write texts, and compose a hodge-podge in order to have everything go right in some measure. Each individual wanted to co-operate, and was offended if passed over. But Frau Artôt arranged, combined, and shifted voices, persons, and scenes in any way she thought advisable, did everything that could be done, and even, because she was too stout to appear as a boy, made a Pierotta out of the Savoyard boy Pierotto in *Linda von Chamonix*, from which a scene was given. She turned choruses into quartets, made duets out of arias, etc.; in short, did anything that was required to give general satisfaction. Desirée Artôt de Padilla was the finest woman that I have ever known on the stage. She was not only bewitchingly amiable as an artist, but was also polished in society and thoroughly kind-hearted. I owe more than I can express to her and her lovely character and her fine, grand artistry.

There were plentiful cold collations provided at the birthday celebrations, in a gallery adjoining the White Salon, for all the assembled artists of the stage. The buffet must have been very attractive, for Fräulein Trepplin once said to me, as I was about to sing at the opera, previous to a performance at the palace, "I envy you, Fräulein Lehmann, that you are going up to-day where there are such good quivery things." She meant by "quivery," the aspics, jellies, and galantines in which the cold dainties quivered.

The collation was wonderful, indeed, and wine and champagne flowed in rivers. There was a marvellous warm white punch served on Shrove Tuesday, that was so fine I plucked

up courage to ask the Emperor for the recipe. He told me that his mother, Queen Luise, had brought it with her from a convent at Königsberg, had kept it a secret, and that even he did not know exactly how it was prepared.

Servants put white tissue paper under our plates, that sweets might be carried away in it. Officers might be seen going downstairs with their parade helmets filled with bonbons. I always took two or three pieces for a little child at our house, and told her each time, "The Emperor has sent you this." The child was overjoyed, and, for many years, I did not substitute truth in place of the little lies that made her so happy.

The most informal times, however, were after the small Thursday concerts at the palace. Then we, also, with the younger officers and diplomats, ate at little tables in the connecting salon. Count Perponcher, who was marshal of the court, and Herr von Hülsen usually sat with us, for there were always only a few specially selected persons there. The supper was just as delicious on these occasions, only, unfortunately, one had to eat too quickly. Whoever did not hold on to his plate and glasses did not have his food, for they were gone before a glass had been touched or a morsel tasted. If a word was said to a friendly neighbour, it was adieu le saumon, la salade, le vin. This happened to me just once, and then I kept hold of what I had. Each person received a glass of red wine and one of white wine, and a glass of champagne and another of water were offered. Whoever drank quickly got a second glass, but the man who proceeded slowly got nothing, for everything was cleared away while he looked around. After consultation with Count Perponcher, I brought it about that a whole decanter of red wine stood on the artists' table, from which we could pour at will, without fear that it would vanish too quickly.

Those were lucky who went to the court concert directly from dinner. But I dined at one o'clock in the afternoon, drank a cup of tea at four, and usually sang a big part, which

one cannot sing on a full stomach, at the opera before the court concert. There was scarcely time after the performance to remove my make-up, dress my hair again, and change my costume, when I had to go on the run to the often very important concert. Every one, who is in a position to have an idea of the spiritual and physical fatigue of such chasing about, can understand that I longed for a bite and enjoyed a glass of wine towards midnight.

It was really not a small matter to learn from four to six little pieces, between morning and evening, for the Thursday concerts. Frau Artôt sang with me a large number of duets in every language and dialect,—French, Spanish, Russian, and Swedish with colorature and cadenzas, that were often not planned until the afternoon at the rehearsals, and were frequently changed at night in the midst of the singing. As I had to know everything at least half by heart it was a great effort and called for intense concentration. No one could have done it except myself. Frau Artôt liked best to sing with me, on account of my musical certainty, and that I profited greatly from this is easy to understand.

I could tell on the night in question, without it being necessary to say a word to me, how and what we should or should not do, *i. e.*, whether we should make changes, without a word of explanation being offered me; I was prepared for everything. It was easy for me, and yet it had to be learned, and I could not disgrace myself in the midst of these international artists in language. These evenings brought me much praise, filled me with pride, and made my dear mother very happy.

Even if we had been honoured by both Their Majesties conversing with us during the intermission, yet Emperor William always kept a very special surprise for the end of the evening, after the hurried supper, when he would come up to our table, and, in the most charming manner, talk jokingly for a while with us and other young people. He always knew, as though by magic, how to make happy hearts and faces.

At these Thursday gatherings I met, also, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the father of our present bewitching Crown Princess Cecilie. The young Prince was exceptionally modest and simple in his personality, and always equally amiable through all the years that I encountered him there. I felt a keen human interest in him, probably chiefly for the reason that he was reported to be ill, and I was more than pleased when he showed me, one evening, his beautiful fiancée, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, to whom he had just become engaged. In the Crown Princess Cecilie, I recognised again all the fine qualities which had distinguished the heart and character of her dear father. I saw, also, many others besides him that I shall mention later.

Soon after the death of the Queen Dowager Elisabeth, wife of Friedrich Wilhelm IV, born Princess of Bavaria, a kind of memorial service, in the form of a religious concert, took place in the Elisabeth room of the royal palace. Only a few classical numbers were given. Frau Mallinger, and I, Niemann, and Betz, sang the Benedictus from Mozart's "Requiem." Every one was dressed in black, and arrived especially early. The favourite of us all, Princess Friedrich Karl, came up to us two ladies and told us many things, both sad and merry.

I had already heard from other sources how strictly the young Princesses were treated, that they were not permitted ever to arrange their hair as they chose, that they could not receive any one, and that even a friendly greeting was sometimes frowned on. It was so with the Crown Princess also. Her cordial manner, her open character, and friendly, simple way of "giving herself," were incessantly rebuked, until she became embittered and retired into herself.

After the concert—we were already seated at supper—Moltke approached me with a glass of champagne, to do honour with me to Mozart, and to thank him and me for my Mozart parts. It was the only time that I ever spoke to the

great "Silent Man," as he no longer attended the other festivities. But I saw both him and Bismarck almost daily, walking in the Leipzigerstrasse, during the time Parliament was sitting, an opportunity that we always sought, because one could never tire of looking at the two figures.

I saw, also, the eighty-eight year old "Papa Wrangel" every day during my walks in the Tiergarten, surrounded by a crowd of children, to whom he distributed small coins and bonbons; the aged General, who was warned, in 1848, that his wife would be hanged, in case he thought of entering Berlin with his soldiers. He did enter, however, and when he was there he is said to have smilingly observed in the purest Berlinese, "I wonder if they will hang her." Even if it be only a story, it is extremely characteristic of "Papa Wrangel."

Richard Wagner came to Berlin in February, 1873, to conduct a concert that his friends had arranged for the benefit of the Bayreuth fund, and which took place in the old concert hall in the Leipzigerstrasse. Wagner greeted mamma and me most cordially, and at once wrote an assignment of tickets for us on his visiting card, which I still possess. At the rehearsal we stood chatting with Wagner near Hertel, the painter, who was blond, big, and well formed. Wagner clapped him confidentially on the shoulder with the remark: "You will have to sing Siegfried for me!" Hertel, who had only just met Wagner, declined with regret, although flattered, affording much amusement to those standing around. The enthusiasm of the very select audience was boundless. Even then it was Countess Schleinitz, née Freiin von Buch,—whose mother married Prince Hatzfeldt for her second husband, and who was a true friend of Liszt and Wagner,—who exerted all her influence of name and position to break a way into the German imperial city for Wagner's works. She was energetically supported, of course, by the like-minded, but without her ideal leadership, her indefatigable zeal, which was already breaking ground steadily, and which was to overflow

everything with all the more force only a few years later, the cause would certainly have still been long retarded.

All the leading spirits in art, science, and literature met at the home of Count Schleinitz. A few families of the aristocracy who loved and understood art completed the circle, frequently very small, that formed itself around Liszt, Hans von Bülow, Helmholtz, Adolf Menzel, Gustav Richter, Taussig, Rubinstein, Karl Klindworth, C. Eckert, Albert Niemann, etc., to which Scholz and Dohm, the two men from Kladderadatsch, also belonged. (David Kalisch, the founder of the paper, had just died.) Princess Hatzfeld, Princess Carolath, the sister of the hostess, Prince and Princess Franz and Hedwig Liechtenstein, Count and Countess Usedom, with their daughter, Hildegard, who was called the "Usecathedrale," on account of her Valkyrie-like figure, as well as Count Wolkenstein-Trostburg, were amongst the constant guests of this peacefully distinguished house, where there was laughter, philosophy, and music (the Countess was an excellent piano virtuoso) and where no one was afraid of being bored.

There was one woman in particular, whom I should have been most glad to meet in life, but whom I could not see there any more, as she died about 1872, before I began to go to the Count's house. Frau von Muchanoff must have been a wonderful personality, an ideal friend of many great artists, an ideal patron of art. Perhaps Countess Schleinitz was her docile pupil who held aloft, until her death which soon followed, the banner of idealism, as she told me herself, and thereby kept herself eternally young. Perhaps she took the sceptre from Frau von Muchanoff's tired hands, only in order to lead farther on for Wagner, who already owed so very much to Frau von Muchanoff. A wonderful picture, painted by Lenbach, of this remarkable woman stood in the Countess's salon, spiritualised, transparent, I might almost say incorporeal, transfixed by him. The portrait accompanied Countess Schleinitz in '76, even to Bayreuth, as

though it, too, was to share Wagner's triumph with him. The veneration with which this woman was regarded on every side, and is still thought of, bordered on worship. I know her only from her picture and her letters to her daughter, Frau Coudenhoven, but I think that one could learn nothing of her more beautiful than these epistles, which bring the wonderful being of this woman into most exquisite harmony with Lenbach's picture, that has immortalised "one who was never known."

Count Schleinitz, Minister of the Household, who must have been more than thirty years the senior of his wife, was an extremely agreeable host. He was not a Wagnerite at the bottom of his heart, but, out of love for his wife, he lightly pretended to be one. When we took council there how Wagner might best be helped, or sketched plans for concerts, or made preparations, he would ask what his part was to be, how he could assist, and so the office of violet seller was assigned him. Quite ready to assume the mission, he doubted, at the same time, if his age would not keep him from doing a good business; but I pointed out to him that such an amiable "House Minister" and Count would always have an attraction, even for young girls. Everything, however, happened otherwise than as it was planned.

I spent many stimulating evenings with Paul Meyerheim, in whose pleasant home a little crowd of select artists, quite by themselves, might give the reins to their opinions, taste, and humour. Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, and Haydn were worshipped there. Meyerheim played the cello, Stockhausen and I sang, and others, also, contributed richly of what they possessed. Stockhausen once, after singing himself, invited Angeli, who also sang very well, to give us something for the general good. The latter replied: "No, not after you; just fancy, if you were to paint after me!" Angeli had the laugh on his side. But once when I paid Angeli a visit in his studio, where I was to view a certain picture, I found him painting on a portrait of Princess

Friedrich Karl, and he permitted me to make a stroke of the brush on a pearl in her necklace.

XII

Little by little, I was admitted to all the court circles, through Frau Artôt and the many court concerts, and I sang everywhere, and was invited to all their "At Homes" by Prince and Princess Anton Radziwill, as well as by Lord and Lady Ampthill. Lord Ampthill, whom we had known already as Lord Russell, the English Ambassador, was an exceptionally dear, simple man, with whom I liked to talk alone, when he would tell me of the commencement of his student period, and how he, as the second son of a Lord, had to get along in the most modest circumstances. Like all men of marked inner life, he had always remained simple and serious, and he impressed me as being very solid. His lovely wife, as beautiful as a picture, fluttered brightly through life, happy and care-free, until his death taught her to know the sternness of facts.

A grand soirée, with musical treats, took place annually at Prince and Princess Anton Radziwill's on the evening before the Emperor's birthday, at which Their Majesties and the Crown Prince always appeared, and where it was most animated and very agreeable. Once, as I was sitting next Countess Perponcher, the Grand Stewardess, a strikingly beautiful and rather artificially made-up lady entered on the arm of her husband. A soft "oh" of admiration escaped me. "Do you know the lady?" Countess Perponcher asked me. "Not personally," I replied, but I recognised in her immediately the once-renowned and fascinating dancer, Friedberg, now Countess Westphalen, whom I had not seen for fifteen years, and who was still exceptionally beautiful.

I also met Bill Bismarck there later on, with whom, even then, I discussed animatedly the protection of animals. I begged him to get the Prince interested. He wrote me

concerning it that the Prince, his father, would be glad to take the matter up if he had time, but, as he never did anything by halves, he must decline, as his affairs would not permit it at present.

I met there Etelka Gerster, who, arriving with many letters of introduction, was heard in Berlin, and indeed everywhere, for the first time, when she did not conduct herself at all like a beginner as far as Taubert and I were concerned. The Countesses Perponcher and Danckelmann and Frau von Prillwitz, three sisters who were very prominent in court circles, took up the young singer very cordially. She soon made her appearance at Kroll's in *Sonnambula*, and was showered with flowers by these ladies, who persuaded all their young friends to contribute, and Etelka Gerster was "made." She had a very lovely voice, together with much charm, and sang very well.

I cannot close this list of my acquaintances without mentioning one of the most amiable personages at Court, Countess Josephine Seydewitz, afterwards Countess Carl Dönhoff, lady-in-waiting to her Royal Highness, Princess Karl. Her beauty, wit, and cheerfulness made her innumerable enemies, who would gladly have worked her destruction, which, fortunately, they were unable to accomplish. She often sent me invitations, and one met her, besides, almost daily at all gatherings, where no one escaped the sting of her wit. Beautiful to the end, she died, after severe suffering, in a Breslau sanitarium, and "like an angel," as her nurse told me.

XIII

The Duchess of Sagan, with her charming daughter, Dolly, to whom I gave singing lessons, stood closest to me in this circle. The Duke had personally asked me to do this teaching, and the Duchess completely spoiled me. Dolly was a very gifted and diligent pupil until she married, while still almost a child, Prince Carl Egon von Fürstenberg, who

was snatched from her by death after a brief union. When I arrived for her lesson at nine o'clock in the morning—I could not give any other hour on account of rehearsals—the Duchess used to poke her lovely head out of her room, give me her hand, and with a hearty, "Bonjour, Mademoiselle Lehmann, vous allez bien?" disappear again until the lesson was over. I often had to remain for breakfast if my time permitted, and, frequently, if we sat alone, she would pour out her deeply afflicted heart to me, while tears fell from her clear blue eyes. But she could be, also, very witty and gay, and I owe many hours, spiced with brains and humour, to these three fine and affectionate people.

My recollections preserve many ever-memorable moments relating to the members of the German Imperial House from the highest downwards, to the aristocracy, and to very many celebrated persons. They were well acquainted, as they met one another nearly every night in the course of the winter. But how few there were whom one really approached more closely. Life flowed past them without a pause. Under the everlasting ban of conventional duties it was hardly possible for many of them to learn to know a personal inner life. I was often drawn to some individual, from whom went forth a breath of the soul or heart that was sympathetic to me, but who quickly or timidly retired into himself as though this intimacy neither should nor could be. In the tumult of pleasure and of the splendour of their rank, they brushed against the upholders of art without becoming conscious of their high mission and of their souls. His art charmed them in the artist. Both afforded them entertainment for a longer or shorter time, and that was the only, and usually the loose band that held them together. But I have kept a faithful remembrance of many belonging to this circle.

It was a brilliant time for the young girl; for the young artist it might have been so likewise if the music which one was compelled to perform there had not been of such inferior quality. I often returned from these concerts almost

in tears, and lamented to my mother, "Mamma, I am ashamed to sing such wretched stuff before people; they will think that I can do nothing better."

XIV

I have been hurrying ahead with my narrative, and must return from the present to the past, for my progress, in reality, was not quite so rapid as I should like to tell, and, indeed, many periods seemed to me like a long trial of patience.

During the winter, Pollini, as he did annually, played a special engagement with his Italian company, consisting of Frau Artôt, her husband, Mariano de Padilla, the tenor, Vidal, and others. Verdi's *Maskenball*, was announced for their début, and the wife of the conductor, Goula, celebrated for her great beauty, was to sing the Page. Three days before the first performance the report of her serious illness came from Barcelona. Pollini at once turned to me with the query, whether I could learn to sing the rôle of the Page in the scarcely three days that remained, and I consented.

Although I did not speak Italian fluently, I was accustomed to sing in that language, and was taking lessons again in Berlin from the leader, Pirani, and his wife; but it was not an easy task, as I had sung the Page in Auber's *Maskenball*, and the old melodies perpetually asserted themselves with me over the new. On the third evening, however, I sang the part with entire success. The opera was repeated, and we also took it to Hamburg. I became acquainted with Goula, an eminent conductor, who often invited me to go to Spain, and whom, unfortunately, I never met again, as I was obliged to refuse his invitations. To learn the part in the Italian language in three days was a wonderful achievement, but it was not the last that I executed, and I may mention here one of the many.

The management sent to me, one day at noon in the year 1875, a request that I sing Irma that night in *Maurer und Schlosser*, and save the performance. I knew the opera well; I had sung the part of Henrietta at Dantzic, but I had never glanced at that of Irma. I consented, on condition that I should learn for the evening only what was absolutely necessary. At four o'clock I had got to the end of the duet and finale, both of them almost unknown to me, and which are very difficult, and through the first aria and dialogue; I wanted to omit the second aria. As I prepared myself to start for the opera, my dear mother said to me: "Lilli, it is a pity that you should leave out the second aria; it is much more effective than the first; I always preferred to sing it. If you are willing, I will sing it over and over again for you, and you can learn it quickly." No sooner said than done. Mamma sang it for me, I repeated it after her, and, at five oclock, I was able to do the second aria.

The conductor, with whom I ran over the rôle to give him my tempi, was awaiting me at the opera-house, and then I went forth to battle. The excitement that had possession of me was fearful; I staggered into the wings almost fainting after the first scene. I now see clearly for the first time what a crime it is to expect such a thing of any one. A nervous breakdown might have been my reward for being obliging, and who would have compensated me for my health and a ruined life? I felt the strain in my limbs for many days and nights and could scarcely recuperate from it. I shall be told that I was a free agent and no compulsion was put upon me. That is true; but the temptation to save a performance is so inborn in an artist, I may say, that she succumbs as soon as the occasion presents itself.

I could not accomplish in Berlin the artistic perfecting of all my parts as I had dreamed of doing. Most of the répertoire operas, even those in which I sang a part for the first time, were given without any rehearsal, and more time was granted one only for the preparation of entirely unknown

works. We had conscientious artists, of course, who studied their rôles at home by themselves, came to rehearsal with them ready, and accommodated one another, the lesser fitting in with the greater. I did the same for the latter, at all times and in all places, more than did any of the others. But for those of the second or third class, who were hardly artists, and most of whom were not conscientious, there was scant time. They sang and acted as well or as ill as they desired and were capable of. The amount of poor work the conductor and manager allowed to pass by was often enough to make one's hair rise and was unworthy of art.

Things went on somehow under Manager Hein, because he could direct the singers, but he was superficial, and at the rehearsals matters were topsy-turvy. No decorations were ever seen at the rehearsals; the whole chorus, whether busy or idle, stood on the stage talking loudly. Sometimes one was driven to despair. After a rehearsal of the *Fille du Regiment*, that I was to sing for the first time, when conditions were such as I have just described, I protested most earnestly against it, but it did me no good. There was not much improvement under Moritz Ernst, principally because he knew far less than his predecessor.

Then followed Ferdinand von Strantz, the successor to Laube, and associate of Friedrich Haase at Leipsic, and matters became still worse. Strantz had been originally an officer, then a singer, next an actor, and was now operatic manager *i.e.*, Director of the Royal Opera. He had many secondary interests, unfortunately; he speculated in houses, was occupied with horses, and traded both. In short, he was very often absorbed by his own affairs, and brought to his chief occupation only a languid interest, because his business in houses frequently bothered him. The rehearsals became steadily shorter and more inadequate. The operettas in which I was engaged, and that would not go smoothly as late as the final rehearsals, I took upon myself, begging my col-

leagues to remain on the stage after the rehearsals, so that we might better plan the dialogue and positions.

The prompter joined us willingly, for it concerned him, also, that everything should go smoothly. There were many who did nothing at home, and demanded everything from the rehearsals which did not take place. The indulgence shown to the beginners often went so far that they sang their parts from the score even at the final rehearsals. Such a thing would not be possible at any theatre, and should have been punished with instant dismissal, for the sake of justice and of art.

I asked myself constantly what would have been done at Prague or Leipsic in such cases, and what the managers, Hassel and Seidl, would have said. It was possible in Berlin, and often practised audaciously by incompetent beginners.

Now and then I played the part of the police, that is, when I was in the cast; at other times it did not concern me. Of course, to this kind of singer, I seemed to be "jealous of young talents," and was thoroughly detested. But I had the satisfaction of knowing that the success of many of our pretty operettas was to be placed to my credit, not on account of myself, but because of my untiring interest in the whole, in the work of art, in art itself, and in the honour of the artist. It happened to me once, indeed, that one of these "artists" actually thanked me warmly, after her marriage, for my admonitions, and was properly ashamed of her unworthy conduct. This kind of inartistic work, frivolous and conscienceless, with which one often has to count and to work, hurts me more in my love for art than I can express.

One had to find compensation for this in all those performances engaging artists chiefly of the first rank, and those in which I could work with authority; labouring over the careless performers on my own responsibility, even ordering them to come to me and not setting them free again until they had mastered their rôles to some extent, for they were entirely lacking in diligence, effort, and delight in their work.

It would have been an easy and a blessed task if I had had only myself to deal with, and could have added, in myself, proper value to the whole. I never wished to work otherwise than with loftier spirits and greater talents than my own; not that I might depend upon them, but that I might fight beside them in the struggle for the ideal of our art.

XV

We had left my sister behind in the guardianship of her future family, but she suddenly abandoned all her plans of marrying, as her love for art had returned. She may have dreamed that circumstances were different from what they actually were, and with quick decision, though after many struggles and much delay, she accepted an engagement at Hamburg, in the autumn of 1871. Soon afterwards, our dear old friend, Director Behr, took her to Cologne for five years. She sang in Breslau one winter, the three years following in Prague, our old home, and went, at last, to Vienna, where she was uninterruptedly active for fourteen years as Imperial and Royal Kammersängerin, becoming the favourite of the musical public, which has not forgotten her.

But her nerves revolted again, and worse than before, and so, impulsively as ever, she said farewell to the stage. She ended her rich career much too soon, and in full possession of her voice. Mahler wanted intensely to win her back again for Vienna, but she could not make up her mind to return to the stage, although life seemed to her empty and aimless without her art.

I must retrace my steps here, also. Richard Wagner invited me, in the year 1872, to sing the soprano part in the Ninth Symphony at the laying of the corner-stone of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, but leave of absence was refused me. I then suggested to Wagner that he should engage my musical sister for it, and she performed her task to his satisfaction.

I still deeply regret that I could not participate in the uplifting ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone. But I knew, also, that I could not get away from Berlin just at that time, and should not murmur. One of the greatest disappointments my dear mother ever had was Riezl's refusal, on quite untenable grounds, of the repeated offers of engagements that Hülsen made her, for she had thought it would be the crowning joy of her whole life to see us both united on such a great stage. Subsequently, it made her very happy indeed to know that Riezl received such extraordinary appreciation at Vienna. I am certain that my sister was better suited to Vienna than to serious Germany, for there her gaiety and careless sociability found a pleasant soil prepared for them.

In the course of the fifteen years of my Berlin engagement, my sister sang for me very often at the Royal Opera, when she was on a visit to us, and I was away filling special engagements, which was often the case after the termination of my second Berlin contract. It was a pity that she could not have sung for me everywhere.

At the beginning of the seventies, I received the following telegram, "Can you sing Rosine here to-morrow? Schloss." Of course I could. I never hesitated long when it was a question of being on the spot. I did not lose a moment in asking von Hülsen for leave of absence, which he granted at once. I got my costume, telegraphed to Schloss at Dresden that I would be there, and started thither myself at eight o'clock the next morning. Amazed that no rehearsal was announced, I went to the theatre, and learned, to my horror, that Schloss had not been at Dresden for years, but was at Hamburg, and probably expected me there. I had not heard a word of Schloss's retirement; I knew him only at Dresden, and was especially terrified by the fact that he now vainly awaited me in Hamburg. I telegraphed immediately, "Have gone to Dresden by mistake," and finally quieted down, as I could not change matters.

Marie Lehmann

From a steel engraving of a photo by Nach

To help myself I went to the Gallery, and saw the *Sistine Madonna* for the first time, or, as I should prefer to say, I saw a picture for the first time. Every worry dropped away from me at the sight of it, and I was indifferent whether they had a Rosine in Hamburg or not; I saw only this picture, which worked a living redemption in me, and initiated me into an art, which, until then, I had never comprehended. The impression was as lasting as the Vorspiel to Wagner's *Tristan*, although the two are so fundamentally different, except that both were conceived and created by genius. It seems to me that there can be no higher joy than to be able to feel and to understand this painting.

XVI

If I wanted to better myself it was time to give notice, or my contract, which, after the third year, had continued without a word from either side, would run on under the old conditions. I, therefore, sent in my resignation to the general management. Hülsen took up the matter, and made me two propositions: first, a contract for several years, with increased salary, or a contract for life with a stipend of 13,500 marks, unguaranteed extra money of forty-five marks for each night I appeared, and a right to a pension, according to the rules for royal officials. I was in favour of the higher salary and shorter contract, while mamma pleaded for the life contract, which gave her the consciousness of my assured future. But the terms of the latter seemed to me too little, even for the conditions of that time, and, especially, for what I felt in myself, and for what I always intended to obtain ultimately. Hülsen did not agree to my increased demands, and we broke off the negotiations.

Now came the tension that always follows between two contracting parties that cannot get together. Neither liked to see the other, and tried to avoid it. Instead of calling me

the "Pearl" as Hülsen had done in letters when I had been obliging, had substituted for others, or had learned something overnight, he addressed me again as "Most esteemed Fräulein." I was irritated and so was Hülsen. Even before I went to Berlin, I had offers from Dresden and Vienna,—the head manager, Schloss, had been to see me in Leipsic about a contract for Dresden,—but I did not want to leave Berlin, where I was established, and had such brilliant models. My dear mother was very depressed over it, and I could not cheer her up.

One day, Hülsen made the first advance. He again urged me strenuously to sign the life contract, and, although it still took a good while before he yielded to my demand for a third month's leave of absence, which eventually was bought from me for a doubled salary and doubled "play" money, I finally signed it. I really did it only to calm my dear mother about my future; I could not delude myself for a moment as to the consequences of this contract. I knew only too well that, by affixing my signature, I had sealed myself for the lot of a royal functionary; that I should never succeed in my career in reaching the heights, which, I knew, were my proper goal; that I should be considered by von Hülsen henceforth as a useful person; and that he would never support me in my artistic ambitions. Future events confirmed my fears.

XVII

Now that it was settled that I was to remain, my first thought was to procure myself a good grand piano. I did not wish to touch my little savings, so I asked for an advance payment, that was refused me unless I brought in "proofs of poverty." I declined, but bought the Bechstein piano, nevertheless, which, however, would not go over our narrow house stairs, and, as it was also impossible to get it through the window, it had to be returned to the warehouse. After that I could not endure the uncomfortable apartment any longer, and we went out to find a better one.

XVIII

Mamma had gone to Marienbad for a cure, and my sister was with me. The apartment problem had to be finally settled. Mother had looked at a suitable place at No. 19 Leipziger Platz, and had recommended it to me, but, as I saw the mansard window from below, which looked towards the Potsdamer Platz, I refused to go up, and said haughtily, "Ten horses could not get me through those windows." We had looked at an apartment in Charlottenstrasse, one day, which I had intended to rent, when chance led us by the Leipziger Platz, and I recalled apartment No. 19. The sign was still hanging out, and, being in a better humour, I resolved to ascend to the third floor. Such a flood of sunshine, light, and warmth met me in the small, newly furnished mansard rooms, to which a single large "tower room" served as a sign-board, that I took it, undisturbed by all minor considerations and the high rent, and kept it for seventeen years.

"The Golden Sun" at Leipsic, where the wind could blow so icily, had left me a very disagreeable memory. For a long time I had been pinched and twitched and pulled in my hands, feet, arms, legs, head, and shoulders, and pains jumped incessantly here and there, and increased until they were unbearable. I was compelled to go to Wiesbaden, in search of a cure for my shooting rheumatism and my sufferings, and mamma and I found a quiet apartment and excellent service at the Hotel Adler, during my leave of absence.

We generally stretched ourselves in our feather beds about half-past eight, and rarely went to the theatre, which was excellent, however, and where we found Wilhelm Jahn and Gabriele Szégal again, the dramatic singer of my Prague period, who possessed the greatest and warmest dramatic voice that I can recollect. She and Marie Wilt were the last of those singers who sang Constanze in the *Entführung*, besides highly dramatic rôles, and she could also sing the

Queen of the Night. Big and strong, she yet seemed to be boneless in her upper extremities. Whenever she raised her hands and arms she dropped them limply again at once; she never made a quiet gesture nor brought out the least expression in that way, and it was not much better with her facial muscles. We were such good friends that we discussed this fact, but this most industrious and assiduous artist could not succeed in concentrating her energy on maintaining the positions of her arms and hands. I mention this, because similar inability has never come to my notice before or after in my life.

At the *table d'hôte* at our hotel, over which General von Schlichting presided, we met Schwabe, the Manchester merchant, who soon moved to Berlin, and with whose family, exceptionally cultured people of fine sensibilities, I became very intimate. I met in the lively circle at their house, Rubinstein, Adolf Menzel, Ernst von Wildenbruch, and the son of Karl Maria von Weber, whose daughter, Maria, was chosen by Ernst von Wildenbruch to be his strong companion for life.

I also became acquainted with Bodenstedt, at Wiesbaden, who was often a sharer in our walks, but who could not win my sympathy in spite of his charming *Mirza Schaffy;* a result that was only renewed by his Berlin visits.

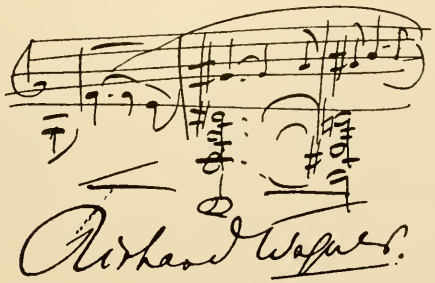
The cure agreed with us wonderfully. Mother and I had never granted ourselves the complete rest which we had both needed for a long time. The regular life, the beautiful retreat, the early hours rested my nerves and tired body. The rheumatic pains, indeed, increased as they always do after every hot water cure, but I got over them entirely after a year, and they never returned.

Before I left Wiesbaden I sang at a concert, and, two days later, the Queen in the *Hugenotten* at Jahn's benefit.

I was delighted to be able to oblige Jahn, who had known us as children, and who had always been very nice to mamma. Fräulein Szégal lent me her dresses, that had to be all taken

Seiner lieben alten Freundin

Loewe-Lehmann



in in the waists, as I was still exceedingly slender; but it was not prejudicial to the success of the evening, which made me a little proud, as did every success.

XIX

How sunny it was in our new apartment! Though not much larger, it was more elegant than the old, and one overlooked gardens and blooming trees on every side. They were the splendid old lindens of the Leipziger Platz, one of which caught the first sunbeam from the east, and therefore was out at least a week ahead of all the others. When their whole tender, transparent tissue of leaves had unfolded, and the black branches and twigs still shimmered through, they looked like the light green veil of unembodied elves from old fairy tales. Each spring the ancient miracle became new, and was more glorious and more full of sentiment.

The small Tiergarten Hotel stood opposite our windows that looked towards the Potsdamer Platz, and it had a blooming corner that was bewitched, for in it, month after month, there was something new and blossoming to look at every day. It gave one a feeling of ownership, or of a precious memory that might not be shared with another person, from fear that it might be held less sacred or be less loved.

And the old chestnut trees of peaceful Bellevue- and Potsdamerstrasse! Could it be otherwise than light where so many tapers shone?

Near the centre of the Platz, or Circle, stood the small, ramshackle "Comode," called the Ring Drug Shop, or which, on account of the bad medicaments, had been baptised by the Berliners, the "Poison Drug Store" and from whose little first-floor balcony waved, on every patriotic occasion, two miserable tiny black and white flags. A railroad track ran the full length of the Königgrätzerstrasse, on which freight trains were pushed or driven, to the ringing of bells,

from one pole of the great city to the other. There was not much of anything that did not drive, ride, or pass by our house. There took place the journeys of the entire court back and forth to Potsdam, and also all receptions. The first of the latter that we saw was the arrival of the Shah of Persia. Regiments passed, with resounding music, on their way to parade or drill at Tempelhofer Feld, and mamma always spoke of their uniforms as "masquerade." Then there was the Tiergarten, in which one then might walk alone without thought or fear of robbery and murder. And the Zoölogical Garden, where every animal knew us, and expressed his pleasure at our coming! Berlin was still a little great city in those days, and the Berliners were a fundamentally sociable people, who are now to be found in few originals, and who have long been dying out. Yes, indeed, memory is a paradise, in which happiness, gratitude, and contentment keep their favourite abode for a lifetime.

When the Uhlans (Lancers) in '76, after Bayreuth, blew their bugles so beautifully on Potsdamer Platz, we knew that it was our Major, then young, now our dear true old friend, His Excellency, General Oscar von Rabe, who, riding at the head of his regiment, had ordered it to play so finely for us, and we returned our grateful thanks by bowing down from the high balcony. We did not have a balcony, really, but a roof garden, where we seemed to ourselves like Baronesses; sometimes, again, we smiled down at our loyal knight from our high windows.

At the beginning of the seventies, Oscar von Rabe had been adjutant to old Wrangel, and had faced death with him and his wife, which did not prevent the Berliners from calling the young adjutant the "Nursemaid." (Papa Wrangel was already quite childish.) Oscar von Rabe sang very well himself, and few were so enthusiastic over the opera as he. In spite of his idolatry of Mozart, he climbed the rounds of the Wagnerian ladder at Bayreuth, and, like all musical enthusiasts, he was to be found wherever there was

promise that art and artists would perform something great.

Our house, where now rises the huge Palace Hotel, was built by Heffter, Obertribunalsrat, who occupied the first floor, but who had already sold the building to Herr Alwin Ball, tenant of the second floor. We shared the third, provisionally, with a widow and her three children, until later I took the whole story, which then consisted of eight rooms, etc., and had a view of both the Potsdamer and Leipziger Platz. I shall tell just one little episode characteristic of the Heffters, with whom I was on terms of close friendship.

When the dear old Obertribunalsrat died at the age of eighty-three, I stopped singing, but I was obliged to practise on the third day, after I had first earnestly begged to be excused for doing so. His very dear wife sent me word to proceed, as her beloved husband would rejoice in his coffin to hear me. Happy, healthy humour seasoned the life of the entire big family, that yet had much trouble to bear. And just as I had loved and honoured the grandparents, so I am bound to-day to the grandchildren, and they to me, in true love and friendship.

XX

Before we went to stay at Selisberg, in the summer of 1874, I had studied Schumann's *Genoveva* for Hülsen, after a rather exhausting season, as he wanted to produce the opera, but wished to see it first so as to form an opinion of it. Wiesbaden, where he usually went after the season, seemed to him the best place for it. So there I first sang Susanne in *Figaro*, and, immediately afterward, *Genoveva*, with only a single rehearsal. I had taken great pains with it, and was rewarded by having it given to Frau Mallinger to sing at Berlin. I could not resolve upon a repetition of it, as I longed for rest and freedom.

We got to Selisberg the end of June. For the first time I saw Switzerland, and her fairest jewel, the Lake of Lucerne. We crossed the lake, and arrived up at the hotel in a thunderstorm. But, as we stepped out soon after, there was a rainbow standing above the Axenstein, opposite us, as it is described in Schiller's *Tell*, when the men took their vow at Rütli, really Grütli, below Selisberg. The scene stood before our eyes like a miracle, although in *Tell*, as one knows, it is a rainbow made by the moonbeams which is described, and that I did not see until fifteen years later, also in Switzerland.

We met, at Selisberg, Baron von Rommel from Cassel, who had a lively recollection of my mother. His daughter was an excellent harp player, with whom she often exchanged old reminiscences. We found a very agreeable gathering of people besides. One day two young men arrived, and, in the one who carried a violin case, I recognised our old Leipsic friend, Wilhelm Schwendemann, subsequently professor at the Würzburg Conservatory. The other was Dr. S——, from Berlin, who became a celebrated throat specialist in London. They were off on a lark together, and planned to surprise us. The few days that they remained up there we devoted to music. Dr. S—— played the piano brilliantly, and Schwendemann was a remarkable violinist. We hunted out everything that could be sung to the accompaniment of the two instruments, while Selisberg stood on its head. Of course there was not lacking a reason for a charity concert, which was arranged in the morning for the same night, with our "kind co-operation," and which produced a thousand francs for a poor consumptive conductor. The real managers of the concert were General von Voigts-Rhetz and his wife, who was to have played first herself, but who backed out, and the famous beauty, Frau von Mutzenbecher, from Wiesbaden, whom Emperor Wilhelm liked to look at. After the two travelling "musicians" had taken their way down to the valley, it became quiet and contemplative again at our hotel and on the mountain.

The event of this glorious sojourn was a letter from Richard Wagner to my mother, in which he asked if we two, Riezl and I, could assist at the Bayreuth Festival performances, as he wanted fresh young children. In order to discuss matters further, he would be glad to see us soon at Bayreuth. We sent him a most jubilant "Yes," and promised to arrange our arrival at Bayreuth for the beginning of August.

We were to be the witnesses of a terribly sad occurrence before we left Selisberg. The humid south wind, called the "Föhn," began to blow, and held all the guests prisoners indoors for many days. Only the most courageous, amongst whom I may count myself, braved storm and rain, and ranged through the forests across the mountains. Messengers made their way up to us with the depressing intelligence that guests could neither get up nor down, until finally, after a week, the weather prepared to change. I had scarcely spied a tiny fleck of blue sky, which the mist immediately hid again in jealous fashion, than I set out, accompanied by old Herr von Rommel, to walk down to Weggis, partly to get exercise, partly to see the devastation. There were dreadful scenes even on the way, and the beautiful paths were impassable. Here lay splendid trees across them; there great levels of soil and pasture had slid down to the depths, and only bare rocks were visible where there had been fertile meadows; the labour of many years was totally destroyed.

At the sight of the mournful pictures of desolate ruin I felt an actual sorrow, which is a thousandfold more intense to-day, now that I know all that is lost in hours of the combined and active elementary forces of destruction. One cherishes and cares for every little flower and animal, refrains from picking any stalk or crushing any insect, so as to preserve them for Nature's household, and, in a single instant, the raging elements reduce myriads of living beings, flowers, and trees to nothingness.

All the places on the lake were submerged, and com-

munication was maintained by means of boats; frightful harm had been done. Sadly we climbed the now almost trackless heights. I did not care to look farther into what seemed to me irreparable calamity. But the Swiss, accustomed to such natural events, and stronger and less finely strung, perhaps, than we are, required only a few days to clear away everything; and, as soon as the water had subsided, the last traces of the disaster disappeared rapidly. It still pained me, however, long after we had turned our backs on Selisberg, overwhelmed with bunches of Alpine violets, given us along the way by troops of grateful people, who meant well. But even then this superabundance seemed vandalism to me—the despoiling of Nature.

If you flowers pick, be modest,
Carry not too many off,
Take a couple, leave the finest
In the turf and on the stalk.
Others passing, on the way, love them also,
And they too would have their share.

JOHANN TROJAN.

XXI

The good sun had taken care to point out to me friendly little places everywhere. How modestly, cheaply, and well did one live in those days at the dear Bayreuth "Sonne." With the exception of the permanent guest, Captain von Schrenck, a friend of Wagner, who introduced himself to us at once, mamma and I were the sole guests of the hotel. Host and hostess shared with us the excellent dinner that consisted of soup, beef with horse-radish, and a pudding, and cost sixty "pfennige" a person.

We went to see Wagner in the afternoon. We stood in front of "Wahnfried," and read the much-ridiculed inscription on the house:

Here, my illusions found rest,
And so I have named this house "Wahnfried,"

a strange saying that one has to grow into.

Wagner received us like dear old friends, and such he actually did have before him,—at least in the person of my mother. After we had met Frau Cosima, also, who greeted us most graciously, and Wagner had instructed us somewhat as to his views, he opened the score of *Rheingold*, and played and sang the first scene for us. Scarcely had we heard a few measures than, charmed by the melodious sounds of the harmonies, I felt myself impelled to sing Woglinde's part at sight. I saw the scene before me, and grasped the perfect serenity and audacity of the three maidens. I felt with delight, like a happiness I had long been craving, that I should be able to give Wagner something that he had a right to hope for, namely, pleasure in, love and understanding for his great work.

At once, upon hearing the first measures, I had seized the rôles mentally, and I said to Wagner when we had finished the scene: "I shall sing Woglinde, my sister, Wellgunde, Fräulein Lammert, Flosshilde; you do not need to trouble yourself any more about the three, dear Herr Wagner." I took for granted that Hülsen would not refuse us the necessary leave of absence for the rehearsals of 1875 and the performances of 1876.

Wagner's large library, reception, and writing-room, which was reached by a hall in which busts were placed, roused my liveliest interest. It was a large, square room, with a bay window opposite the entrance, and thence outside steps led into the lovely garden, that seemed still larger than it was because it adjoined the royal garden, to which Wagner had access. There were shelves around the walls full of costly books in costly bindings. Above them were oil paintings of King Ludwig and Countess d'Agoult, Frau Cosima's mother, known as a writer under the pseudonym of "Daniel Stern." To the left of the entrance was a picture

of Schopenhauer, in front of Wagner's large writing-table; to the right was the grand piano, and busts of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, whom Wagner so highly revered. Between the bookshelves and long tables, where lay many souvenirs on gorgeous stuffs, stood comfortable chairs and arm-chairs of every style and period, that were distributed all through the room. From the outside steps, one looked across the turf to a marble slab, shaded by shrubs, the future resting-place of Richard Wagner.

We saw, also, the four daughters and the small, quiet Siegfried, scarcely four years old, who dug and planted in his little garden. Each of the children had a small plot of ground, where he or she might practise gardening. Two huge St. Bernards, Marke and Brangäne, and several terriers were running about the court, for Wagner was a great friend of animals. We stayed to a meal with the Wagners, during which he talked much about vegetarianism that he wanted to adopt entirely, but his physician was opposed to it. After what I know of it to-day from my own experience, I am certain that Wagner, without going to the extremes of vegetarianism, would have found it a means of lengthening his life.

The next day we travelled back to Berlin, and our holidays were over.

Both my sister and our youngest contralto, Minna Lammert, had now to be secured for the Rhine maidens, which they were overjoyed to take up. Minna Lammert, like my sister, was musical to the core, had a velvety voice, that promised to give a beautiful background to our two high soprano voices, and possessed a remarkably bright temperament, to which she occasionally and audaciously gave full rein. That was what I wanted for the Rhine maidens. Accustomed to order, and weighing every contingency, I obtained from Hülsen leave of absence for us for the rehearsal of 1875, as well as for the rehearsals and performance of 1876, which he granted readily, although at that time he most

certainly was not a "Wagnerite." Soon afterward our parts for *Rheingold* arrived from the "Nibelungen chancery," as the work- and living-rooms at Bayreuth of Anton Seidl, the junior conductor, Felix Mottl, Franz Fischer, and others were called. As my sister was staying with me for a long time just then, we could begin to study at once.

The *Rheingold* we quickly made our own. It already sounded very well, and inspired in us all a feeling of happiness, of which we soon became conscious. It was otherwise with the *Götterdämmerung*, when the parts reached my hands much later, for they were written in very small characters, were hard to make out, and I had to rack my brains over them. I can still recall how I brooded over them; always coming to the same conclusion—that they must have been wrongly copied. But then, when the printed parts made the harmonies clear, and proved that it should sound that way, it had to and did sound so. With clarity came pleasure and enjoyment of the beauties of the work, which revealed themselves more powerfully to us every day and hour, and caused us to develop slowly to the stature that we had to attain.

The *Walküre* was added to *Rheingold* and the *Götterdämmerung*, in which I was to sing Helmwiege, my sister, Ortlinde, and Minna Lammert, Rossweisse, and for me, too, was the Forest Bird in *Siegfried*." I desired that everything should be studied and finished by the spring of 1875. Although it was Wagner's great wish, I could not succeed, unfortunately, in getting his niece, Frau Johanna Jachmann-Wagner to join in our study of the *Walküre*. She was often ill or engaged elsewhere, and we were forced to confine the study of it to just us three. But what were all the difficulties of these parts as compared with the single passage in the *Götterdämmerung*:

> So weise und stark verwähnt sich der Held
> Als gebunden und blind er doch ist!

That seemed insuperable then, but it had to be surmounted and it was.

XXII

If I was to see my programme carried out, we should have to be extremely diligent. The winter brought me much labour due to incessant rehearsals for new productions, and the old répertoire had to be kept up also. After I had already sung the First Witch in Taubert's *Macbeth*, at which I worked with real creative pleasure, I impersonated, also, Maria in his *Cesario* (after Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*). This charming rôle, which I filled to the best of my ability, endowing it with abundance of life and audacity, brought me the first and only punishment at the "blackboard" in the social room, costing me three marks!

In the scene of the serenade in the second act, where Maria, in order to tease Malvolio, appears at the window in her mistress's clothes, and throws him a rose that she carries, I had had an enormous flower made for myself, the size of a lamp shade, and came out with it only at the last moment. Of course the audience and my colleagues laughed, and only Director Ernst, an enemy to jokes, was furious. After a consultation with Hülsen, who had laughed immoderately himself, the fine was remitted, and the placard was removed.

Cesario was brought out in November, and in January, *A-ing-fo-hi*, by Würst. On April 17th, the *Maccabäer*, by Anton Rubinstein, had its first performance, and achieved a great and lasting success. This opera, which was given on only a few stages outside of Berlin, and was quickly banished again, owed its continuing success to the excellent individual impersonations of all the principal parts. Marianne Brandt, as Leah, was unapproachable. She had fought actively, indeed, against taking the alto part, a whim which got her continually into struggles with herself, had made fearful scenes during the rehearsals, had insisted with tears

Lilli Lehmann as Noëmi in *Maccabäer*

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1878

and loud complaints that "this rôle is a nail in my coffin," and then she sang the part more than fifty times without dying of it. Anton Rubinstein had her to thank, chiefly, for the triumph, as she imbued her part with complete artistic abandon and expended all her powers on it. Betz was thoroughly manly as Judah, though he was not a passionate hero. The management had, assuredly, not deemed the rôle of Noëmi of much importance, or it would not have been assigned to me. But I saw at once how charmingly the figure of the "Rose of Sharon" was sustained, how she could give almost dumb expression to her sorrow for her father, murdered by her own husband, and in the end would be capable of developing into a heroine. From that moment I had a dramatic piece of work, such as I had longed for since childhood, when I studied with Frau Binder at Prague, whom I begged even then, weak as I was, to permit me to learn something dramatic. I see from old letters that mamma observed in me, quite early, the indications of a fitness for dramatic expression, but she did not speak of it to me. This fills me with great satisfaction to-day, though mamma, unhappily, did not live to witness my dramatic career.

Thenceforth I shut myself up, did not let any one or anything disturb me at my studies, rebuffed my friends, and worked as one should work, that is, I lived only for my studies and my art. Therefore the rôle of Noëmi was the special occurrence that thrust me into a new epoch in my artistic life. I do not mean to say that I had not taken the same minute pains with each and every little task, or had worked them out less well. But in this little part of Noëmi lay a trace of greatness. The figure developed, or could develop in the course of the work. My ambition had long craved such a task, and only that could rouse and satisfy me. The success I had justified me and my desires, and gave them new sustenance.

Charlotte Grossi, as Cleopatra, was beautiful as a picture, and Heinrich Ernst was a fiery Eleazar. Carl Eckert con-

ducted the rehearsals, but Rubinstein was to lead at the first performance. The "dear Lion," however, had neither theatrical nor operatic routine, so, after many calamities and much profitless parleying back and forth, the Lion passed his sceptre over to Carl Eckert, who had stronger control, and in whose hands the work was much safer than in his.

The dear Lion, Anton Rubinstein! His goodness of heart and modesty can be compared only with Franz Liszt's splendid qualities. The grandeur and delicacy of his playing were incomparable. I loved him and honoured him with my whole heart—both him and his dear wife, Wera. He, too, to the end of his life felt loyal friendship for his first Noëmi. How kind he always was to me, how happy, when we had music together in this place or that. At one of the very luxurious *soirées* at the home of Professor Gustav Richter and his handsome wife, Cornelia, née Meyerbeer, he once accompanied me in some of his songs. The accompaniment for the song, "Wenn ich kommen Dich seh," sounded like flames that were lashed by the storm of wild passion, and I could scarcely follow. When the song was finished, we were both breathless, but the piece had set us on fire. He laughed at me on account of his mad tempo, and we were both happy over our success, that is, I was glad only because the dear Lion was satisfied with me.

He took me with him once to see Adolf Menzel, who, that day, showed his forge in his own atelier (in the Potsdamerstrasse) to his closest friends. As we sat in the carriage after the rehearsal, we discussed the Bayreuth of the future. Free from envy, yet certainly cherishing the gentle wish that he, too, might find something of the kind for himself, the Lion was sceptical of its success, or believed at most in a single passing performance. At the same time he told me about his *Christus*, of which he had great hopes, but which, I think, was produced, in Germany, only at Bremen in 1895.

After Bayreuth, I often met the dear Lion at Countess Schleinitz's. Each time he had played a tremendous concert

programme the same evening before coming, and he arrived at the palace of the Hausminister totally exhausted, smoking cigarettes, and with his linen and clothing wet through. When I entreated him to give himself a little rest, he replied in his frank, unconstrained way: "Yes, Lilli, you are well placed, you have an assured salary; but, if I want to buy the most necessary article, I am obliged to give a concert."

Poor man, how many abused his talents and kindness. A few months before his death we met each other by chance, at the Nordwest station at Vienna, and we had been on the same train without knowing it. From fear of annoying him, I meant to pass by without recognition, but I had not the heart to do it. Walking up to him courageously, I greeted him cordially. It took some time for him to recognise me; he had trouble with his eyes, and now could see only very poorly. Then his face lighted up, he stroked my hair tenderly, and said in his dear, veiled voice almost sadly, slowly, and gently as though he did not want to hurt me, "Lilli, you have grown quite grey." "I have been so for a long time! We have not seen each other for such a while! But you have become so, too, dear friend!" "Yes, I, of course; but you, my Noëmi!" We exchanged only a few words more. He wanted to go on farther, to Russia, that night. I never saw Anton Rubinstein again.

Bayreuth

June–July–August, 1875

June–July–August, 1876

I

BAYREUTH, February 7, 1875.

DEAREST CHILD,

Marie has written to me as beautifully from Cologne as you did from Berlin.

Fräulein Lammert, however, is still silent. Will you not induce her to send a favourable reply, and an unconditional one? I must keep order.

Warmest greeting to mamma, and also to Marie. God knows what you all may still have to do for me, for you are so good.

Heartily your,

UNCLE RICHARD WAGNER.

II

BAYREUTH, May 11, 1875.

DEAREST LITTLE LEHMANN,

Best thanks for the admonition concerning Fräulein Grossi; unfortunately, I have not been able to write her until just now, for I have again been in Vienna. Moreover, I recently had the idea of giving the part of Gutrune to Grossi; there is almost nothing to "sing," and it is only necessary to be lovely, to go through a simple pantomime, so that her task compared with one of the Rhine maidens—in the third act of the *Götterdämmerung* alone—entirely vanishes.

Your scores have all been properly sent to you to-day. Pardon! Does Fräulein Lammert still live so far away? and you so near?

Oh, what confusion!

Kindest regards to your mamma, my good old Lioness (Löwin).

In the hope of seeing you soon,

Cordially your devoted,

RICHARD WAGNER.

III

Date uncertain.

DEAREST LILLI,

Now only a brief report of the alteration which was needful because of your somewhat belated arrival. I cannot change the whole plan of the rehearsals, because everything might go to pieces. You and Fräulein Lammert are not free until June 2d, therefore we shall, of necessity, delay the beginning of the rehearsals until June 3d, in the afternoon, but shall go on now daily with *Rheingold*, leaving then the two following Sundays free to take the place of the two deducted week days.

Accordingly:

Rheingold,	1st scene,	June 3, 4, 5,
	2d, 3d scenes,	" 6, 7, 8,
	4th scene,	" 9, 10, 11,
Walküre	——	" 12.

and so on, I hope, without trouble.

I beg you now to stand by me loyally in the keeping of this arrangement. You will have to give up the music festival, indeed, to my great regret. Vogl is in the same situation.

As to the rest, you are naughty—I intended to say good people, all of you. I shall soon decide about the Sieglinde.

I will send my contribution, at all events, for the Hülsen jubilee. I have come to value this excellent man very highly.

Here is still something "glorious"! Cordial greetings to the Rhine maidens and their mother.

Your most faithful,

RICHARD WAGNER.

IV

Bayreuth, June 1, 1875.

Esteemed and dear Child,

I wrote to Fräulein Grossi, at Prague, at the proper time, since which, as I have received no reply from her, I have turned to you, dear friend, in regard to the acceptance of Gutrune by her.

As I needed another soprano for one of the Valkyries—Gerhilde—and I did not wish, first, to seek still another strange singer for it, because Fräulein Grossi for Freia and Gutrune must remain there at the beginning and the end, I must yield you this part, also, for her. God grant that these views of mine, with regard to the suitability of the lady, are not built too much on sand. I know nothing of her and her good will as yet, except through you, dear child. Do give me your opinion about it.

Perhaps you have frightened her away by your splendid example in respect to the refusal of any financial indemnity. That might happen with enthusiastic souls like you. The young lady, who is so far removed from me, might become discontented in the end, if her co-operation caused her special expenses. In this case, dearest child, I beg you to step in at the right moment, and, by giving her assurances from me, keep the young lady from possible wavering.

How is Marie? Is she with you at last? Remember me kindly to Fräulein Lammert, and embrace your dear mamma for me, now, as I have done.

Hoping for a happy meeting at our work.

Your

Richard Wagner.

V

Bayreuth, June 3, 1875.

It is certain that you are a most admirable child, with whom I am well pleased. As you are related as closely as possible to Marie, the same applies to her.

Believe me, when I say that I have need of such splendid friendship. I send you also my medal.

Hearty greetings from

Your

Richard Wagner.

VI

BAYREUTH, September 26, 1875.

DEAR FRIEND,

Here is a letter from Reichenberg, who recommends a Walküre to me. You know that you have been made Mistress of the Valkyries by me, and, hence, I beg you to take Reichenberg's offer into consideration, and also to communicate with him, commissioned by me. What do you hear from Wild at Cologne?

I have had much annoyance since the great pleasure of our rehearsals. Well, it has come out in all the papers, and I expected that something would have been done by the guests of our house concerning this nastiness. However, it does not seem to be taken very seriously. Good!

Regards to mamma and little sister. You always were and will be the best of all. Express to Fräulein Lammert how much I regret our hasty farewell. My wife greets you all warmly.

Your good little

RICHARD WAGNER.

VII

VIENNA, November 26, 1875,
Hotel Imperial.

DEAR FRIEND,

First, a thousand thanks.

Fräulein Amman cannot be seen, and no one here knows her. If I only had the part of Sigrune back, as, because of the uncertainty, I have got Fräulein Siegstädt here (she is excellent) to take it.

Grimmgerde still causes me trouble, for Jauner believes that he cannot do without his only contralto (Fräulein Treusel, very good) until the end of August.

If only God would duplicate our Lammert!

So it is! This is just to let you know something about me. I hope to return to Bayreuth on December 15th. My wife and children are with me here.

Best regards back and forth.

In a wretched mood,
Your ever-newly-beholden,

RICHARD WAGNER.

VIII

Bayreuth, January 4, 1876.

You dear, good Child,

You are really the only one that I know to be a human being "outside there." I can depend on nobody. If you were only everywhere!—You see I wrote two weeks ago to Eckert, concerning various matters, and also in regard to our orchestra. Good! He replied to me through Wieprecht about that. That was very clever! But now he avoids writing to me, and wherefore? Because he should have to give me a notice about the *Tristan* business, which, naturally, causes every kind of shame and trouble. From the outset, I have not counted—and indeed without any vexation—upon *Tristan* at Berlin. It is too strange to be believed that any one should think he can make shift with this work, if only with respect to the elements of it, without me. Rumours reach me constantly. The latest is that I was expected in Berlin, in January, to "confer with Hülsen, Niemann, Betz, Fricke, and Voggenhuber about the cast for *Tristan*. As I learned nothing more, I paid no attention to this. Now comes the chance that I, very probably, must soon go to Berlin, in a suit against Fürstner, the music dealer, which I do not take lightly. If anything is now going on with *Tristan*, I would like, of course, to be able to combine the two matters. A clear and exact statement of the situation in this latter affair, therefore, would be most welcome, and I beg you for it.

What is this about the "Bayreuth soirée or matinée?" I cannot decline it, although I have refused every invitation to give a concert or something of the sort for Bayreuth, *i.e.*, for the expenses of Bayreuth, as, if I announce the performances with positiveness, I cannot continue to labour for the chances of having it at all. Great disappointments and difficulties have set in, and we suffer much from them. Still of the thing itself I admit no further doubt. I take this opportunity of telling you, for further spreading abroad, that Scaria did not ask 2000 florins for three months, (as he had the face to state in the Vienna papers,) but 7500 marks for the month of August only, and, moreover, 250 marks for each day in July, whereupon I gave up his participation, naturally, for the sake of our other colleagues. (This is a vexatious little matter, by the way!)

What a stupid business, also, that was with Fräulein Amman in Vienna. Not a word came from her up to the last days of my stay there, when I had finally obtained Fräulein Siegstädt; on the day before my departure she announced herself with her address. I had no time left, and now I have lost her letter—and the address.

Since then Siegstädt has put me off again, as the part does not seem just right to her. Now I have regrets about Amman; where does she hide herself?

Neither have I yet got a contralto in place of Frau von Müller, who as "Walküre," writes and congratulates me constantly.

Such nonsense is perpetually happening. Well, I have now told you everything, my manageress and conspiratress. Remain kind to me. Give a hearty kiss for me to Marie and the good Lammert, and think with true affection of

Your bothered but good
RICHARD WAGNER.

IX

BAYREUTH, February 11, 1876.

MOST EXCELLENT CHILD,

'Tis true I have recently already had dealings with a Swede, but he was one-eyed and a Jew. Now let us make a trial of a real "old Swede," (Stockhausen??)—it does not quite please me!

If he has never appeared on the stage the part of Hagen is, of course, a great deal to venture. He might consider the matter a little, however. I shall spend the last week of February at Berlin, and we shall then see what the little Salome has contrived. As to the rest I have not yet quite broken off with Scaria; a legal summons to cover his fee here with an attachment has given me the strange explanation of his behaviour, which had its source less in rudeness and impudence than in necessity. For that part, a certain Kögel of Cologne is recommended to me, who refers to your sister, Marie. I have asked him, also, to come to Berlin.

All is going well with Fräulein Amman. Richter is much taken with her. A contralto is still lacking in place of Fräulein von Fischer.

Well, child, I shall now see you soon again. I have just written to Hülsen, also. I must settle everything now, so as to keep the months free for myself before our rehearsals.

My best regards to mamma—to Uncle Betz also.

Three cheers for the Leipziger Platz!

With all my heart, your

RICHARD WAGNER

(and wife).

[*On the printed invitation to the singers of April 9, 1876.*]

X

DEAREST FRIEND,

I do not know whether I have not already sent you the following. It does not matter. In case something can still be done with the pupil of love, you can use the accompanying copy for him.

XI

BAYREUTH, April 16, 1876.

DEAREST LILLI,

(The printed summons of April 9, 1876, follows.)

Most obediently,

R. W.

After you have read these fine things, which do not concern you at all, and which I inform you about only for the sake of curiosity, I still have a letter from Frau Klara Stockhausen to lay before you, which I received yesterday evening, to let you see what a mess I always get in. Heavens, I perceive that all the women are in love with the celestial young Swede, but his problematic acquisition (I still could not discover if he can do Donner properly) seems to be made yet more doubtful through all kinds of difficulties. I really have no time to bother about your Sangino, with the attention to petty details that Frau Stockhausen desires. I think it advisable not to answer her at all; it is so simple. On the other hand, if you can do it, bring the heavenly Elmblad with you, and if he does it well he may sing Donner; if not, I must know how to help myself.

Many fine, yes, if you will permit, tender greetings to you and mamma, from

Your always grateful,
Richard Wagner,
Composer.

XII

Bayreuth, April 26, 1876.

Dear Lilli,

You have made a pretty difficulty for me! I turned to Herr von Hülsen with such impressiveness that I assumed he would help me, for I had to explain to him that, if my plan for rehearsals, especially in regard to *Rheingold*, cannot be adhered to, I must at once call off the performances for this year. Regarding Fräulein Brandt, I could have wished for a little more reasonableness from you all. It grew clear to me that she would stand higher in her artistic performance than any of the others with whom I had become acquainted. The unattractiveness of her physiognomy is important only off the stage, and for those who are most closely associated with her; it counts for nothing on the stage, and especially in my theatre, and her slender figure alone will have a good effect.

One may indeed expect of an artist like Niemann, that, in his dramatic excitement, the whole surroundings are transfigured to him, and he has no consciousness of the common and actual; it depends on him how the whole appears, including himself, not how it really is, divested of the magic of the dramatic scene. Garrick and Kean took a beer jug instead of a child in their arms, and their closest spectator was transported with horror as the father seemed to intend to throw the child into the river.

In short, I am not much edified by this unqualified repulse of Fräulein Brandt, and it will aggravate my difficulty.

It is fine that you want to have ensemble rehearsals again in May at your home. I beg you then, in any case, to draw my niece, Johanna Jachmann, into them also, with you three Valkyries; she has definitely undertaken the part of Schwertleite, and the practising with you three will be very useful to her.

I must now cause you sorrow. It is a load on my heart that you did not guess that it is impossible for me to keep Herr Herr-

lich as Froh. Am I obliged to tell you now that our poor friend would be really ridiculous? I am sorry. Mediate in this as best you can, and it would be of value to me if Herrlich, as indeed was originally intended, would prove himself of real use to me as leader of the vassals.

Donner is entirely your affair. May God give His blessing to Herr von Hülsen's decision.

Hearty greetings from a very heavy heart, from

Your

R. Wagner.

Have you any idea where Weckerlin is living, and whether she is still possible for us or among us?

It is very fine to hear of your co-operation at the Rhenish Music Festival at the beginning of June! Oho!

XIII

Bayreuth, May 11, 1876.

Best of Friends,

Our Herrlich is making things hard for me. He should have taken a better, perhaps even a more modest, attitude towards the bridge that I built for him out of pure good-will, and in order to leave no mortification behind. In truth, I fabricated nothing in my last and very exhaustive explanation to him, although he scoffed at me as though I had done so. The matter is really exactly as I have put it before him, only it is true that, for a long time, I lost sight of the importance of Froh, and my old purpose came up again only when I had to recognise that it would greatly lessen for Unger the unusual difficulty in obtaining the first act of *Siegfried* for himself, (with which there is so much confusion here,) if he, as Froh, could immediately turn attention to his voice, which is now so magnificent, in the few but brilliant passages. I wrote to you, dearest Lilli, in great haste and rather briefly about it, and you probably executed the task with harshness.

Friend Herrlich might now make the matter somewhat easy for me. I have not wished to hurt him, because he was brought to me by you and your mother, and I have now written longer letters to him than I often do in the most important cases. He may or he may not come; in the latter event a reimbursement for

his stay is at his disposition, of course. I can do without him; that I tell you in confidence.

But now on your conscience, how is it with Elmblad Donner? Elmblad must in any event undertake, also, the part of a vassal. If I can surely depend upon him I much want to let Niering take Hunding, also, which rôle I am keeping back only for the reason that I do not know whether I am assured of the Swede for Donner.

Well!!!

Kindest regards. It is easy for us to understand each other, and only certain croakers make it often necessary to write at fearful length.

Ever your devoted,
RICHARD WAGNER.

The first great period of Bayreuth, included in the years 1875 to 1876, is surrounded by a halo to my spiritual eyes. Nothing belonging to it could grow pale during the long years; the effect of it remains, despite all newer achievements in the province of opera, and that alone, if such were needed, would furnish proof of its extraordinary power. Although the enterprise was solely Richard Wagner's idea, he alone urged on the deed, and he alone led the work, yet very many differently endowed talents were needed to bring it to the completed production; and the magnificent success that one person could never have brought to a consummation is to be ascribed only to the combined talents. The spiritual forces were united in the leaders and other participants. The bond of belonging together made them strong, incited them to the development of their highest artistic potency, and caused them to fix as the pinnacle of their desires the taking pleasure themselves in the almost-unheard of tasks which were then of equal musical and intellectual difficulty, as a tribute to their master.

The individual soul of the single artist was of supreme value to Wagner, without whose greater or lesser genius he

could never have reached mighty effects, nor indeed, did he desire to do so, a fact that should be credited to the highest honour of his clear artistic comprehension. He knew what he owed to the art of the stage in its fullest extent; what he demanded of his artists; what he should receive from those who took part, intellectually, in his work, and who, just because of that, breathed a special individual life into it, that now for the first time completely set free in the listener all those emotions that no score, be it ever so glorious, no puppets nor any scenery taken alone, could really liberate.

So there was much that was unique in its way in the year 1876 that could never be repeated. There was Wagner in his full creative power; the splendid setting that unchained and gave us freedom at the same time; the separate artistic impersonations that one can never see and hear again and that were positively electrifying. There was the tone of the orchestra, consisting only of great artists; the work of art; the individual emotions that animated us, and carried us away up to the level of the great Genius himself; all were combined in an immeasurable whole that inspired us almost with frenzy. It was like a strange and powerful magic spell that still operates its ensnaring force in memory, and, purified of all the miserable human dross, works on me with classical ecstasy.

Wagner was goodness and consideration itself to all his artists. He was most especially so to me. His penetrating eye often rested tenderly and searchingly on me as though he would pierce me through and through. He was troubled incessantly by others about little things, and, if he then occasionally flew into a passion, it was not to be wondered at. Only a few knew of the immense labour of this man. Even if he had trod on corpses to reach his goal, who would have blamed him for it? But Wagner did not do that. He exerted himself honestly, and often with endless patience, to see justice done to each, and to bring everything, even the

most disagreeable happening, with the exercise of much skill, to a good issue. I have never experienced his "ingratitude," and I never observed it towards others. In order to create Bayreuth he had to believe in himself, and had to ask sacrifices of those who were able to make them. There were cares enough by his side, of which we had no suspicion. He did not succeed in confining his broad mind in narrow limits. We knew well, even then, that the money for the enormous expenses could be raised only through revenues that were refused. How bad the outlook was, even in his house, at that time, I did not learn until twenty years later from Frau Cosima.

From the letters to his artists it is clear how endless was the preliminary work that was requisite to set the task into motion. Only he who has ever watched at close range the growth of such an undertaking, or who has himself shared in it, can form a conception of the never-ending cares and labour that attend it up to the last moment. Whoever knows how to work punctiliously, who is accustomed to regulate, and who possesses a practical eye that grasps everything at once at the right end, can accomplish wonders in a short time, if he only meets with those who are like-minded and similarly trained. But to work with those who are unpractical and devoid of a sense of duty multiplies the difficulties a thousandfold, to which ideal enterprises frequently are completely sacrificed. It is remarkable that Wagner did not often lose courage entirely; he had enough against him, but his good humour and energy, thank God, always conquered afresh. I helped as far as I could, and acquitted myself instantly of everything he entrusted to me to discharge. As soon, however, as a third person came into the matter the chief part remained undone, in spite of all letters of warning. One was often in despair.

At the end of June, 1875, we were again sitting in the "Sonne" at Bayreuth. This time we were not alone. The inns, as well as the city, were filled forthwith by artists, and

an unusual life began to animate the dead little town. Except Niemann and Betz, who sought rest and shelter at a private villa up at the theatre, Amalie Friedrich-Materna, Scaria and his family, Hill, von Reichenberg, almost all the Valkyries, and ourselves lived at the dear "Sonne." Only a few were at the "Reichsadler," or provided for in private houses.

Mamma and I occupied a large front room, while my sister and Fräulein Lammert had one towards the garden. We were the first to arrive for the rehearsals, and it was not long before we sang for Wagner at "Wahnfried," our Rhine maidens' trio by heart, without a mistake, as was proper, and with boundless love and delight.

I might say that my noblest memory is the moment when we saw the big tears rolling down Wagner's face during our singing, and heard Frau Cosima sobbing loudly. My mother, also, wept quietly to herself; how deeply she must have been affected by everything at that moment.

We three were much moved, likewise, although we were not a little proud. From that time on, we had to render the song every morning and evening. Our greatest triumph lay in the fact that we were the only ones who had completely finished their rôles, and we impressed Wagner and every one else with our great certainty. When we sang it for Liszt for the first time, and we made a success of the very difficult passages in the *Götterdämmerung*, Liszt laughed and shook his head. He did not believe his ears that they could really be taken aright. We had to repeat them often for him, and the *Rheingold*, also, every evening, in which Hill-Alberich now joined.

Most of them first studied their rôles at Bayreuth. Anton Seidl, Felix Mottl, Franz Fischer, Zumpe, and Zimmer, all tyros at conducting, rehearsed with the artists in every nook and corner. Niemann and Betz had brought Franz Mannstaedt with them from Berlin. Josef Rubinstein accompanied us at Wagner's; in short, each studied with a

different person. Nibelungen sounds came from every hotel room, calls and whistles from every street; there were Nibelungen signals wherever one went, which even our dogs knew and answered with loud barks.

We all gathered at Wagner's during the day and every evening. They were evenings that were undisturbed by anything extraneous; then the master belonged only to the artists, and with the exception of the most intimate Bayreuth friends only Liszt was included in this circle. Gura sang many of Löwe's ballads, of which Wagner was especially fond. It was there, also, that he sang for me Löwe's ballad, "Walpurgisnacht," bringing out its significance quite wonderfully, and he asked Josef Rubinstein to rise that he might accompany it himself, because the former did not grasp correctly the spirit of the poem, that is to say of the composition.

Wagner expressed his surprise to me that this ballad was never sung, for it is very powerful, and he gave it especially into my keeping. For years I carried the thought of it about with me, but I forgot the title, and searched without finding it. One day I received Löwe's *Ballads*, sent to me by Herr Grunow of Stettin, and amongst them the "Walpurgisnacht" blazed forth at me, like my salvation.

"Thank God!" I cried aloud. Since then I have sung it a great deal, and always with the thought of Wagner, for whom, alas, I may not perform it any more.

Wagner loved and revered Mozart. How often I had to sing for him arias from *Figaro*, which he always discussed with admiration of Mozart. I sang several times for Frau Cosima, especially, Liszt's *Mignon*, even before he, himself, appeared in Bayreuth. One day when I was doing it again "by request," I saw Wagner enter and listen to the end. Then, with his head thrown back, a bearing that gave him the appearance of great self-consciousness, he strode rather stiffly through the drawing-room with a bundle of music under his arm, and turned, before leaving, to Frau

Cosima. "Really, my dear," he said, "I did not know that your father had written such pretty songs; I thought he had rendered service only in fingering for piano playing. On the whole, the poem about the blooming lemon trees always reminds me of a funeral messenger." Whereupon he imitated the gestures of a funeral attendant carrying lemons. Frau Cosima had to receive, with a laugh, what was not pleasant for either her or me to hear.

But one had to excuse him, as it was not always easy for him, when the attempt was made to "educate" him, at the age of sixty-two, if he, for instance, did not use his knife at table sufficiently in the English fashion, whereby many a dinner came to a speedy and unexpected end. But he was usually very affable and joked a great deal with his children—his eldest daughter had just returned from boarding school. If one or the other, however, appeared upon the scene, he would ask her, rather sarcastically, what was the word for lamp, cup, book, etc., in French, and tease her because the use of French in his own house was very distasteful to him. His antipathy to it went so far that, in 1876, he issued a formal prohibition of it in his house, and expressed the wish to his guests that only German might be spoken at "Wahnfried." During the year of the first rehearsals it was avoided, although, to Frau Cosima, French was her mother tongue, and to Liszt his language for conversation, and both being accustomed to speak it they did not like to use German.

It is remarkable what a relative stranger Liszt remained to me. We now were together every evening, in the year '76 almost oftener; he was always dear and kind, and praised us liberally, and yet I never got nearer to him. It may have been because he was either claimed by the family at "Wahnfried," or, especially in '76, was obliged to be almost exclusively with those visitors, who, as patrons, brought money to the enterprise, and who took him by storm and did not allow him to have a free moment. Per-

haps the cause is also to be found in the numerous pretty women, young and old, who dogged his footsteps, accompanied him to and from church, who appeared like little beauty plasters at his side, and who seemed to be as indispensable to the great man as sun and air. He was accustomed to it! He was accustomed to it from his pupils, from the thousand needy persons who implored his assistance, and whom, with his kindness of heart, he helped knowingly and indeed unknowingly, also, for they misused his name as teacher.

I would not permit myself to annoy this much tormented man still further, to fall upon him on the street or in the theatre as so many did, and so I restricted myself to talking with him on the regular occasions which I had every day at "Wahnfried," where we were together at the nightly rendezvous or at the more intimate dinners for the artists.

We learned after the first performances with what sentiments Wagner thought of his debt of gratitude to Liszt, when we were assembled in a very select artistic circle for dinner at "Wahnfried," and Wagner proposed a toast to Liszt. He spoke with great warmth and from his heart, showing in a strong light the untiring sacrifices which Liszt had made for him; and how thankful he should be to him with his whole soul for all the friendship which he had unfalteringly and loyally manifested. We were equally moved by Wagner's words and Liszt's reply. It was the first look that I had, from Wagner's side, into Liszt's great, kind, human soul, and it told me enough to blunt forever all the foolish talk about Wagner's ingratitude. The effect was so strong on those present that we ourselves embraced a woman colleague, who had not deserved it in any way, and whom we now received back into favour, forgetting all that had happened.

Things did not always go so emotionally; we had plenty of reason to be gay. In '75 Bayreuth still belonged solely

to the artists, and they simply turned it upside down. And yet that is not correct. They used it as their playground, and the narrow-minded little citizens of Bayreuth stood on their heads. Betz and Niemann, who lived up at the villa, were seldom to be seen. Only when we drank coffee with Betz did we see Niemann-Siegmund sitting on the garden window-sill, dangling his legs and studying his part. Mannstaedt accompanied him at the piano, while Niemann beat time, repeated each phrase a thousand times, and berated himself when he blundered.

After our work was done, it became very lively at the "Sonne." Scaria had a little monkey that ran about constantly on the window cornice, and, when his small wife annoyed him, he would seat her on the big German room-stove, from which she could not get down alone. Eilers-Fasolt, Gura, and other gentlemen wrapped in linen sheets, used to do savage war-dances in front of the hotel. Amalie Materna would seat herself in the empty hotel omnibus that always stood before the house, without the horses, my sister and I would leap up on the box, whip in hand, while Friedrich and Scaria would drag it through the streets; and all this was done at full noon. We serenaded ourselves every evening; every morning all the boots and shoes at the doors were mixed up, and so it went on. There were parties and picnics to "Rollwenzel," made famous by Jean Paul, or to "Phantaisie," or even up in the new theatre, where they had struck water, necessitating the changing of the entire stage arrangement; in short it was an ideally mad life, such as never can occur again.

One evening we artists performed Schiller's *Glove*. Rehearsals and preparations had occupied us for days. Gura read the poem; Scaria was King Franz. He had on flesh-coloured tights, a short little white tarlatan skirt, and was décolleté, so that he looked like a ballet dancer. Over all hung, like a scapulary before and behind, a peasant's window shade, painted in many colours, and his head was

adorned with a black paper crown, ornamented with gold and carrots. Fräulein "Kunigunde" was acted by a tall young tenor, for whom mamma made a very narrow-trained dress out of a coffee bag, and trimmed it with gold. Friedrich was the "tiger"; von Reichenberg the "lion." "The twice-opened gate" did not vomit forth "two leopards," indeed, but ballet-master Fricke set down on the stage, very carefully, two six-weeks-old kittens, and, in big letters, was written on the platform of the palace, "Feeding the animals is forbidden."

For King Franz a tiny little child's chair had been borrowed, in which fat Scaria simply could not force himself. We three Rhine maidens, "the ladies with beautiful wreaths," were made up as hideous as possible. There was great merriment and afterwards dancing. Wagner was also "invited," of course, and was so delighted, so exuberant, that, in spite of Cosima's presence he stood right on his head, and, over and over again, clinked glasses with his dear old friend, Marie, my mother, and drained his glass. Thus did one joke follow another, when we were done with serious matters and the rehearsals.

We were present at all the rehearsals, even when we did not take part, and saw and listened and learned. Except in Munich, where *Rheingold* and *Walküre* had already been given, one had become acquainted only with fragments. There was no end to the curiosity, the astonishment, the criticisms, and none to the agitation either. Music and subject matter threw us equally into ecstasy, filled us with reverence on the one hand, and then again struck us as strange and incomprehensible, until at last the whole web became clear. One understood at once if Wagner played a scene first, and what many of the singers could not grasp, sing, nor act they learned to seize quickly and rightly through Wagner's personal corrections.

Two scenes, especially, are engraved indelibly on my mind through that fact. The Sieglinde then was Fräulein

Scheffsky from Munich, who, it was believed, was a friend of the King. She was large, powerful, and had a strong voice, but was possessed of neither the poetry nor the brains to express in the very least what, moreover, she did not feel at all, not to mention that she could not have rendered it technically. In the first scene, where Sieglinde, overcome by grief and horror at the spiritual wretchedness of her home, has called Siegmund back, she failed completely. Her Sieglinde had not the faintest suspicion either of the greatness of her sorrow nor of the inner power of her yearning and her destiny.

Wagner was extremely dissatisfied, and acted the scene for her. Sieglinde stands transfixed before the wide stone table as Siegmund moves from the hearth with the words: "fort wend' ich Fuss und Schritt," on the point of rushing forth. Something that she cannot control struggles in Sieglinde's breast; her countenance indicates her terrible grief, and her fear that this man, whom she does not know, but who, she feels, belongs to her, will leave her again alone in her misery, causes her to cry, "So bleibe hier!" whereby she turns her face and body just a little, evidently to hasten after him. Then she resumes her former attitude, and with the words, "wo unheil im Hause wohnt!" she supports herself behind with both hands on both sides of the body holding fast to the table, where she remains standing, almost crushed with agony, her head thrown back and her eyes closed, until she is alarmed by Hunding's step, which she first follows only with eye and ear, then with an anxious movement of the body, until she goes to open the door for him. Wagner, with his bad figure, played this with overwhelmingly touching expression. Never yet has a Sieglinde known how to approach him, even approximately.

The second scene concerns Sieglinde once more, in the third act of the *Walküre*, when Brunhild announces to her: "Ein Wälsung wächst Dir im Schoss." Sieglinde who has just been kneeling before Brunhild, and has violently

implored her for death, springs up in nameless fear, and, almost petrified, remains simply standing a moment. Suddenly her face becomes transfigured, a wave of the highest happiness flows through her body, and then she begs as insistently for the rescue of herself and her child as before she had asked for death.

Wagner expressed this change, for the spectator as well as for the singer, with masterly clearness. Only one who was entirely without talent, could fail—in case he neither felt it nor could do it by himself—after some study to try, at least, to imitate it. But there continued to be much trouble over it, and at last Wagner became quite beside himself. Even at the last rehearsals he asked me if it would not be better for me to sing Sieglinde. But who could have learned quickly the part of Helmwiege? It was too late and I begged Wagner to press it no further.

When the King came, on August 6th, to the general rehearsals, he must have noticed how bad things were with Sieglinde, for he enquired of Wagner why the part had been given to Fräulein S.—— Wagner replied: "Because we understood that Your Majesty was especially interested in the lady." "Oh, no," said the King, "not at all. Sometimes I have her sing Lieder at my winter garden, hidden behind trees and flowers, but that is all." As Wagner repeated this to me himself it is authentic. It is perhaps a mere story that Fräulein S—— jumped into the waves of the little lake in this very same winter garden, cried for help, and as the King appeared, attempted to cling to him. The King is said to have shouted at her, "Don't touch me!" and then to have rung for the servant, and ordered him to assist the lady. Frau Vogl and then Frau von Voggenhuber were chosen originally for Sieglinde, but both had to decline, as they were ill at the same time.

The more we comprehended, the greater was the attraction; we lived only in a state of exaltation, and were dissolved in enthusiasm for the work. As we felt with regard

to the composition, so was Wagner consumed in his task. And, every evening, after the troubles of the day, the artists assembled at his house, to which also the whole orchestra, conductor, and chorus were invited once for all. In the still new and beautiful garden, one walked out arm in arm with Wagner himself. How often did I rush around it with him, while he talked to me of his Bayreuth plans, as he intended to give not only the *Ring*, but also works by other great masters, notably, *Fidelio*, and *Don Juan*. Large side tables with cold dishes and beer were set up in the garden, which refreshments swallowed up 25,000 marks, as I was told on the best authority. It happened there once that Frau Jaide, our admirable Waltraute and mythical Wala, was standing, with a plate full of rolls, next to Niemann, who knew her very well, and who was eating with her from the same plate. Frau Cosima took umbrage at this and found fault with Niemann, who thereupon turned his back on "Wahnfried," and even departed. He had to be brought back, and afterwards many another, likewise, who was not disposed to submit to the tyranny of "Wahnfried."

When it grew dark, or if it rained, every one returned to the drawing-rooms, where much divine music was performed. Wilhelmy often played alone, accompanied by Levi, or in quartets with Mahr, Toms, and Grützmacher in glorious fashion. Vogl and his wife once sang the "Love Duet" from *Tristan*, and I listened breathlessly, turned towards the bookshelves. Both singers began softly, scarcely perceptibly, and swelled their whispers to billows of sound, which then ebbed slowly back again. I heard it for the first time, and, when it was over, I could not bring myself back again to reality.

Wagner read aloud to us, one evening, in a very small circle, from his book, *Mein Leben* (My Life), which, at that time, was printed in only a hundred copies, and was only put in the hands of such friends as had pledged their word

of honour not to betray anything in it. It was to be Siegfried's inheritance. Almost forty years have elapsed since then, and the volume has now seen the light of publicity in a hundred thousand copies, but much has been omitted. Just to please my mother, he read us, that evening, the portion about *Othello* at Magdeburg, where he had conducted, and a panic had arisen because the audience had understood "fire" instead of "further." Then followed a scene from Königsberg—or was it Riga?—where Wagner's creditors, late one evening, still pressed him hard, encircled his residence, forced their way in, and he had to escape somehow from it or save himself through the adjoining house. These two scenes, the descriptions of which we remember well, are wanting entirely in the book that has just appeared. This is all the more regrettable because an excuse may be found for Minna Planer in just this story, for her flight from such sad pecuniary circumstances that must have been crushing to the poor woman, who loved order, and whose habit of thought was perhaps too commonplace.

Of course, we had the most of Wagner when our circle was the smallest. When, in '76, Bayreuth opened its gates, not only to the artists but to the amateurs, *i.e.*, the public, Wagner divided his powers, and all intimacy was over. Quite against his will, his house became the gathering place of the aristocracy and the influential patrons. After the exhausting rehearsals we artists felt ourselves constrained to make conventional conversation with people who were strangers to us, or to reply to imbecile questions about artistic matters. There was no feeling of totality, nothing intimate, the deeper sentiments were no longer in control, only the external—curiosity first of all. "Wahnfried," of course, could not remain closed; policy required that consideration should be shown those who helped to promote the enterprise, and Frau Cosima took these duties upon herself in the most self-sacrificing way. Moreover, it was her world, in which she felt herself at home. Wagner was more artist than any

one of us, and felt as little at ease as did we in the almost exclusively aristocratic circle, in an atmosphere that was fundamentally different from his and our way of thinking and feeling.

In the long run, the compulsion which these evenings gradually brought was most uncomfortable. Although I knew the whole elegant circle very well, and it was ornamented by many an individual who was dear to me, we were too fatigued to find pleasure there permanently, and at last we stayed away. We preferred to walk about alone at the Phantaisie or Hermitage, and to meditate upon what we considered it was more important to think of. Sometimes I stood below by the waterworks, while my sister was concealed above, or the other way about; one sang below and the other gave the echo above, without any one having a suspicion that the echo was "also Lehmann." Professor Doepler, the elder, gave us lectures on coquettish Nature, or else on his art, and, in short, we found it much more delightful out there than in the constrained society where we believed we were not indispensable.

We had stayed away, however, scarcely three nights when the day of judgment, in the person of Wagner, burst upon us. I had to tell him in reply to his inquisitorial question, why we remained away—that we thought ourselves as superfluous as the fifth wheel of a coach. Wagner was beside himself; I believed he would go crazy. He besought me not to think that; he must have his artists about him; he would see to it that we should feel ourselves the first and not the last. If I had believed that Wagner would not be aware of our absence I had made a huge mistake. I was extremely grieved that I had brought about a vexatious scene for him and, probably, Frau Cosima, also, who came in the afternoon, although she was ill, to ask us to pardon her, as, because of the heavy duties that lay upon her, she had not looked after us. That I knew, and had never dreamed that she ought to entertain us. I was compelled to give her

a solemn promise always to go there, and nothing further disturbed the harmony of "Wahnfried."

There were many nights when Liszt charmed us by his wonderful playing. A miracle happened to him as soon as he took his seat at the piano. A veil seemed to fall from his face, revealing to the spectator a very different picture, the inner spiritual view of the artist, the great man. So he played his Rhapsodies, and created tone paintings, in which were reflected his home, his heart, and his elegant personality. Around him stood all the pretty women, about whom he spun, who enchained him, to whom he threw kisses, laughter, regard, and love in tones, with whom he played as with children, but who did not understand him. The young Countess Dönhoff, née Camporeale, subsequently Princess Bülow, who was then very beautiful, he apostrophised, when she stood at the lower end of the piano, and listened to his C sharp minor Rhapsody. He paid her, inimitably, his homage of admiration in the F sharp major movement with the four-lined D sharp and C sharp as the emphasised points. They all coquetted with him, and—shall I say it?—he with them, but it was dear and kind in the old man; there was nothing unpleasant about it. His playing transfigured his external appearance, in which his deepest self was then reflected.

Sometimes I sat with Friedrich Nietzsche in some quiet corner, where he talked to me of Wagner's great learning, named the sources from which he drew, and became ecstatic in glorifying Wagner, although he spoke quietly and softly with me. At that time he knew nothing, as yet, of the "wicked old magician" Wagner. But, unfortunately, neither did I know then much about Nietzsche, and I regret that now more than I can say.

When we arrived in Bayreuth on June 3, 1876, we saw our swimming machine for the first time. Good Heavens! It was a heavy triangular contrivance—an iron pole certainly twenty feet high, at the end of which was an oblique

frame with cross-bars, and in that we were to be put and were to sing! I had just brought upon myself bad attacks of giddiness by submitting to very long and fatiguing posings for an oil portrait, and was far from well, so I absolutely declined to mount the apparatus. After coaxing from Carl Brandt, the old master machinist, and Fricke, the ballet-master, Riezl, brave unto death, climbed up on a ladder, submitted to be buckled to the belt, and began to move about as directed from below. I could not let myself be put to shame, so I climbed up, likewise. I was soon pleased with it, and moved myself, first, with the arms—the entire upper part of the body was free, there was nothing one could take hold of—then with the body. Finally Minna Lammert, also, resolved to try the rehearsal in swimming, and now we swam and sang so freely up there that it was a pleasure.

Wagner pinched us, then, with tears of delight, and Brandt, too, was full of praise for our bravery. My vehicle was directed by Anton Seidl, Riezl's by Fischer, and Lammert's by Mottl, and each had, also, a workman belonging to the theatre to push it, and an extra machinist, so that it had three men to run it. And it was dangerous enough. The first great scene of the Rhine maidens was played very high up; the carriages ran on a machine certainly twenty feet high, that rested on wooden supports which wobbled back and forth. As soon as the scene was over, the three carriages were quickly shoved into different wings on extremely small wooden platforms, that were only just large enough to hold the apparatus. Then the big platform on wheels was carried off, the supports underneath were removed,—some were taken away even before we were pushed aside,—and only when the whole transformation scene was accomplished, and Fricka and Wotan were already singing, did anybody have time to think of us poor "strapped" creatures. A ladder was made fast and we, swinging over the abyss, had now to get ourselves slowly out of the superstructure and climb down the ladder behind

us. Only from the platform was there a passable stairway to the stage, and we were released from all danger.

One evening, just as I was being pushed on to the platform, I saw that young Brandt leaned from my carriage over the shrinking, sinking, wheeled structure to Riezl's vehicle, because, as he told us, the latter, but for his help, would have fallen down into the abyss below. It was well that we did not know all the dangers or we should never have had a calm moment again.

I had thought out all manner of saucy movements that looked well from the machine, and felt myself at ease to do all that I proposed to do with my body, and could direct many pretty postures with my sisters, Wellgunde and Flosshilde. We were so confident that we really believed ourselves to be in our element. Then some one had the horrible idea of fastening a hidden tail over wirework to our base at the very last rehearsal, the constant quivering movement of which was communicated, not only to the machine but to us, so that we could not get any rest. I can hear now the voice of Flosshilde calling out, "Mottl, I'll spit on your head if you don't hold me quiet." I was prevented from twisting and turning my body as I had planned to do when feeling secure, and hence many of the best and boldest turns fell into the water. My peace was gone, I never recovered it, and it was the same with my lovely sisters.

Wagner sat on the stage with his legs crossed and the score on his lap, if an orchestral piece was being given, or the orchestra rehearsed alone. He conducted for himself, while Hans Richter led the orchestra below. They, indeed, began together, but Wagner was so lost in his score that he did not follow the orchestra, that was often far ahead of him, and had long passed on to other tempi. When, at last he chanced to look up, he perceived, for the first time; that it was playing something quite different from what he heard with his spiritual ear. Very noteworthy is his sentence regarding

any metronomic beat, which he often repeated to the artist with reference to all melodic phrases of single instruments, "That is your affair; do with it as you will."

The singers saw almost nothing of the conductor. A black cloth was nailed behind him against the sounding-board, so that Hans Richter and his white shirt-sleeves could be found, for he conducted always in his shirt-sleeves, and drove up to the rehearsals at the theatre, whenever he had an opportunity, sitting behind a yoke of oxen in the glowing heat. Everything was novel—the immense distance the conductor was from the stage, and the lack of a prompter. We Rhine maidens did not need one, but there were many others who required one all the more. So prompters of all kinds arose behind every piece of property and in every wing. I, myself, prompted Siegmund-Niemann in the *Walküre*, from behind the fireplace, if he was very greatly excited, and that he always was at Bayreuth.

During the intermissions at the afternoon rehearsals, we ladies sat and embroidered the costumes or made flowers, just as we Lehmanns once did twenty years earlier at Prague.

Frau Cosima had much to say about the costumes and many other details. Wagner and she were very often of quite opposite opinions, and "Wahnfried," not infrequently, was divided into two parties, and especially characterised by Frau Wagner's ostentatious protection of just those artists that Wagner described as "not being suitable" for the work. But he yielded on small points in the end, for the sake of peace.

Frau Wagner felt much gratitude to Amalie Materna, and she arranged a delightful garden party for July 9, 1876, the day before the latter's birthday.

Each of those taking part was to bring a rose to "Mali," which she accepted, sitting on a throne of roses. First came a group of children, then the artists, and, finally, Wagner with the whole orchestra. There were illumina-

Minna Lammert
(Flosshilde)

Lilli Lehmann
(Woglinde)

Marie Lehmann
(Wellgunde)

in *Rheingold*

From a photograph by J. Albert, München, taken in 1876

tions in the garden, moonlight from above, Angermann's beer on tap, buffet supper, and fireworks.

The songs of the Rhine maidens concluded the happy festival. The real birthday celebration followed this on July 10th, in the evening, at the "Sonne," for which extensive preparations had been made. A small booth had been erected in the garden to serve as a stage, lighted by smoky oil lamps, and hung with the collective linen sheets belonging to the inn, and with Mali's nightgowns and wrappers for draperies. The programme was a varied one. The orchestra consisted of an upright piano and a bass drum, upon which Mottl and Hermann Levi accompanied the performers, according to what was required. Riezl sang the Mansfeld *Schnadahüpfeln* to Mottl's accompaniment; Friedrich, Mali's husband, declaimed *Der Radi und die gelbe Ruabn* by Grünbaum, and I danced with ballet-master Fricke, of Dessau, a "Pas de Bouquet," that made a sensation, but from which we got a thousandfold more fun at the many rehearsals, as the excitement of being before an audience affected my ballet graces to some extent. Mali's maid had cooked some superb goulash with noodles, and Friedrich had ordered a huge barrel of Pilsener beer sent direct. More than forty persons took part, not including Wagner, who was quite spent from the fearful rehearsals. But he was right when he said: "We artists are an exploded band; such an evening and such a gathering are completely incomprehensible to others, and will be wrongly judged by those who have not participated. Therefore it is best that we should keep to ourselves."

Serio-comic, and, at the same time, cheerful was the introduction of the dog tax, newly imposed. It was sad, because hosts of animals fell into the hands of common flayers; one met whole cart-loads of these, men's truest friends, of whom only a few were saved. Dear Wilhelmy, who was a lover of men and animals, partly bought and partly withheld from the flayers countless dogs that he

apportioned amongst the singers and members of the chorus and orchestra, compelling them all to take at least one sample which he knew how to find any day and at any hour. He gave three marks for those he bought, and, without counting those he drove off, he must have paid out a fortune. There were often from thirty to forty dogs tied outside the theatre during the orchestra rehearsal, and one can hardly have a conception of the happy uproar, when the rehearsal was over, and each owner released his dog again. I, too, had bought a "Mime" for three marks from Wilhelmy, in addition to our "Petze Lehmann," who went off into an ecstasy at every "Hojotoho" call, but which I was relieved of soon by Richter, the tenor, at Nürnberg, although I parted from him unwillingly, as the animal attached himself to me from the first second with touching affection.

Mali also had a Pintscher, which she carried about with her for years on all her travels. Once when we were off with "Petz" on a country excursion to the Rote Main, Riez, sent the dog down the rather steep shore into the water, where he suddenly disappeared. We were beside ourselves; Riezl entreated Mottl to go to the rescue. He did not pause to reflect, but leaped into the river, and finally discovered Petz, after a long, vain search, hanging to a willow, caught fast. He brought the poor fellow safely to land; a deed for which we could never thank Mottl enough. Then Petz hurt his paw by jumping from the first story, as he heard me call Hojotoho in the street; and, at Scharfling on the Mondsee, he lost an eye in a fight over a bone, and died at the age of fourteen from the kick of a vulgar man, as the maid had thoughtlessly let him out on the street alone. His temperament continually endangered his life and our peace, until his death put an end to this unpleasant state of things.

The King arrived in the night before August 6th, and he drove to the Hermitage in a closed carriage. On the evening of the 6th he was present, with Wagner alone, in the

Princes' box at the general rehearsal of *Rheingold*, and then drove in a closed carriage, and, I believe, even with the curtains drawn, through the illuminated city, back again to the Hermitage, accompanied by Wagner. The King sent his thanks by letter to Wagner the very next morning, and, after the *Walküre* rehearsal in the evening, he seemed in an especially good humour and very enthusiastic. Niemann-Siegmund gripped him, and Wagner went on the stage, even after the first act, to weep on Niemann's neck. Niemann, as Siegmund, had created *the* Siegmund, affecting and grand, that Wagner had put in poetry and music.

Never again have I heard and seen a Siegmund equal to him; all the rest may as well let themselves be buried—I do not care if I offend them by saying it. The intellectual power, the physical force, the incomparable expression were all glorious beyond words to relate. His first step already foretold his fate; the narrative contained in it the prophecy of death. Disaster, love, sorrow, greatness, all stood on the loftiest artistic heights in their expression. Singing and acting, appearance, and mastery of every detail of artistic technique which was concentrated in his pantomime, all this combined, Niemann gave us, and took every one, every soul captive. From a full heart and before all the world must we thank him for this gift, this Siegmund, that was unique, and will no more return than will another Wagner.

Vogl's Loge, also, has never been equalled; he was a born Loge. Acuteness, scorn, wit, envy, his exaggerated accent, that was specially suited for just this rôle, and that sounded not merely sharp but both sharp and biting, together with his incredible musical certainty combined to give the picture of the perfect original Loge. He harvested the first applause.

The very characteristic Alberich of Hill, who succeeded, in the curse, in expressing the quintessence of bitterness, was only approached for me once by Schelper and Haydter of Vienna, although the latter did not quite reach the highest mark. Frau Jaide's Waltraute, Erda, and fabulous Wala

were never equalled in the many productions that I have ever seen. Oh, how deeply are her mighty expressions engraved on my memory. The Wala scene in *Siegfried*, as played by that orchestra and sung by Betz and Jaide, certainly belonged for me amongst the greatest and most enduring impressions of the Bayreuth of 1876.

Next to Hans Richter, who accomplished an almost incredible task with complete devotion to Wagner, his works, his success, and his family, and who could never labour sufficiently with ever fresh love and pleasure, it was assuredly Amalie Materna upon whom the heaviest work was laid. Though she possessed the tremendous voice power required for the three Brünhildes, yet the text, language, style, and the kind of acting were entirely strange to her, and made almost higher demands upon the artist than the music itself. There was danger in undergoing such intellectual and physical exertions for months at a time, and it must be deemed a miracle that she did not break down under the weight of all these combined strains upon her. Now these Brünhildes have turned into flesh and blood, and, through habit and knowledge, have become child's play as compared with those days.

We Rhine daughters, also, did our share. We were audacious and laughed and joked, only to be all the more serious in the prediction made to Siegfried in the *Götterdämmerung*. Moreover, I cannot forbear to mention again that I always sang in the *Rheingold* after my part, "Nur wer der Minne Macht / entsagt," and never "versagt," as I always had to hear it rendered subsequently. I called Conductor Levi's attention, also, to this, when he, in 1884 at Munich, desired me to sing "versagt" instead of "entsagt." Wagner, before whom I sang it hundreds of times, would certainly have corrected me if he had desired it otherwise. The composition, also, witnesses against it, for it does not read, "Nur wer der Minne / Macht versagt," but, "Nur wer der Minne Macht / entsagt." The pause of an eighth comes

before "entsagt" and not before "Macht," as it otherwise should be. And I wish to draw attention here to a second error, which is that, under Wagner, in the *Götterdämmerung*, we never sang in unison the phrase, "Sag' es, Siegfried, sag' es uns." I should like to know who originated the change.

At all events, I have, also, never since seen or heard the Rhine maidens so happy, serene, laughing, and serious, so much in their element. With what emotions did we go to our work! We did what we could out of love for Wagner, expended all our ability, all our talents, and brought to it complete understanding of his gigantic creation. We put our hearts into every word and tone, which demonstrated our devotion.

If we add Gura as a really wonderful Gunther, who invested the part with nobility, dramatic value, and vocal beauty that could not be surpassed artistically, and Schlosser's excellent Mime; the simply divine orchestra, from out of which we think we still hear to-day Wilhelmy's magic *Rheingold* tones, and the admirable chorus, we have ended with the most eminent features of the performances of the Bayreuth of 1876. It was boundless love for Wagner that made possible then what no one else could have asked of the artists.

As Wagner entered the theatre on August 1, 1875 (we had been waiting a long time for him), the Valhalla motif sounded forth, played by the mighty orchestra, and Betz-Wotan sang in his glorious voice and with his great art,

> Achieved is the wonderful work!
> On the mountain crest,
> In its might majestic
> Rises the heavenly
> Home of the gods!
> As in my dreams I dreamt it,
> Such as it was in my will:—
> Strong and fair,
> Resplendent to view,
> Lofty, lordliest bourg!

It was a thrilling moment. Wagner had no time, however, to be thrilled; he walked up to the orchestra from the parquet, and called out enthusiastically, "I have won my suit; the acoustics are excellent!" He thanked all that had shared with him in the pleasure of creating the difficult work, and he emphasised that this was a work of art of great significance, and not a mere banal and extravagant project.

That Wagner had to give up Scaria as Hagen was very detrimental to the undertaking, for he would have been unlike any one else. It had to be done because of Scaria's enormous demands; the expenses were enough without that. Niemann, Betz, my sister and I sang for nothing, and we would gladly have done still more for him if we had then been in a position to do so, or could have looked into the future. But we four were the only idealists, and all the others accepted pay.

Our *Walküre* scenes went finely. Frau Jachmann-Wagner, Wagner's famous niece, whom I had known in Berlin, where she was still active as an actress at the beginning of the seventies, but who was less noted for that than as a singer, was our leader. We worked out many attitudes with her, and represented them as boldly as possible. We had accomplished much, while we were there, and Wagner, who laboured with everybody else, performed wonders; he was often very much used up and ill. But physical suffering disappeared in the thousand exigencies which the colossal enterprise brought with it, until, finally, the height was climbed and the performances began.

After the first *Walküre* evening, Wagner assembled us all on the stage. The audience shouted and stormed outside, but we stood in a small circle around the great master, who overwhelmed us with his thanks, expressed in glowing words, for all our trouble and success; he was greatly agitated. Wagner kissed us, and we were in a solemn mood. Niemann, who happened to stand next to me, was overcome by emotion, something which I saw only this once in him, and al-

Marie Lehmann (Ortlinde) — Lilli Lehmann (Helmwiege)

in *Walkure*

From a photograph by J. Albert, München, taken in 1876

though we were still at variance—ever since the trouble over *Rienzi*—he embraced me impulsively and kissed me. He would indeed have kissed any other person, in that great moment, who might have chanced to stand next him. At the same instant the stage door opened, and Frau Hedwig Niemann-Raabe cried out, "Oh, Albert!" shut the door again, and away she went. The little woman and great artist had always been jealous of me, and continued so even when we became intimate friends later on, using the closely personal "du" between us, and after we had given each other proofs of the truest friendship. Of course I always laughed at her, but she insisted afterwards as before that, "she nevertheless was still always jealous of me."

Although a hall had already been added to the "Sonne" for the expected visitors, yet we artists continued in possession of the small saloon, in which we gathered for the midday dinner, and to which were admitted only a few chosen ones, as for instance, Count and Countess Danckelmann. There it was always lively, and every dinner ended with Mottl, dressed as a lady, in Mali's gowns, hat and veil, going across the street to get chocolate cream cakes (Mohrenköpfe), which was the treat of each person in turn. Some of the Valkyries paid visits, now and then, to the "Nibelungen chancery," and I, too, had once flown so high, into the remotest part of Bayreuth. A letter addressed to me by Anton Seidl was a consequence of this visit, and is good evidence of the prevailing tone of Bayreuth in those days.

Bayreuth, July 20, 1876.

Esteemed Fräulein!

I hope you will pardon me for disturbing your artistic activity with something profane, that is, with a lady's umbrella which was left with me. It hangs in the coffee room of our Nibelungen chancery palace, and stares at us with its golden chain at the handle, and its lilac silk lining in the body. We heard only recently the tidings of its existence, for it was reported to us that

in the forest of fir trees in our coffee room the stallion (my umbrella) kicked the blue mare. Who is the Valkyrie who is able to do that? Or was it Woglinde, Welgunde, or Flosshilde who scorned the rough companion?

Information will be acceptable to

Your respectful and devoted,

ANTON SEIDL.

We used to take our supper, after protracted evening rehearsals, at the little restaurant, to the left of the Wagner Theatre. As soon as we were somewhat strengthened and recovered, we went out on the veranda, shoved the piano out there, extinguished the gas-lights, and then the twenty-year-old Mottl, with his great talent and his charming voice, played and sang for us the whole of *Tristan* from memory. Wrapt in darkness and undisturbed, we listened and lost ourselves in the lofty enjoyment of these consecrated and fascinating hours, freed from all the world, and even from the *Ring*. The magic of Tristan worked superhumanly.

In the spring of '76 *Tristan* was brought out in Berlin. Wagner rehearsed it there in the midst of his immense tasks and the preparations for the *Ring*. He was not thanked for it. The success of it was far behind our expectations, for the Berlin public was not nearly ripe for it, that is, they were not sufficiently prepared to be able to appreciate at all the grandeur and exalted nature of this unique musical language. The production, in parts, could not be surpassed. Niemann, as Tristan, was certainly the most sublime figure that has ever appeared in the sphere of the music drama. Frau von Voggenhuber, also, did wonderfully well for that time, for was not everything connected with the work entirely strange to her? Marianne Brandt as Brangäne, and Betz as Mark, were splendid, while the orchestra, under Eckert, who conducted the wonderful work in a broad style, was excellent. Nothing was wanting but the full understanding of the listeners.

When *Tristan* was first given at Weimar, Richard Wag-

ner's style, music, and language were still quite new and, strange to most singers. It will always remain so, indeed, in a certain degree to the foreigner. It is no wonder that the artists of that time went almost crazy when they were studying their rôles; or that Schnorr von Carolsfeld, the first Tristan, suffered much from it, as is reported, although he himself did not say so, while Ander at Vienna could not sing it at all.

The strangeness of the language, the rhetoric that had never before been applied, the compass of the rôles, exceeding anything ever known, the excessive strain on the memory, —all this must have exerted a bad influence on those artists who faced their tasks unprepared. It is no wonder that the public, also, did not comprehend what was comprehensible to it only after Wagner's death. Frau von Voggenhuber had made an agreement that she should be free a week before and a week after each *Tristan* performance, while Vogl and I, in 1890, sang the two parts three times in six days in New York. The répertoire was arranged without consulting us, and, as every seat was sold, neither of us had the heart to refuse to appear.

In Berlin, I did not miss a single rehearsal or performance. A musician told me that, at one of the first orchestra rehearsals, much fun was made of "the shepherd's tune"; he called it "a never-ending, tedious English horn solo that puts one to sleep." And how deeply had just this very "Weise" taken hold of me, and tugged at my heart when I heard it for the first time. I listened with closed eyes to the magical harmonies of the second act, and I opened them only when Niemann-Tristan began the third act. It was a revelation of the poem and of the music drama.

At Berlin, in those days, and also at Bayreuth in 1875–76, the Isolde always seemed to me to sing with too much reserve. But my inner wings had already stretched themselves towards her; I had worked over the words and music within myself: I stood before the great task not unprepared,

as I made it quite my own, and could finally reproduce it with all my recollections of mighty impressions and models. But how much lay between! Love, sorrow, disappointments, illness, the death of my beloved ones, endless grief, and all the other experiences that are able to forge out of the heart of a simple girl the completed soul of an artist. If only this transformation did not hurt the poor heart so much. It is tortured and trodden under foot, and, if this does not destroy it, and it is still able to accomplish something after all this suffering, it must possess the element of greatness, that must have been allotted to it as a compensation for that which it has endured.

Bayreuth now harboured all those that were concerned with music, that interested themselves in it, and those who acted as though they understood something of it, or as though they were protectors of art. There were many lovable and unlovable persons of all sorts, as is apt to be the case. We were compelled to give up our morning practisings at the "Sonne," that really still took place only to please the Dönhoffs, Count and Countess Danckelmann, Cuno Moltke, and Major von Rabe, who was one of the few genuine music-worshippers and our true friend. One avoided, according to his ability, very frequent meetings, and moreover they occurred at the theatre, at Wagner's, or at general assemblages. Even Hülsen came for the *Ring*, and was to meet Wagner the evening before at a reception at "Wahnfried." Both men were somewhat embarrassed over the first meeting, and Hülsen begged me to stand by him, which was very agreeable to Wagner, likewise, as I noticed. All went much better than we had feared. Hülsen of course, did not want to know anything about the whole *Ring;* he was thinking of producing only the *Walküre*, which was refused him as well as all others. Whether that was for Wagner's best interest I cannot judge, but I think that the other works belonging to the *Ring* would then have been given also.

A brilliant circle had assembled to take up the work or to censure it. Men of great intellectual importance, musicians, painters, architects, crowned heads, princes, counts, lords, and ladies met every night at "Wahnfried." This "holding court" went against Wagner's artistic sensibility, and made him weary and unhappy, but it offered Frau Cosima the opportunity to unfold her brilliant intellectual and social qualities and to let them shine. The credit certainly belongs to her that these "meetings" between Wagner and "le monde" passed off without too much friction. But it was chiefly interesting for the entirely detached spectator.

Count and Countess Schleinitz gave as cosy teas at their private residence as at the Ministry in Berlin, where the guest, in the midst of elegant ease and surrounded by a select crowd, always had a sense of well-being. Next to the King of Bavaria and the artists, it was principally the Countess who deserved the greatest credit for the success of Bayreuth.

Just as the great famine broke out in Bayreuth—it was during the second cycle—we were invited by the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to a soirée. The Grand Duke, who escorted me, assured me that there was actually nothing left to eat in Bayreuth, but he had taken care that we should not go hungry. Besides the Grand Duchess Marie, her daughter, the Grand Duchess Paulowna was present, enveloped in beauty and charm, as well as several other ladies and gentlemen belonging to the family. The Grand Ducal couple were refreshingly amiable, and we laughed, joked, and amused ourselves capitally, and, as we finally, still "masked," let ourselves go in our Rhine maidens trio, in which the universally honoured Alois Schmidt accompanied us, we were overwhelmed with thanks. We took our departure very late after an evening that had been spent so happily and fortunately, which we had enjoyed in such very select company, and of which we long retained a vivid recollection.

From the very beginning of the beautiful Bayreuth period Hill, Betz, Eilers, Mottl, and we three Rhine maidens had joined in studying mixed quartets of Mendelssohn, together with some melodically beautiful ones of Spohr, that we sang for our personal pleasure whenever we were by ourselves. One day a giant picnic was arranged for the soloists by Scaria and Friedrich at Berneck, whither we drove in six or eight huge, covered farm waggons with abundant food and drink and games—even ice was taken. On the way, the gaiety of the "Impresarii" became contagious, and I still marvel that we ever reached Berneck at all. As soon as we had unpacked at the camping place it began to rain in floods, which did not detract from our cheerfulness, and nothing lessened our jollity. Arm-in-arm with Wotan-Betz who spread an umbrella protectingly over me, Mottl and Lammert, who had no umbrella with them, squatting under a big pile of wood, Riezl with several others under the table, we sang, in emulation with the forest birds, our quartets to the praise of God and His glory. A wonderful evening indemnified us for the injustice of the weather, arousing new cheerfulness and causing all hardships to be forgotten.

A favourable opportunity soon offered to make use of our beautifully studied quartets in other ways. While King Ludwig was staying in Bayreuth during the general rehearsal, we resolved to give him the expression of our veneration and gratitude in the form of a serenade. Upon enquiry at the office of the Marshal of the Royal Household, we were informed that His Majesty would be pleased to accept the homage. After the general rehearsal of *Siegfried*, Betz, Hill, Mottl, and we three Rhine maidens drove to the Hermitage, even before the King had left the theatre, or rather we first went to Rollwenzel, that is located half-way, alighted and repaired to a dark room, where, by the aid of a candle held in the dark, we rehearsed several pieces rapidly. No light might be seen from outside when the King drove by, and we had to let him pass before we might follow him.

Everything had to be done secretly, so that the King would notice nothing. It must have been eleven o'clock at night before we arrived at the Hermitage. We waited for some one to conduct us to a little thicket, where, concealed by a Spanish wall, we began to sing by the light of small dark lanterns. The King was walking up and down not far away from us; near him stood a table with a lamp, where he perhaps had taken his supper; otherwise there was a deathlike stillness in the wonderful garden, which was brightly illuminated by the moon. Noiselessly as we had come we crept away again; our hearts thumping as though we were going to the scaffold. I recall that Riezl was half fainting from excitement. The King, however, sent us his hearty thanks, and said how much delighted he had been with our beautiful singing.

Wagner told me that the King had intended to distinguish me with an order. But as he, with fine sensibility, was unwilling to offend any of the other artists, this was not done; but he decided, according to my feeling, upon a much greater distinction, for he sent us a large portrait of himself with his signature. I can still see before me the handsome and remarkable man and monarch, and am reminded by it of the many things that Wagner told me about him; how he often, at first, exhibited great confidence in the world and in men, and how often these same men abused his trust and his kindness in the most shameful way. Thus he became the unsociable man and King, as we then saw him in Bayreuth in 1876, or, indeed, guessed at him rather. For when he hurried by in a closed carriage with curtains, or sat in the dark Princes' box in the dark theatre, no one could speak of "having seen him," no matter what glasses were used. I never had the good fortune to meet him again.

Just as my heart beat then before King Ludwig at the general rehearsal, so did it beat at the initial notes of the *Rheingold* at the first performance, as it began to sound and to rustle down below, and I had to let my voice ring out

suddenly—the first tones of a human voice in the magic realm of the Rhine. It was a glorious moment, that cost me much anxiety and agitation. Others have written about the performances, who judged them from the view-point of the audience, the spectator, or the hearer, but what I have related here about Bayreuth is intimate matter, that affected my life or my heart.

The summit was reached in the first performances; nothing more could occur to heighten our ecstasy, or, as one might say boldly, the paroxysm of our nerves. Not a single tone more was required to make us feel that mankind may not wander under palm trees with impunity, that the unmixed pleasure of art is allotted to no mortal being. We experienced the latter even at the big banquet that Wagner gave, in honour of his artists only, at the theatre restaurant, where uninvited persons and elements of the worst kind had sneaked into places. It left a bad impression behind. Toasts were proposed that caused discord. The last days were no longer beautiful. We had gone through too much that was grand, to be able to endure mere human moderation. We yearned for rest after emotion that had been so long on the stretch, and in the pleasures of memory what had been experienced and enjoyed first became clear. That which had transcended all our forces lay now behind us like a dream. How it was with Wagner, the creator of all this—I felt deep sympathy with him—is told us in a dear letter that he wrote me after the conclusion of the performances. I insert it here, as the keystone to his memory, in which his great heart, full of gratitude, reveals itself, causing mine to beat reciprocally in love and profoundest gratitude.

XIV

(Without Date, after the Festivals of 1876)

Oh, Lilli! Lilli!—

You were the most beautiful of all, and—you are right, dear child—it will never come again.

That was the magic of it all, my Rhine maidens! Fidi sings their melodies continually.

"Gebt uns das Reine zurück!"—

Greetings to Marie; she is so good. Great God, how good you both were!

Ah, how lovely, how good you were! And now! Not even the after play was granted me! Oh, if I had had Lilli there for it!

And now you are really engaged! My congratulations! Farewell, dear, good child! Lilli!!

RICHARD WAGNER.

XV

BAYREUTH, September 7, 1876.

OH, MY DEAR GOOD CREATURE!

How much your letter touched me. Concerning the past I have no other recollection than the regret, especially towards you, that I have not yet shown myself sufficiently grateful. Otherwise, everything is so dead to my soul. As my horses were taken away yesterday I burst into tears. We think of setting out for Italy in a week. I did not wish to start on anything like that immediately, but the King would strongly desire a fourth performance the end of the month, which, of course, must be refused.

Next year we shall still have much to correct. I hope that most of them will be ready to work with me towards my goal, which is, to produce an ever more correct performance. Only Betz casts a shadow in my recollection. The unhappy man went so far, especially at the beginning of the last performance of the *Walküre*, as straightways to ridicule his part. While I still continue to consider the reasons for his conduct, I am more confirmed in the belief that he was vexed because he was not allowed to be called out. I had already suspected this, and I questioned him about it, whereupon he, laughingly turning aside, replied, He and Niemann, any way, generally did not go out at all to make their acknowledgments!

I am thinking, in regard to that, how to provide that the part of Wotan shall be taken by some one else next year, as Betz has announced that he will never again come to Bayreuth under any circumstances. What do you think of that, my best one?

On the whole, I must not occupy myself now too much with the future, for there is enough of a load on my soul.

But—but—you, dearest being, and—let us include them gladly—the sisters— oh, you shine, clear and true, transfigured before me. I shall never forget the tremendous energy of your prediction of death to Siegfried!

And so may the gods preserve the best for us; and so I greet you, dear Lilli, with my whole heart, as

Your true and most grateful debtor,

RICHARD WAGNER.

Lilli Lehmann as Fidelio

From a photograph of the painting by Hans Volkmer, München, taken in 1878

After Bayreuth

1876–1878

Not goods nor gold
Nor godly display,
Not house nor hall
Nor haughtiest pomp,
Not treacherous treaties'
Trammels and bonds,
Not cruel decrees
Of custom and cant;
Blest in delight or loss
Let but Love be your king!
R. WAGNER.
(*Götterdämmerung.*)

THE parting with Wagner was made somewhat easier for us by our firm belief that there would be festivals during the next years—festival performances that we hoped and wished for, and that I constantly demanded of Wagner. It was certain that he desired them, but that he already, at that time, was pessimistic concerning this wish, first became clear to me when I received information of the enormous deficit from this initial undertaking. By good luck we did not suspect this when we said farewell, and we left Bayreuth happy in our sure confidence in another alliance and renewed success.

Everyday life began again at once at the railroad station. If it was difficult to reach this former abode of the Markgraves because there were no good railway connections whatsoever, departure was actually dangerous to life and

limb. Some hours before the Berlin train left, several hundred persons gathered at the station, and a sufficient number of tickets were given out. Franz Abt laid hold of me, while standing in line at the ticket window, and wanted to dedicate some songs to me, but he said, very modestly, that I could easily improve upon them by myself. That I could not do, however, as I never had any mind for composition and I perpetrated a song once only for a very special reason, which was taken away from me—as sometimes happens with my writings—against my wish, and was printed without my consent being asked. I can say, however, that I condemned myself to be hanged for it, even if it found but one reader, and I consigned to the infernal regions "the robber and printer against my will."

Well, we had our tickets, but when the little train with few carriages, which every one stormed, came slowly pushing along, there was no room in it. I can still see Niemann's six-year-old daughter patiently sitting for hours on a heap of shawls, bandboxes, and trunks, and the wild running about, and I can hear the cries and curses. The few first-class coupés were all "engaged." After long wandering up and down we were so lucky as to be taken in by Count Wilhelm Pourtalès—who observed our distress from his reserved coupé—and we could exclaim with the Pompadour, as we were seated at last, "Après nous le déluge!" I actually did not trouble myself any further about what became of the others. Count Pourtalès, who sometimes honoured us by calling on us, and who held my mother, especially, in high esteem, was indeed not counted amongst our intimate friends, but was certainly amongst the most chivalrous. Shut away from the noisy crowd, we could exchange our still quivering feelings with this very sensitive man, and could call this return journey a worthy ending to our happy experiences, and give expression to the hope of a further development of Bayreuth.

We had scarcely reached Berlin, when the old répertoire

treadmill began again, which seemed to me, for a long time, like a mockery of all that we had seen and heard. In this respect, my mother was more intolerant than I, who, at least, had the interest of my own work. She maintained, of some newer compositions, that she could not bear to hear the "wretched stuff," and, for a long time, she could not resolve to go to the opera. Ah yes, a festival, as Wagner produced it, was indeed something different from an opera factory, but, even for him, it was so terribly difficult that for a long while it could not be made to succeed a second time.

For me, however, an event resulted from this Bayreuth Festival that brought much sorrow, and rendered me unfit for many years to be a happy human being.

At the time of the rehearsals of '75, Wagner introduced to us, at Wahnfried, Carl Brandt's young son. He had been talking with his back to us, and, upon his turning quickly towards us, we both felt an electric shock that seemed to pass from one to the other. Was Wagner perhaps the power that was discharged in us, and were we merely the favourable objects? I do not know, and can still find no answer to the question so often put to me. How could we love reciprocally so suddenly, without having previously seen or spoken to each other. So swiftly did the grand feeling of belonging together sweep over us that there was no time even for an impression.

Neither singer nor actor, neither painter nor instrumentalist, and yet, all in all, an artist from head to foot, Fritz Brandt was a child of the theatre in the best sense, whose inmost life was filled by the art of the stage. Wagner loved him and his ideal, enthusiastic nature, that was useful to him and remained loyal to him as long as he lived.

We did not speak; neither betrayed his feelings to the other; in fact, words were not needed. The task that we had to perform for Wagner was a substitute for words and bound us fast together, until silence was broken after

the Bayreuth Festival, and a union of the heart was concluded.

For me, who loved for the first time, and who thought purely and ideally of the love of a girl for a man, it was a road to the perfecting of myself, my being, and I could not conceive of anything higher and purer. I know that he, also, thought and felt the same way. My trust was unshakable, as the striving, industry, energy, and stability of his character, the love and veneration with which Fritz responded to my inmost soul as well as to the artist seemed to ensure me against any disappointment. Our letters—we were nearly always separated—became richer from day to day, through the wealth of new music and stage art that Wagner had just disseminated, and that promised to fill us until our life's end. What we had experienced in Bayreuth, all that we had received into ourselves, had to be worked over that we might bring the fruit to maturity that Wagner expected from the seed.

Then a fearful passion disturbed the happiest of all states of the human soul, and slowly but surely undermined the joy of us both. Jealousy, groundless, blind jealousy corroded Fritz's brain. Jealousy of whom? of what? Of everything, even the most impossible objects.

Fritz usually lived at Darmstadt with his parents, worked with his father, travelled much, but went to Berlin only when his work took him there, and so we saw each other very rarely. Fritz was to provide the stage mysteries and decorations for Edward Devrient, who intended to give both parts of *Faust* at the Victoria Theatre. I followed the charming work with the greatest interest, and all the sketches were already finished when the whole thing was put an end to, both for Devrient and for him as well. When he was with me, I could control, in some degree, his unreasoning jealousy, but I was helpless when we were separated. Then Fritz knew how to convince me so eloquently of my guilt that I ended by believing in it, and was compelled to appear

culpable in my own eyes. In my honesty I tortured my heart and mind searching out the invisible grounds of my sin; I fretted and became steadily sadder and more unhappy.

To this uncomfortable state of things from which I, with my proud nature, in the purity of my heart, could find no way out, was added something far worse. My mother became estranged from me. She grieved about me and with me, without knowing the reason for my sorrow—Fritz's terrible jealousy—as I concealed my tears from her, though they did not remain hidden. She could not be friendly with Fritz any more, hated him, finally, on my account, and thereby heaped still greater grief upon my shoulders. She saw only unhappiness for me in the union, and was disconsolate and unjust towards him and me. In what a miserable situation did my usually brave heart find itself then! My soul, spiritually wronged by blind jealousy, was persecuted, also, by the most painful filial emotions. I soon did not know myself, and, the more acute grew the situation, the sadder we three became, as we all suffered equally from it, because each saw the distress of the others.

I hoped to shut out jealousy by means of a public betrothal. But I erred; it did no good on the one side, and made matters even worse on the other.

Then, one day, I plucked up courage, had a long talk with my dear, good mother, poured out my heart, implored her to submit to the inevitable, and told her that we would not part from one another, nor offend against the great truth that one can neither give nor take of himself alone. We did not attain to a perfect reconciliation, for which Fritz, also, honestly strove, but the frame of mind was softened, as I had won back again my dear, dear mother, at least for myself. Entreaties and excuses had never been my affair, but I learned to make use of them in this hour, when I also learned humility, the conquest of my pride, and the consciousness of spiritual achievement, which, more

than any other emotion, taught me to comprehend the grandeur of human love.

Soon afterwards a severe accident threatened his life and mine. Riezl and I were at Ems for the cure, whence my sister hurried to Cologne for the wedding of a friend, and I made use of the two days to pay a visit to my future parents-in-law, at Darmstadt. Fritz had come to fetch me, and we started at noon by the express that had only three first-class carriages and not more than five or six passengers. About twenty minutes from Darmstadt, our train began to halt and to bump along. Something had happened, but we did not know what it was nor what was still coming. The uncertainty, the helplessness one felt in the close, secluded space are indescribable, and I would not want any criminal to endure the few minutes that this lasted. I noticed how the old French couple who shared our coupé drew up their legs, a measure of precaution I did not heed at the moment; I saw that suddenly the wall of the carriage behind Fritz, who was standing opposite me, split open; I felt how Fritz snatched back my arms, that I wanted to put through the window, and held me in a fierce embrace so that I could do nothing foolish; felt that something was boring into my back and perceived that, finally, the train stood still after anxious seconds. We were saved, we lived.

We slowly returned to consciousness as we heard voices calling across from the station that roused us from our numb state. Fritz kissed me amid tears, and now we could think of freeing ourselves. The iron rods of the rack had pressed into me, but had injured me only slightly, though my face was scratched also. The window, that had been open during the journey, had closed; the coupé door had opened and shut again during the jumps of the locomotive and had caught Fritz's coat, so that those who brought help had trouble in propping it up again. The coupé was demolished, and we four passengers had not been crushed! One fellow sufferer, however, had received a blow on his feet,

and had to be carried out; while another was badly hurt and died of his injuries. Freed at last, we saw, for the first time, what had occurred. The disaster had come from the breaking of the rails. The locomotive was hidden in the ground a meter deep, and the baggage car lay upside down. The first carriage had run part way up the second, in which we sat, and would inevitably have killed us in another moment. In the third carriage, the one that was the least damaged was the only passenger who was killed. The fragments of the rails lay in tiny pieces scattered far and wide, and the whole made a picture of horrible destruction. It was only by good luck that there had been so few on board.

After a disagreeable wait of an hour, we were slowly taken to Darmstadt by a train that had been ordered from there, where no one as yet knew of the accident, and we then first came, also, into the full knowledge of the calamity, as well as the feeling of gratitude and good fortune for our deliverance. His parents' cordial reception and Fritz's loving solicitude for me made my short stay very precious. I felt the severe nervous excitement first in the night, and could get no rest for many days until I lay in my mother's arms,—she was not told of the mischance until much later. At Darmstadt, I could not conceal from myself, alas, that there was much scepticism there about Fritz's jealous outbreaks and the promised improvement. His father said to me plainly that he pitied me.

On my return from a concert not long after, I found my poor mother lying very ill, as frequent agitation had brought on a spasm of the heart. Although the danger was past, my anxiety had a crushing effect upon me, as it warned me for the first time in my life of the possible loss of my mother; but I forgot it only too quickly, when I saw her well again. Until then, however, it was a sad time that was not interrupted by anything uplifting.

Just as she had recovered, a blow of destiny struck me down, under the force of which I nearly collapsed. I still

had faith in my future happiness, when Fritz informed me that he had entered into a contract with Julius von Werther for Mannheim, and hoped to realise great ideals under his guidance. But I knew, as regarded these ideals, that at least a King Ludwig II belonged to them, and that they would not be very easily realised; also, that Mannheim and Julius von Werther were not Bayreuth and Wagner. Fritz emphasised his belief that now nothing stood in the way of our union; that he would not bear separation from me any longer; and he supplicated me to arrange everything so that I could follow him instantly. I talked with Hülsen who did not oppose my marriage, but who refused to release me from my contract. So I was compelled to inform Fritz that a speedy departure from Berlin was not to be thought of, and I begged him first to see his way in his engagement—on which he had not yet entered—to try whether he could work with Julius von Werther as he hoped, and then we would discuss it further. My requests remained without result. Although he had no property and mine was not sufficient, he insisted upon his demand, and in all seriousness gave me the alternative, either, or!

I knew indeed that my "no" would shatter my happiness, and yet I had enough reason left to say it. I alone knew what it cost me; for a long time my life seemed to be destroyed.

When my thoughts troubled me I asked myself over and over if I could not have done better by laughing and joking than I did with my deep seriousness, my love of truth, and my faith in others. Perhaps and perhaps not! Much indeed would have been spared me.

In the year 1884, Fritz notified me of his betrothal to a young lady of my acquaintance, Fräulein von B——. I was the first to receive the happy tidings, because he was sure of my approval of his choice. Certainly I approved it with all my heart. That the girl was earnest and cultured, though she could not be called pretty, pleased me doubly, because it

was a proof of his preference for inner worth. I knew, also, that Fritz would be secure in the lap of her family for his future and his vocation. But here, too, jealousy was the ruin of the otherwise beautiful harmony. As she was turning the music for her old grandfather at the piano, one evening, in a large company, and a scene of jealousy ensued, she broke off their relations at once, for she, also, could not endure them any longer.

Fritz Brandt died soon after in consequence of an operation at Jena, while he was engaged at Weimar as manager with the title of professor.

If I ask myself what this grievous episode, that began so happily, brought into my life, and what it left behind, I must honestly acknowledge that this sorrow softened the hardness of my character, waked my still undeveloped feelings, and ennobled me, for I learned to love and to suffer at the same time. It left behind, in spite of knowledge, only pity for an unfortunate being who did not understand how to make himself and others happy through his otherwise brilliant qualities, and to whose blind jealousy everything that he loved had to fall a victim. My art gained by that which had stirred me so painfully but also so gloriously as a human soul, and with such enrichment one may not shut himself up in hardness and lovelessness. But that my dear mother also suffered so severely is the feeling that pained the longest, and that I can never forget nor forgive him. How deeply did it continue to affect my life thereafter!

He whom thou once hast loved must to eternity
Through all the stress of life be sacred unto thee.
'Tis not for thee to ask if he himself did prove
Deserving of the gift contained within thy love.
A solemn truth is this: because thy love he bore
He claims a right on thee that's holy evermore.
Though he be all unworthy of thy leniency,
Thou must respect the feeling which he woke in thee.

Thou only canst respect it, if changeless, e'er the same,
Thy kindness he to him, however great his blame.
Love him thou mayst no more, if he be false and bad,
But neither mayst forget that once thy love he had.
If power so marvellous an earthly crown invests,
That harm cannot befall the head on which it rests,
How then canst thou be so intrepid as to dare
Work harm to him who once love's diadem did wear.

BETTY PAOLI.

Stockholm

1878—1879

ALTHOUGH I did not neglect my vocation for a moment, yet it seemed to me an eternity before I again found any pleasure in it, and could give myself up to it with my whole heart. I was extremely busy all the while; sang often fifteen times a month, and many new if not exactly very important parts.

In December, '75, we brought out with extraordinary success and great results the charming opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, by that fine musician and far-too-modest man, Ignaz Brüll, in which I created the rôle of Christine. It was performed at the Berlin Royal Opera innumerable times in the next ten years. Two years later followed his *Landfriede*, which was no less sympathetic and just as well rendered, but which fell far behind the success of *Das Goldene Kreuz*.

An event happened for me, on April 15, 1876,—Verdi's Requiem,—which we, Heinrich Ernst, Franz Betz, Marianne Brandt, and I, gave three times at the Royal Opera House. Verdi's wonderful music seized upon me deeply, although we were already sailing towards Bayreuth under Wagner's flag. I was accustomed to sing Catholic music, I knew the ceremonies, the mystical gloom of the Catholic Church, the profound faith of the Catholic people, the power of the music in the consecrated space, saturated with incense, and knew how to represent worthily what then was felt within by myself and others. As often as I sang Catholic

church music—no matter where or what—I always felt with positiveness that I was the only one taking part who did justice in expression to the deep religious emotion, the sacredness of the action. Perhaps the reason lay in my innate consciousness of the Italian style.

This feeling must have been correct in part for, as we, Heinrich Ernst, Georg Henschel, Marianne Brandt, and I sang the Requiem at the Music Festival at Cologne in '77, under Verdi's own leadership, I was the only one whom he did not criticise at all. Verdi was a man of few words, and with him, as with all experts, it was taken for granted that one should master the technique of the artistic tasks that were undertaken, and, without his telling me so, I knew that he found my work good. Verdi is described as a remarkable man by all those who had the good fortune to get near to him. I know that he has become ever greater for me the longer I live, and that to-day I count him amongst the grandest and highest, and I revere and love him as I do them. Verdi had brought his wife with him, and with these two dear, serene people we had a beautiful festival, under the conductorship of the witty and intellectual Ferdinand Hiller, who always signed himself "Fasi" only, and who, as an artist, was very intimate with me.

The festival was adorned by Johannes Brahms, as the third in the union, who, at that time, still beaming with happiness and animation, had all the world of young and pretty women at his feet. As I mounted the platform on the third evening to sing a *Faust* aria by Spohr, and gave my bouquet to Brahms to hold, I saw him pick it to pieces, and hand a flower from it to each young girl in the chorus, while he shook with laughter.

Shortly before this Cologne Music Festival, we had given in Berlin *Le Roi l'a Dit*, by Delibes, in which Minnie Hauk, to please whom the opera was studied, sang the part of Gervaise. I should not have mentioned the work, perhaps, if there were not for me an observation connected with it

about which I cannot keep silence. Minnie Hauk was a great favourite for a long time with the press and the public, but she was already less popular, and least of all, with the members of the company. She was equally unamiable towards all her colleagues, whether men or women. When Niemann, for instance, during a rehearsal of *Aïda*, put his arms about her at the end of the opera to enable her to sink down in death, she requested with emphasis that he would not touch her. Niemann replied, "Then you will fall!" to which she answered, "That doesn't matter," and "bang" down she went. She had guaranteed the management ten full houses for the opera. The work was not specially well prepared, Minnie Hauk made nothing of her rôle, and only a duet pleased that was sung by Frau Hofmeister and myself as two young marquises—and that had to be repeated. After five performances the opera disappeared from the répertoire.

But one must be just. As little as Minnie Hauk had been able to give me up till now of anything special in singing or acting, so much the better did she please me on this evening. What left the audience cold that night was artistically, though unequally, more finely worked out than formerly. The guttural sound of the low tones was not given disagreeable prominence as it hitherto had been, and her singing and acting were more simple and distinguished. Then I realised that it is not in the least necessary to bellow; that one can sing well with a small voice, if it but sound nobly; that it is silly to be led astray by large rooms and the strong voices of others—merely for the sake of competition in power—into overstraining the physical forces, and that "the beautiful" remains "the beautiful" under all circumstances, even though it may be recognised only by the single individual. Never again did I forget the warning. So Minnie Hauk, also, at the close of her engagement, sounded a string that was to my advantage.

On February 20, 1878, was celebrated the double

marriage of our pretty and bright Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Crown Prince, with the Hereditary Duke of Meiningen, and the charming Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Friedrich Karl, with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Oldenburg. *Titus* was given as the gala opera, and Taglioni, the ballet-master, composed a gorgeous ballet for it, in which the ladies of the ballet appeared for the first time in long skirts,—that is, the music was by Mozart, for in those days no one had yet ventured to patch something on to the cloth of the classic masters, who were not then in need of being "improved" as they are to-day. Frau von Voggenhuber, Marianne Brandt, and I received on this occasion the grand medal for art and science on a ribbon from the Duke of Meiningen. This was my first decoration, and where there is one thing others are added to it.

The management had been so accustomed for five years to buy me off from taking my third month's leave of absence, that I almost despaired of ever being able to make use of this artistically for my own purposes. Our basso, Conrad Behrens, appeared at the right moment as a *deus ex machina*, with the query whether I, also, would not go as visiting artist to Stockholm with him, Franz Betz, and the chamber music virtuoso, Franz Pönitz, who had already been known in Sweden as an infant prodigy. Behrens had often acted there as impresario and was much in debt, but I accepted the offer with perfect confidence on condition that he would obtain my leave of absence, which had been steadily refused me until then. What the artist could not accomplish the honest sharper succeeded in. Although the engagement did not offer much, the first release from constraint meant everything to me, and, in the end, it counted brilliantly through success, the becoming known in a foreign country, and in artistic development.

We started, at the end of April, with a pupil of my mother, a young, lively daughter of a clergyman, Adele S——, who chaperoned me on the journey by way of Stralsund-Malmö

to Stockholm. Like fruit blossoms from the marches we soon arrived in Sweden, that was still in the deadness of winter. It was a long, desolate ride, but it was very interesting and sympathetic to me, who, strangely enough, always yearned for the north as though my salvation lay at the North Cape. On and on we went through the dead, waste heath land, past lakes, moors, masses of rock, large and small, overgrown with moss, forests, and bogs, without seeing a man or an animal for hours. After a fine night's sleep, we crept through a long tunnel the next morning, and before us lay Stockholm, one of the most splendid of cities.

We were delightfully established at the Grand Hotel, near the River Mälar. What a view! Great ships were anchored on the opposite shore, close under the royal castle, and with raging swiftness the river shot by, and vessels, also, little steamers that passed under bridges to the islands, or such as kept up communication between the shores. The *Karl IX*, that was employed in this business, often sent up from its landing place thick volleys of smoke to our balcony, so we promptly re-baptised it the *Korl Stänker*, in honour of Fritz Reuter.

The first of May was not a summer day in Sweden, for it was bitterly cold. Downpours of rain alternated with snow-storms, to which we all paid our tribute with severe catarrhs. But the nights were already remarkably bright, when we could read outdoors until ten o'clock in the evening; on the other hand, we were prevented from sleeping in spite of dark curtains, as the northern lights streamed in everywhere and kept us awake.

Custom demanded that we should present ourselves at once to the sovereign. Count Perponcher had given me letters that it did no harm to have, even if I did not need them, to Holtermann, the Court Marshal, and other noted persons. The Queen, moreover, was at a watering-place, and only the Crown Prince remained with his father at his studies.

The King requested me to go to him, on one of the first

days, at eleven in the morning. The Marshal and Count Rosen received me in advance, showed me the apartments, and I was summoned to the King punctually at eleven.

"King Oscar," as I wrote to my mother, "is a large, handsome, elegant man with fine eyes, full of unconstrained affability, and I think we pleased each other mutually."

The Royal Opera House was a splendid old building with excellent acoustics. Historic were the hall, in which King Gustav III was murdered, and the beautiful room, that was arranged for my dressing-room, in which he breathed his last. These memories moved me strangely, as I had often lived through the story myself as the Page in Auber's and Verdi's *Maskenball*.

We began our engagement with a concert at the Opera House; next we sang *Tell*. The King arrived at the end of the first act, remained to the last note and final applause, and clapped with raised hands. During the ballet, which was not very good, he went out, and only returned after it was over. Adele remarked that *our* Kings would have made their first appearance then; but they, indeed, had a better ballet. On his entrance the King bowed to every side, a formality that he repeated upon his departure. It looked fine and ghostly when the outrider rushed away, carrying a flaming torch, in advance of the royal carriage.

Here in Stockholm I sang Elsa in *Lohengrin* for the first time. It was recorded that only now was I seen in my special *métier*, and from all sides came demands for Donna Anna and Norma, rôles to which I, according to my own feelings, was not yet equal. I found excellent artists in the persons of the Conductors Normann and Dente, with whom I would have been ready to risk anything without rehearsing. The chorus and orchestra were admirable, also, and several men and women singers, although the latter were wanting in energy and temperament. I sang *Traviata* with the distinguished Alfredo-Odmann, who, unaccustomed to rapid study or singing, always implored me urgently in the last

duet, "Do not go so fast, Mademoiselle Lehmann, I beg of you; it is necessary to put on goloshes to follow you." With him in the part of José, I heard *Carmen* for the first time, that had not yet been given in Germany, and I was delighted with the opera that has always electrified me afresh, and to which I have been loyal in enthusiastic recognition. *Don Juan*, with me as Elvira, the *Barbier*, and *Faust* followed.

On May 12th, I was strongly affected by the attempt on the life of our beloved Emperor, news of which was brought me by a member of the German embassy, and I instantly telegraphed to His Majesty my congratulations upon his escape, and they were sent from the depths of my heart. I hoped that the people would have torn the criminal to pieces.

We drove, one morning, to Upsala for a concert, Betz, Pönitz, Conductor Dente, Adele, and I, in black concert dress. The performance should have begun at one o'clock in the hall of the library, for we were expected back in Stockholm at four o'clock. But it did not take place, because somebody, to whom Behrens had entrusted the arrangements, had announced the concert without a programme only the evening before, and not more than one hundred and fifty tickets had been sold. Behrens was raging, while we laughed and begged him to give up the concert. Upsala, in spite of its twelve thousand inhabitants, was a dead town, in which only the students "lived," and nothing was worth seeing but the splendid old cathedral. After we had admired it, and I had sent down a silent greeting to my favourite, Gustavus Vasa, in his vault, and we had looked with horror at the doublets of the murdered dignitaries, we went in single file at clear, high noon, singing loudly, through the dead streets of Upsala to the station, and at four o'clock were back in Stockholm.

Whenever Franz Pönitz, the harp virtuoso, was with us we always had a royal time. His childlike animation

infected even our stiff colleague, Betz, who then enjoyed laughing and joking with us, and he always awaked an echo in Adele and me. Unfortunately, Behrens sent him to concertise in the far north with a "Swedish nightingale" (whom we baptised "Tunte Hebbe," because she was so tiresome), to attract the Swedes of the north with the strains of the harp, and the Swedish fish with hooks, which Pönitz never omitted to do. Upon his return he burst into our room with the words "Good morning, ladies," and inquired: "What is 'despair' in French? I am in desperation over the weather."

As soon as the weather improved somewhat we two ladies went walking for hours in the fine Djur-garden, where, at last, primroses and violets overflowed the meadows and forests, and moss of all colours enlivened the grey masses of rock. The lakes and woods suddenly shone with the glow of summer.

The King had sent me a beautiful bracelet a few days after my first appearance. No court concert had taken place in Stockholm for twenty years, and now King Oscar had appointed one for May 21st. He put all his rooms at our disposal for a rehearsal on the preceding evening, but we declined with thanks, as we held the rehearsal at the Opera House.

Contrary to court etiquette at Berlin, where one was merely "commanded," we were here "invited" directly as guests, like the whole court. Very peculiar it seemed to me to see, according to custom, all the ladies in black décolleté dresses and small white mull sleeves trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon set on cross-barred. Only young girls wore white at balls. Of course I, also, had put on my black satin gown for the evening.

Invited for half-past eight we drove up at a quarter after. Count Rosen led me on his arm up to the quite aged wife of the Marshal, who graciously bade me welcome, and took it upon herself to introduce me to the ladies and gentlemen.

Our German Ambassador, also, came up to me at once to greet me most cordially, and all those present distinguished me with attention in the most amiable way. The Swedes have something rarely modest and fine about them, and much heartiness combined with French courtesy. The King appeared with Crown Prince Gustav at a quarter to nine, and spoke to his suite and the guests with the intimate "Du." He complimented me extravagantly on my Margarethe and Elsa, and he also thanked Behrens for bringing such an admirable artist. During the intermission the Crown Prince approached me, with whom I had a long talk. He complained to me about his many studies, but I had to say to him that, as Crown Prince and future King, he must set a good example for every one else and make the greatest knowledge his own to be able to do justice to such a mighty task. King Oscar concluded his conversation with the following words: "It is settled then that you are to return next year. Your Margarethe has fascinated me—I should like to have been Faust,—you have so much distinction in your bearing and appearance, and give so much that is artistically beautiful that I have never heard anything better."

"What more would you have, dear mamma, from a King of Sweden" I wrote to my mother, who could not be present to triumph as her child was distinguished and spoiled. The King was a fine musician, and sang, as Frau Bäckström told me, who, an artist herself, often made music with the King; he also spoke seven living languages, and is said to have made an excellent translation of Shakespeare into Swedish. Moreover, he was a most amiable host, who, at the table, continually set better and better things before me. His guests accordingly felt themselves so at ease that Betz observed: "It dare not be any more intimate, otherwise one would forget that it was a King's entertainment." The King was very animated, and so enthusiastic that he embraced several of his guests. When he said good-bye to me, he asked me

if I were satisfied with the public, and as I replied that it was far too kind to me, he said: "Oh no, that is not nearly enough; you deserve much, much more."

At the end of May, I took my farewell of the King at a long audience. I had sung fourteen times between May 3d and 29th. Now we were to go to Gothenburg for a concert, but, even before we started, the payments made by our honest impresario did not agree. Pönitz had 800 and I 1600 crowns still due us. Betz, alone, had been cautious enough to perform only after the payment of his salary. The accounts were to be straightened out in Gothenburg. Behrens gave me, as a pledge, three diamond buttons that he had just received from the King, and I took them, for it seemed to me safer to have something than nothing. When we arrived at Gothenburg, we were surprised by the news that Behrens would not come, and so we quickly decided not to sing at this concert, but to take a trip to the famous Trollhätta Falls, and then to go back to Berlin at once. What richness of Swedish poetry rose up before my eyes as I lay for a long time, quite alone, on the rocks of the greatest of falls, that were not gigantic, but that intoxicated the beholder by their sweet poetic enchantment.

The way home led through Hamburg, where, despite all our writing and inquiries, nothing could be seen or heard of our honourable impresario. The chief gain from this engagement, that had brought me thorough enjoyment and artistic stimulus besides great distinction, lay in the acquisition of ability to dispose positively of my three months' leave of absence, and to use them for good special engagements, that is, for higher aims.

Niemann as Florestan, whom we all acclaimed, was Berlin's winter event. At last one saw the embodiment of Beethoven's ideal figure, as had happened before, perhaps, only with Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and in which, after Niemann, no one else can ever succeed again. His incomparable and masterly performance stamped the work, that until

then had served only as a stop gap with the addition of a ballet, which Niemann forbade in the case of a leading opera as long as he sang in Berlin.

Wagner's old friend, Richard Pohl, the writer on music, with whom I had become acquainted at Bayreuth, now invited me annually to co-operate in a concert on the Empress's birthday, which she celebrated in Baden-Baden, and which concert the noble lady always attended. Then I sang at Bonn, where I met, for the first time, our then Prince Wilhelm, now our Emperor, who was studying there.

The oftener I was honoured away from Berlin the sadder I was made by my "Princess rôles," when, as occasionally occurred, I was assigned exclusively to one of them. I sang once again the most detestable of all opera Princesses—Elvira in *Die Stumme von Portici*. This time I was even already announced in advance on the programme of the previous evening, which until then had not been done in the case of this opera. One may do with the rôle what one will, all trouble is in vain, nothing can improve it. The only attainable end was to get through the matter with calm elegance. In the first aria the lines,

> My beating heart
> Announces this wonderful day,
> My tongue cannot express
> My intense rapture,

are repeated fully ten times with trills and fioriture until one is sick. The rôle disgusted me, and still more that of the Prince, my husband, one of the most unfortunate tenor-Prince parts of the third rank of which the modern imagination can ever conceive.

Once, as we walked out of the church door, happily or unhappily married, and my princely spouse sang a stupid phrase to me, "bounce," fell a huge bouquet on my train, just between us, and he had the unlucky idea of picking it up and handing it to me. "Bang," and another one flew

from a proscenium box in the second row, and a third and a fourth until there was a full half-dozen, which put the audience in a most cheerful mood. On the stage, however, all maintained their dignified bearing, and only when the curtain fell, did I rush howling to the dressing-room, whither the objects used in this fearful attempt on my life had already been taken. Here was revealed the involuntary criminal. I had become acquainted the day before, at a party, with Professor Noiré, who, together with the amiable host, intended the beautiful flowers for me, and instead of sending them explicitly to my dressing-room had left the matter to the florist, who had been so awkward as to throw them. I can laugh over it to-day, but then I howled over the tragi-comic scene, the like of which, thank God, I never experienced again.

Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* had been produced at Vienna with great success; Materna as the Queen and Wilt as Sulamith had got themselves talked about, and now Berlin was to have the decorative wonder of the desert. The parts were distributed, and Frau von Voggenhuber was given the Queen. Instead of giving Sulamith to me, the only one to be considered for it, the rôle was given to Frau Mallinger, who had the good sense to return it at once. But I was not to receive it even yet, for it was entrusted to a wretched beginner, who was not suited to it either personally or vocally, and still less as artist. Only as the impossibility of it became apparent, and even Eckert, who conducted the opera, opposed it, was I deemed good enough to be allowed to create the rôle. Never was the obvious thing done for my talent, and even less what would advance it!

The part lay in the high register and demanded dramatic as well as vocal effects that required power and technique, which even I, with all my experience and artistic knowledge, had to master by special study, because every new composition brings new situations, new difficulties for the singer, and new vocal effects into action.

One day as I sat alone with Eckert at a rehearsal for *Sheba*, he complained of his eyes that were specially troublesome that morning. I polished his glasses with my gloves, but he insisted that something flickered incessantly back and forth before his eyes. When we were all assembled the rehearsal began. As we reached the second finale, that was being tried in ensemble for the first time, and which was not easy to sing, we grew steadily louder, more vehement, and falser; one shrieked above another until we reached a climax that resembled a real Jewish synagogue in its musical confusion, and then we suddenly broke off, laughing loudly, and shook with merriment. After we had had our laugh and were quiet again, Eckert closed the score, and said in his divinely calm way, "I think we have done enough for to-day," whereupon Betz-Solomon took him by the arm to go with him to Lutter and Wegner's to empty a good bottle of "Rotspohn." We went out together laughing heartily. The next morning we were horrified by receiving intelligence of Eckert's death. He had died in a cab that very evening, as he was going to call for his pretty wife at a dinner, after he had finished giving many lessons.

In Carl Eckert we had to lament a man who could not be replaced, and whose goodness could not be sufficiently extolled. Born at Potsdam in 1820, he received instruction as an infant prodigy from Zelter and Rungenhagen, and from Ries on the violin, studied with Mendelssohn-Bartholdy at Leipsic, was conductor of the Italian Opera in Paris, and went to America with Henriette Sontag. From 1853–61 he was court conductor and artistic director of the Vienna Court Opera; 1861–67 court conductor at Stuttgart, and, finally, from 1869–79 court conductor at Berlin. He was universally held in high esteem.

Eckert still knew something of voice culture and singing; he understood from the first tone what the singer was capable of, where he should help him, where he could enlarge, or where he should glide over something. He had much

knowledge beside his great talent, and an immense following. He knew exactly what he owed the singer, where his authority began or ended. His arm, both energetic and pliant, led the singer or was led, according to the correct feeling of the artist, and when Eckert sat down below one felt that a musical vibration streamed through the performance. That which came directly after him was sad for opera and still worse for art.

True to my promise at the end of April, '79, I again travelled to Stockholm for a special engagement. Greeted with homage by the King and with delight by the public, it was again a glorious time for me, and this year I was favoured, also, by the most perfect weather. At my very first audience the King bestowed upon me his order, *Litteris et artibus*. Besides *Faust*, *Traviata*, and Elsa and *Ernani* in Italian, I also sang Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*, for the first time, and Isaura in a Swedish opera, *Die Wickinger*, by Hallström, the King's favourite composer, who always accompanied him when he sang. I had studied the rôle with German text, but I wanted to learn it quickly in Swedish, so as to show myself grateful to the King, and also to the public. I knew two acts already by heart, when the King requested me to to go to him, first, that he might thank me, and, at the same time, to ask me to sing the part in German and immediately, as he was dying with impatience, and, moreover, was obliged to go hunting on a certain date.

King Oscar was so exceedingly kind as to sing something for me on the day just mentioned. He sang the *Faust* aria, various compositions by Hallström, and the duet from *Faust* with me—Hallström accompanying. The King did not sing like a dilettante, but like a first-class artist. Now I comprehended his understanding, and what boundless pleasure he derived from music, which had become second nature to him. After we had finished, he took me into his study, and walked about the room with me fully half an hour,

chatting about art, and also wrote for me some lines to the governor of the castle at Gripsholm, where King Erich sat so long in captivity, and expressed a wish that I would visit the castle. But when the King said to me, quite regretfully, that I should not see as many soldiers in Sweden as in Berlin, I had to smile, and exclaim from the bottom of my heart, "Thank God, Your Majesty, one can breathe freely here," whereupon he joined heartily in my laughter. On leaving the apartments, I took the wrong turn, and, before I had found any one to set me right, I met the King again, who gallantly cried out, "Voilà les beaux esprits qui se rencontrent!"

I had again promised to return another time, and I fully intended to do so, but it could not be done, although I often received proposals from there, while the hope of again seeing beautiful Stockholm and its most gracious sovereign was frustrated by his unexpected death. Shortly before, the King had sent me word through Geraldine Farrar, that I must go there because he would like so much to hear me again before he died. But who could have believed that he would go so early to his long home? I can still see him in his box during *Tannhäuser*, listening in ecstasy, with his hands folded almost with fervency, to the passage, "That also for him the Saviour once suffered." It was uplifting to know that he was feeling and thinking in sympathy. His highly artistic sentiment and his enthusiasm inspired the artist for his task, and caused him to give his best.

As my dear mother expected me at Christiania at the beginning of June, I sent my companion home, and accepted an invitation from Frau Bäckström, who owned a fine country estate in the neighbourhood of Stockholm, and whose husband made every effort to render it attractive to his family. Four splendid sons, ranging in age from ten to sixteen, filled the house and garden with life. Starting about ten o'clock at night, we sailed in their own yacht, from sunset to sunrise, that is, the sun played hide-and-seek;

then, when we thought it had just gone down, up it came again on the other side. We often watched the sublime spectacle until two o'clock in the morning. The family presented a charming picture when Frau Lilly sang Gounod's *Ave Maria*, and three of her sons accompanied her on the piano, violin, and 'cello. She told me that she was wooed by her noble husband when she was a rich girl, one of the von Löwenklau family. A few days before the wedding her parents disclosed to him that they were completely ruined, but he paid all their debts, and took his Lilly to his home, poor as she was, without any one knowing what he had done. When we were taking a drive she visited her parents' grave, which I did not know about in advance, where she said a short prayer. I was walking behind her, and I took from my breast a little bunch of lilies-of-the-valley that one of her charming boys had pinned on me for the drive, and laid it on the grave. I did not suppose that she would perceive it, but she embraced me, however, quite overcome, with the words, "You have a heart."

Frau Bäckström often talked to me of King Oscar, and of his brother also, the deceased King, Karl XV, who had lived in the greatest simplicity, like a plain citizen, and who went in and out of the homes of most of the families of the town at will, and who stayed here or there to dinner or supper unannounced. He was idolised by the people, and they would not believe in his death; they preferred to think that he was only ill, or had gone into retirement to reappear some time.

I took long walks through luxuriant fir forests, in good company with the dear boys, who led me, also, to the great agricultural establishment belonging to Herr Cadier, the owner of the Grand Hotel. The arrangements were admirable, and the splendid stables were interesting, especially the immense pens for the pigs, that, together with their occupants, shone with cleanliness. Adjoining the winter quarters were large, open summer spaces that led directly

to a beautiful lake, where all the big and little pigs were bathed every day. The animals were inviting, one had to admit. Herr Cadier put in my arms, a tiny black and white sucking-pig that he begged me to keep as a memento of my visit, and that I really carried back to the house, and then left as a pledge with Lilly Bäckström. But when she sent me, a year later, a huge ham from the dainty baby, I could not bring myself to taste even a morsel of it. I had carried the little animal in my arms, and that was sufficient to take away any appetite for its flesh.

Christiania! It is always natural beauty that chiefly elicits my admiration. So I ascended alone the Frognesäter, first enjoying there in quiet contemplation, and then on Oscar Hall, the view over the country, the city, and the harbour, where hundreds of white sails, large and small, amongst great ships, flew over the blue level of the sea in the gold and orange light of evening. The next day I clasped mamma in my arms, who had come to me by way of Copenhagen. In the evening we strolled through the city. Children played in the streets, people went about their business, as though it were early in the day, everything lived and moved, and yet it was half after ten at night, and the sun was just beginning to incline, blood red, towards the western horizon.

The first fjord that I saw, at Ringericke, made a truly immeasurable impression on me. We drove, by carriage, over a good high road out from Christiania for from two to three hours, through tropical vegetation, past small hills, many mills, and fine summer residences. Then the country became desolate, and without houses or people. A huge rock seemed to close the way, but a tunnel led through it that one did not suspect, and suddenly a view opened over the lonely fjord, surrounded by high bald grey rocks that sometimes scintillated with changing colours. The blue sky and water, the absence of any visible living being, with nothing but sublime solitude, formed an ever memorable picture of the profoundest peace and eternal rest; it was the

goal of my yearning towards the north, where I should have liked to stay forever.

We went from Christiania to Lillehammer, from where we could either go by steamer over the great Mjösee or by the just opened railway to Drontheim. We chose the latter.

While waiting for the train at the little station, I heard two elderly ladies, the only passengers besides ourselves, speaking the German of the Palatinate. Full of pleasure I told mamma, and must have spoken so loudly that both ladies overheard me, for immediately afterwards they stopped in front of us, and said: "Yes, we belong to the Palatinate, and know you very well; you are Lilli Lehmann, and this is Frau Lehmann, your mother!" We were speechless, but the puzzle was soon solved. The two ladies, officers' widows, were intimate friends of Aunt Dall' Armi's daughter, Frau Hanauer. They had been informed by her of our northern journey, knew us well from pictures, and so had no difficulty in recognising us. They studied some language every year in winter, and travelled in that country during the summer; they had very little baggage, and were excellent, bright, practical travellers despite their fifty years. We continued together as far as Drontheim, then made excursions to various waterfalls, and separated only because they went on to the North Cape and we to Molde.

Lilacs and laburnums were just in bloom at Molde at the simple little hotel,—a lovely cliff picture. Even a seal lay on the shore, but it disappeared as soon as we approached it. In order to get a view of the open sea, I attempted to ascend a mountain behind the hotel one evening, and went through forests, over rocks, and by marshy meadows, ever higher and higher without reaching the top, for the farther I mounted the higher towered new peaks back of the one I had just ascended, until finally I gave up and stood still. Then a picture presented itself, such as Hildebrandt has painted, and which I never took for real. Far beyond stretched the sea before me in a golden flood, and hundreds

of rock ledges lay between, dipped in gold; scarcely could the eye endure the radiance, and it blinded me. Seeking protection from this blaze of light, I turned to the left, where I saw the hills and mountains steeped in red and violet, and this gorgeous colour was explained when I myself stood enveloped in little clouds of mist that, red and violet in tone, swept by me. As the mountains became paler and darker I had to think of my return, for it was late and I was alone on the marshy, unknown, trackless peak.

From Molde we went by steamer to Veblingnäs, the entrance to the Romsdal, where we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, and, after some hours, we drove to the first night station in a small, two-wheeled, one-horse carriage called a carriole. As we turned into the narrow part of the valley about eleven o'clock, a regular sirocco blew towards us. The drive became steadily hotter, until we stopped at a blockhouse. There was not a living thing to be seen. The driver got the house-key out of some hiding-place, unlocked the door, led us into a room with two beds, set a tub of thick, sweet cream on the table, added "Knickebrö" to it, said "good-night," and vanished. It tasted fine to me, but my poor old mother, who could not bite the bread, went hungry to bed. We could not think of leaving the next day. The sirocco raged so that we had to cling to each other if we only wanted to cross the yard. We remained thirty-six hours in this rocky wilderness, surrounded by high, bare mountains like dolomites. As there was no prospect of any other food in the entire valley, which it would have taken from four to five days to go through, we changed our route and went to Gudbransdalen over a glorious big river, that poured down from the glaciers, past Björnson's estate, that lay rather high above the road on a green meadowlike hill, and arrived after a four-hour walk (my mother was seventy-one years old) at a blockhouse that was also an inn, where we were excellently cared for.

A fearful rain-storm began towards evening, that soon

drove us into the high peasant beds, where, dead tired, we fell asleep at once. We were rudely aroused in barely three hours by loud talking and calling, and we heard with alarm that our anteroom, into which opened our only passage in or out, was filled with men. As soon as it became quiet, we fell asleep again. In the morning, I wanted to come to an understanding with the innkeeper about continuing our journey, so I knocked on the door of the anteroom about seven o'clock, and a strong, youthful, masculine voice called out, "Come in!" I entered, and saw two young students lying in bed, smoking long pipes. On my return, we executed the same manœuvre, and I had to laugh as I passed them. When mamma and I were ready to start we were compelled to pass through again, but the students were already dressed, and they assisted me—as they spoke a little German—in coming to an agreement with the innkeeper. We drove, in the still pouring rain, to the steamer landing and took the boat to Bergen.

There I visited the fortress, but did not have leisure to see more of the environs, for my dear mother began to feel very unwell. The strange physician advised us to go home, and, in three days, we were on board the steamer that carried us thither. One met English people almost exclusively, who crossed from the British Isles in their own yachts, to devote themselves to the catching of salmon in the large rivers or waterfalls far in the interior of the country, and who could travel very easily in their floating hotels, that were supplied with every comfort. Therefore one could get along well by speaking English, although it was not universally understood, while in Sweden, especially in Stockholm, French was in the ascendant. I often noticed in Norway how the British, when paying their bills, would reach down into their pockets, pull out a handful of change, and hold it out to the landlord or waiter, who would help himself to the amount due him. Now, after thirty-three years, things may be different.

We changed boats at Stavanger, where there was a splendid basilica to be seen, in the choir of which stands Thorwaldsen's *Christ*, that produces the purest impression by its simplicity; it is the sole ornament of the entire church. I have rarely been so moved by the view of a sacred edifice.

I climbed up into the choir, where stood an harmonium, and sang a song, after preluding, that was listened to only by my mother and the doorkeeper.

Mamma recovered rapidly and completely after our arrival in Berlin. I had to give up my vacation on her account, but we made ourselves comfortable in the empty city. Our journey had been beautiful, despite the bad ending, but for mamma, it had been too fatiguing. I came back, however, enriched by mighty impressions, without suspecting that the greatest sorrow of my life was not to be much longer averted.

The strength of the impression that great artists exert on young talent, the revelation of the expression of that which youthful persons still hide shyly in their own souls, and which they see and hear before them in artistic form, cannot be compared with any other gain for the essence of art. To see vividly expressed what moves others, what they rage at, love, renounce, and suffer, combined with individual artistry, is what triumphantly transports and charms the listener and spectator. I was, at last, to have the opportunity of recognising in two great Italians the grand technique of dramatic art. I do not mean by that the technique that is generally described as "routine," and that speaks neither of art nor of individuality, and which many comedians adhere to on and outside of the stage; no, I mean those few select artists, who, aside from their varied acquirements, give their own inmost selves at discretion, thus representing "human beings" in a real sense, historically or psychically interesting characters, and rise, thereby, to true individuality in their work.

Towards the close of 1870, Adelaide Ristori played an

engagement with an Italian company at the National Theatre in Berlin, appearing as Elisabetta, Maria Antonietta, Lady Macbeth, Maria Stuart, etc.

Her colossal art opened my eyes to dramatic art in general as well as to the Italian in particular. What was not this woman capable of, and how little was one aware of her age, which one completely forgot through her great art; for example, when she, as the sixteen-year-old Queen Maria Antonietta, induced her weak husband, Louis XVI, by means of a couple of amiable words and a relaxed finger action of her most sensitive hands, to go with her to Trianon. I learned from her and Rossi to work out rôles, and I perceived that all I had done up till then was simply nothing in comparison with the boundless artistic treasures and accomplishments of the technical means which these two great artists had at command, and which they, like other great masters, had acquired only by incessant study.

I became acquainted with Rossi on the occasion of his second star engagement, which took place at the Royal Theatre. He sought an introduction to me, visited me, and told me that he had studied on Hamlet alone for eight years before he presented himself in it, and that he needed to give the most assiduous study to each part for many years, until he was certain of his comprehension of it. He thrilled us as Othello and Lear. After he had ended his first engagement with Lear, Edwin Booth appeared in it a few days later, and it was extraordinary to see how entirely differently in temperament the two great actors had conceived the part. Rossi was the cloud-storming hothead; Booth the resigned old man, craving rest; and yet to my eyes and feelings, both of these monarchs of the stage, through their art, fully discharged their debt to Shakespeare.

These engagements enlarged my vision, and it is not remarkable that, some years later, a strange lady in America, who saw me as Brunhilde in the *Götterdämmerung*, said to her neighbour, whom she did not know but who was an

acquaintance of mine, "She reminds me of Adelaide Ristori." One must not misunderstand me; I am only seeking to prove how lasting was the impression made on me. No one can blame me that I took her "capacity" as an example for myself. But I pity those who permitted such great models to pass by without profiting from them by learning, from seeing and hearing all that could be got in that way, how to transplant it as a noble sprig for the good of art and their own individuality.

Unhappily, people to-day are superior to the art of the great tragedians of those days, who were able to send us into ecstasies by their individuality and their immense ability, because they succeeded in developing individuality out of the specially prominent figures which the poet had already created. Instead, much is made of the realism of the dramatic art of the present day, which permits the individuality of the artists to be drilled and compressed, by the management, into insipid colourless creatures upon whom one turns his back only too gladly. To show one's good-will, one attempts over and over again to concentrate his interest on this that is "new and insignificant"—for the "disgusting and the vulgar" I eliminate at once. It is all in vain; after five minutes, one loses interest or is bored by the unindividual, inartistic, that is, would-be realistic art of the theatre of to-day, and can leave the house after the first act, consoled by the consciousness that one is losing nothing by remaining away.

It is most natural that exact knowledge of a great technical method should create a certain style in those who stand outside the répertoire factory, and who are engaged, all their lives, with only a few of their favourite parts. Not to become too typical in attitudes and movements is then the chief task of the artist, which I would express as follows: it is the study of artistic technique, which, in itself, is always combined with exaggeration, for it concerns us visibly and audibly, that is to say, it aims to make comprehensive to

others, in large spaces, our own finest sentiment for something or other, which is the finer the more complex it is. Artistic technique must attain to the proportions of beauty through the esthetics of the soul, and only thereby can it, seemingly, become nature.

Goethe says this more concisely:

> Nature and art seem to have fled each other,
> And yet, before one is aware, have come together.

London

1880–1881

I

NOW that I was counted by Hülsen among the birds of passage, I took flight, this time to London, to acquit myself in a short engagement under the old impresario, Colonel Mapleson, so that I should be held in respect by the public. Mapleson had had for decades a celebrated Italian opera season, first, at Covent Garden, and then at the new Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. He gathered together annually the greatest stars, understood much about art, conducted his business usually with a balance on the wrong side of his books, and, although perpetually in financial difficulties, was always able to extricate himself cleverly. He enjoyed the confidence of both the public and the profession, though many of the latter were so prudent that they had their salaries paid in advance. I drew mine, usually, on the day of a Patti appearance, waiting patiently in the office until the money had been taken in at the box office, and then it was promptly paid out and I received it. Accustomed to well-ordered conditions, it seemed to me that this way of doing the season's business was wholly unworthy of the English capital. I sang *Traviata* twice, and Philine in *Mignon* twice, also, with genuine success. *Mignon* was then Christine Nilsson's best part; she was unwomanly as Margarethe, and, as Elsa, she

comported herself like a student in disguise. She went astray in the second duet with Ortrud, lost herself entirely, and, instead of getting in again without attracting attention, she laughed aloud, turned her back to the audience, and did not sing another note until Lohengrin's entrance. I could never see Christine Nilsson again without recalling her unworthy behaviour. Trebelli's contralto voice, that had once been so gloriously velvety, had gone down into a pure bass. She still sang, but only the smaller parts, as for instance, Friedrich in *Mignon*, that, with us, was always done by a tenor. Campanini was not only admirable as Lohengrin, Alfredo, and Wilhelm Meister, but he sang and acted everything superbly. Galassi was a good baritone, and Arditi an excellent conscientious conductor. These three last-named artists were to be taken seriously, which was not always so with the others, although, of course, very excellent all-round performances were given as a whole, over which a specially favourable star was watching.

Though my engagement, also, had a brilliant aspect to outsiders it did not give me the anticipated pleasure. Mapleson, who predicted a great future for me, implored me to persevere, and to return annually, because the Englishman remains loyal to an artist for life as soon as he has become accustomed to him. After any one has sung in London for ten successive years he needs neither a voice nor anything else, as he is secure for all time. Mapleson considered me the only person predestined to follow in the footprints of Tietjens, who was adored by England and by him, and he entreated me to sing there at once, Fidelio, Norma, Donna Anna, and Valentine. But I did not feel that I had grown up to these tasks, and so we both had to wait for me to perfect myself.

The Princess Friedrich Karl had personally given me an autograph letter to her daughter, the Duchess of Connaught; and Lord Ampthill and Count Perponcher had provided me with at least a dozen to other influential people.

The Duchess received me most amiably at Buckingham Palace, but Count Münster, who was then our Ambassador, did nothing, and I did not present my other letters, because Mapleson declared them useless in London, where only custom ruled, and said that "good singing" was the best recommendation.

Mamma and I lived in a small French hotel, "Dieudonné," in St. James Street. We had a pretty drawing-room with a balcony, and a bedroom on the first floor, and we slept together in an immense, genuinely English bed that we both found uncomfortable. When we lay beside each other at night, and folded our hands, we exactly resembled the married couples carved in stone on a sarcophagus. The situation did not improve until we got separate covers for ourselves. Anton Rubinstein had occupied this apartment before us, and his cigarettes were still lying there. Saint-Saëns lived next to us and a Spanish singer, Pagans, was above. Nearly the whole Comédie Française from Paris, which had been giving performances for several weeks, was staying in this hotel, and, in addition, some French painters, Mr. Poilpot amongst them, who won our hearts by taking in all sorts of starving dogs.

Madame Dieudonné, a very bright widow, together with her brothers and sisters, knew how to make the house attractive, though it was sometimes too noisy for us. There was much music, as one can imagine, and there was often talking on the stairs and in the passages until two o'clock in the morning, although, according to the orders of the police, the house had to be closed punctually at eleven, and the lights put out in the restaurant. If, after midnight, we returned from the opera and the actors from the Comédie, we all supped together with the shutters carefully closed, and no one dared speak a loud word. But on the days when there was no performance, we stayed together in the tiny parlor after dinner, and it was both noisy and lively. The most daring of them all was Saint-Saëns; he reminded

me strongly of Hans von Bülow, who could be just as unrestrained. Saint-Saëns would sing Rosine's aria in falsetto, with the craziest fioriture and trills, until one rolled about with laughter. He imitated wonderfully "Rosine and her Strakoschonerie," as Rossini once said to the youthful Patti, who had sung his aria for him with a thousand changes by her brother-in-law, Strakosch. Pagans had a drawling voice, but the style and manner of this Spaniard's singing interested me extremely; his melancholy notes warmed me, for in them, the glissando, drawn in quarter tones, insinuated itself with peculiar charm into the ear, an effect that is indeed unique with the Spaniards. The French performed scenes, and I contributed my share, also, by giving German Lieder, accompanied by Saint-Saëns.

London was not strange to me. Shakespeare had taught me, from my youth up, to know every stone and every spot, every house and every street in it. Shakespeare! Through him I knew London, and greeted it like a friend, like an old memory. I attached myself to it with tenderness, or rather I clung to Shakespeare, and to all that he had ever given us. I increased my knowledge in museums and galleries; I admired certain things all day long, and impressed others on my memory. Then we wandered for hours at a stretch through Richmond, Windsor, Virginia Water, etc., through luxuriant gardens and glorious parks. In good weather London is beautiful and earnest. What is horrible in the life of this city of six millions never shocks me there in the same degree as the things that I have seen in Paris. The indifference of the English people is soothing, and makes it possible to "live" in the huge city. Personal worth and courage have a share in it, although the individual counts for less there, perhaps, than in other places.

But the fogs, the fogs! those lie heavy on one's head and heart, and smother every pleasure. Even then, in June, dark or yellow sulphur-like clouds rolled into the room at noon, sometimes, so that one could not work at all, even

with a light. The season, therefore, was delayed until the summer months, because the fogs in March and April are still worse. At those times, a host must be prepared to keep from fifty to a hundred guests at his house overnight, because no one, either walking or driving, can find his way through the streets. It is possible for a man to stand before his own house and not be able to discover the door. The fearful fogs drove us away also; we yearned for the blue sky, German soil, and German conditions.

I returned, however, on Mapleson's invitation, in May, 1881, and was to have sung Aïda, in addition to the parts in which I had already appeared. In the hope of curing mamma's cold, we went to Brighton for a week, where her cough grew still worse. To Mapleson's horror, I let London and Aïda go in order to take mamma to Marienbad, for which she longed. But first I had to sing again with others, at the Albert Hall, in a monster artists' concert, for Mapleson's benefit, that always brought him in an immense sum every year, and in which all the artists appeared without pay. This time, those that sang were Patti, Nilsson, Gerster, Trebelli, my humble self, and Fräulein Tremelli, really Tremel, a Viennese, who asked me if I was familiar with the hall, otherwise she advised me to look at it before my number or I would break down. I knew that eight thousand people were in it, but I neither took a look first nor did I collapse, and I sang my waltz as well as I could. Before our departure, we had the pleasure of welcoming our old Uncle Pauli from Cassel, who was staying in London on a visit to his married son, and whom we met in this immense city, by accident, at the Tower, although he lived in Canonbury, and we quite at the other end of the world.

Riezl, who had replaced me during my leave of absence, had arrived in London, and we now took mamma to Marienbad. I had always detested watering-places, so Riezl and I acted on a sudden inspiration, and went straight to Rome for a week. There we enjoyed what only Rome can give.

But what is a week at Rome? We were not prepared with a plan, and not ripe enough for it. Now that I am ready to live through quietly this inexhaustible delight, I am afraid of seeing the wretchedness of the animals in Italy, and that spoils every longing I feel to go there. This paradise remains closed to me, but what I then saw and felt works in me in memory more powerfully, perhaps, than would the modernised actual Rome of to-day.

Riezl's leave was at an end and we were compelled to tear ourselves away from Rome. A small beggar boy, with great black eyes, stood on the platform, and silently stretched out one hand to the window of the coupé, while he stuffed fresh almonds in his mouth with the other. A small coin that I threw him vanished in his little jacket, that was full of darns and also of holes, and remained there, lost somewhere within. I can still see his beautiful eyes, and the silent, graceful movement of the small Roman beggar, our last impression of Rome.

II

THE winter of 1880 brought me a longed-for task, that of Venus in *Tannhäuser*. I had been kept waiting for it a long time. For many years it had been first in impossible and then in inadequate hands. Did no one understand what was due this rôle? Where was the intellectual power, the divine revelling in beauty, in the riches of love, and in the luxurious, prodigal "letting go of one's self"? There was no indication of triumph, happiness, despair, or anger. Nothing was heard but a handful of notes, and nothing was to be seen at the best but—a painted doll. It was different when Albert Niemann and I sang and acted the scene.

Only a few days later Rubinstein's *Nero* was given with Niemann, Betz, Mallinger, and me as Poppæa, in the caste; a difficult but grateful task for me that received recognition,

indeed, but, unfortunately, did not pay, because the opera was given only six times. February of '81 brought Mozart's *Idomeneo*, that had been newly studied, with Niemann, Betz, Brandt, Voggenhuber and me, a great performance on the part of my colleagues. *The Taming of the Shrew*, (*Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*), by Götz, had its first production on March 18th, in which I was Katharina, and Fricke, especially, as Baptista, did a very fine piece of work that was full of humour. The opera remained in the répertoire. One might think that I had no reason to complain, either of too little employment or of bad parts, but I did in fact have cause enough, for I was treated as though I belonged to the second-rate artists. Most of the good rôles I received only when others could not sing them or refused them for other reasons, and, suddenly, an open rupture came between Hülsen and myself.

Betz had long desired to sing the part of Hoëel in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, and begged me to propose the work to Hülsen with myself as Dinorah. I did so, but Hülsen replied that he would not give D——. Nothing more had been said about it, when I read one day that the Royal Opera intended to revive Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. As soon as I saw Hülsen I expressed to him my pleasure in the news, whereupon he observed that not I but Fräulein E. T—— would sing the part. Starting up, I said shortly, "Then, Your Excellency, permit me to ask for my discharge," to which he replied, "Do whatever you think you ought to do." E. T—— was a pretty young girl of Italian origin, engaged for Minnie Hauk, who had come to us from Vienna, where they could not use her as a singer. The conductors there had made observations several times at rehearsals such as, "Now come the trills which Fräulein T—— will first study," and other similar remarks. I must state, in advance, that she was not only a pretty but also a nice girl, which, however, did not prevent her little voice sounding like broken glass, and neither musically nor dramatically could she

make the least claim to professional standing, nor, perhaps, did she make it herself, for she was modest.

Before she began on her engagement Blondchen, Despina, etc., had already been taken away from me, without a thought whether E. T—— could sing them. And now she, who was artistically so much my inferior, was to sing *Dinorah*, the opera that had just been mentioned as D——! I at once requested His Majesty, the Emperor, to grant me my discharge, stating my reasons in full, and asked Hülsen, through whose hands my letter had to go, to forward my petition, and to inform me of the result as quickly as possible. Many weeks passed without an answer coming to me in any form.

As the silence at last became painful to me, and I wanted to talk the affair over quietly and objectively with some one, I asked our old colleague, Fricke, if he would come to see me about a matter that was very pressing for me. The next day I told him all, and asked for his advice. Fricke replied with the very extraordinary words: "Don't you know, then, what is in the newspaper about you?" "In what newspaper?" "Well, in—" and he gave the name. "What is it?" I asked. "I cannot tell you that very well; get for yourself the issue of such and such a date."

Fricke left, and I rushed—although it was Sunday—to the office of the paper on the Gensdarmenmarkt. I knew the owner socially. There was only an employee in the office, who laid before me, at my request, a great pile of papers. I seized upon them at random, and soon had the notice in my hands. It ran thus:

Concerning Fräulein Lilli Lehmann's request for her discharge, no decision has yet come from the Emperor. We think we should mention, moreover, that according to all appearances, it is principally personal reasons that are at the bottom of this petition for a discharge, and the question of the filling of a part serves only as an excuse. Fräulein Lehmann is much out of health, and sees the necessity before her of being absent from the

stage for a number of months continuously, when she will, without question, be able again to return to it. She has perhaps been unwise in tendering her petition for a discharge, as, under the circumstances, the necessary leave of absence could not well be refused her. We have already stated that the request for a discharge will not be accorded.

Trembling all over, I ran with this at once to Councillor of Justice Laué to ask his advice. After he had read it, he said: "You can do nothing about this; there is absolutely nothing in it that one can seize upon; of course you can read what you choose between the lines."

"What shall I do then? horsewhip him?"

"Oh, you won't do that!"

"I certainly shall, Herr Councillor, for how can I get justice if I cannot bring an action against the slanderer?" The Councillor smiled, but could not help me. So I went homewith a heavy heart, and told everything to my mother, who was naturally beside herself.

I went to the newspaper office again the next day, but the editor-in-chief and the owner were not there, and it was no different the day following. On the third day I was told the same thing, whereupon, thoroughly aroused, I asked, "Is the gentleman never to be found then?" A shrug of the shoulders was my reply, and I had to return home again without having effected my object. I was going to try my luck once more on the fourth day when, as I was leaving, a young court actor, Stockhausen, was announced, whom I refused to see. Herr Stockhausen requested again, insistently, that he be admitted, so I had him shown in, and asked him to be brief as I was obliged to go out. Herr Stockhausen, whom I knew only from seeing him in the opera box, came to pay me a farewell call as he intended to leave Berlin—I do not know for what reason. Time pressed; I went downstairs with him and he accompanied me a few steps. I finally told him of my vain attempts to meet the newspaper gentlemen, and that I was just about to go in

search of them afresh. Herr Stockhausen begged to be allowed to go with me, but I gratefully declined his escort. He insisted, however, and said that it would be better to make the trip under masculine protection, so I yielded and accepted his companionship.

This time I was more lucky, for, as I surveyed the scene from the corner of the Gensdarmenmarkt, I saw the editor-in-chief in front of me, disappearing into the office building. I ran after him, caught him on the stairway, stood in front of him, and said, "I have need of a talk with you!" As it was too late for him to escape, he asked me to go up, after I had introduced Herr Stockhausen. The gentlemen in the office looked very glum, as they could surmise that they might prepare themselves for something special. When we were seated in the room of the editor-in-chief and the owner, I began the enquiry:

"See here, this notice appeared in your paper."

"Yes, I am very sorry that it was accepted."

"By whom was it written?"

"I do not know."

"Who is the responsible editor?"

"I am."

"How did the notice get in the paper without your knowledge?"

"I do not know."

"If you are the responsible editor must you not have read it?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Will you retract this article?"

"Yes, but——"

"Will you retract this article, I ask, and in all the other newspapers, also, in which it has been copied?"

"Pardon me, this tone——"

"You have no right to speak as though you have the choice of retracting or not; my tone is such as is suited to your article. Will you do it?"

"But——"

And then I could not contain myself any longer, and I boxed the ears of the wretch for his unexampled coarseness towards me and my profession, which he believed he might indulge in without being called to account.

Turning around I felt a hand on my neck for just an instant, and, immediately afterward, I heard something crack. Without looking about, I walked through the adjoining room with my head held high and without a word or a bow. On reaching the street I burst into a flood of tears. Herr Stockhausen led me to a cab, and told me that the villain had tried to take hold of me, but he had seized him from behind, and had flung him down on a sofa. So it was well that I had had the protection of a man, and I gave thanks for the chance that had brought it to me at the right time.

I reached home in tears, and could only call out with sobs to my mother, "He has got it." "For heaven's sake, Lilli, he will revenge himself on you!" cried mamma. "He will leave me alone," I replied, and breathed easily again, in the full conviction of having done a good deed.

In the evening, when I had recovered from the shock, I went to the opera-house and told Niemann and Betz about it, who both embraced me. I went, also, to the editorial rooms of a respectable paper, to give an accurate report, so that no garbled account would appear in the press. It first became known at Siechen's, and the news spread like wild-fire through the whole city. The next evening all the windows were broken at the office of the "interesting" newspaper, and the editor was given a charivari. All Berlin was in an uproar. Hülsen asked me to go to see him, to express to me, on behalf of the Emperor, how much the latter was pleased with my courage, although he could not quite sanction the box on the ear. Hülsen entreated me to take back my petition for my discharge, and said if I would only stay he would fulfil all my wishes. I thought it over

at home and sent him my conditions from there, which were that he would grant me an extra three months' leave of absence, which I wanted for a long visiting engagement in Vienna, and it was allowed me, together with some other minor stipulations. I recalled my application for a discharge, but the letter relative to this could not be found, and it certainly had never reached the hands of the Emperor.

Letters and flowers rained in upon me during the next few days, and I received telegrams from all parts of Germany. Clubs and students' associations expressed their appreciation of the "brave deed." The editor-in-chief had run up a big score against himself. For years he had had the impudence to print in his papers articles that could not be misunderstood and "interesting" insinuations. No one, even those that stood highest, amongst the ladies who were before the public, no young girl belonging to the aristocracy, to society, or the theatre was safe from his slanders, and not seldom had he been threatened for it, but, unfortunately, only threatened, so he had continued his mischievous course without scruple until he found a judge in me. That people felt themselves relieved of an incubus I learned from the thousands of grateful letters and comments that poured in upon me from every side.

A few days later the house was sold out at the opera for a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*. I had not appeared in the meantime, and the public had reserved everything for that evening. Fräulein Driese, who was sitting on the stage, as Bianca, when the curtain rose, was taken for me, a mistake that was soon perceived when I came on as Katharina. Now the storm broke; there were cheers, applause, a never-ending shower of flowers and wreaths, until I sobbed aloud from emotion and excitement, and was able to master my agitation only by exerting tremendous energy. The audience, naturally, made use of every opportunity to trace a connection between the opera text and the affair. So there was great enthusiasm when

I gave Petruchio a little box on the ear instead of the desired kiss. At the end of the act I received from a sporting club, a bouquet of white roses, the size of a carriage wheel, with a switch attached—which was not to my taste—intended to express the thanks of the club for attacks on the aristocratic circles, unavenged until then. After the opera students wanted to take the horses out of my carriage, but the police interfered. On my return home from the opera, I found a keg of Culmbacher beer hung with garlands, that had been sent by a students' organisation, the head of which begged me for one of my gloves, which I sent him, and he kept it there for a long time, framed and under glass.

The matter had many consequences as it is easy to imagine; the agitation subsided very slowly, the more so, as, contrary to my most emphatic wishes, the anti-semitic newspapers made great capital out of the affair. The editor was dead to me and to Berlin, and he had dug his own grave.

And if he is not really dead,
Then lives he still to-day.

Dresden, Prague, Vienna

1881–1882

IN addition to more-than-sufficient occupation in Berlin, the winter of 1881–82 brought me many concerts and visiting engagements in Dantzic, Prague, Dresden, and Vienna, besides London. I should never have believed in the possibility of Dresden, for my sister had been very badly treated there, while filling a special engagement, where it was said of every rôle, "Frau Schuch sings that; this one is too good a part of hers"; so that extremely few satisfactory ones remained open to Riezl, and the engagement was a failure in consequence. Now I was to sing in the place of Frau Schuch, who was in "an interesting condition," as often as my time permitted. As Hülsen granted me leave of absence, as soon as it could be done without upsetting things at Berlin, I had arranged with Count Platen, the Intendant, that every Saturday, after the announcement of the répertoire, I should telegraph my free days to Dresden, and the parts that I should have to sing there would be telegraphed back to me. Finally, the choice was left to me, and no further reply was needed.

Now I could sing there anything I wished, and, at first, I oscillated for five months back and forth between Dresden and Berlin, when Hülsen said to me one night, "My dear Lehmann, you are singing constantly at Dresden; why do I know nothing about it?" He had forgotten our agreement, and I continued to swing quietly back and forth. The

Dresden engagement made me happy and was brilliantly remunerative to the opera-house. It is no wonder that we both made the fullest use of it; I sang Carmen there eight times among other rôles, as I had worked it out very elaborately for myself, and had already sung it, when visiting at Dantzic, with great success. Everybody was delighted with the animated performances, as they usually are with favourite guests, and Schuch and I sometimes took tempi that were not badly conceived.

One evening, however, when I appeared again as Carmen, a shudder of fear ran through me, for, instead of Schuch, I saw Court Conductor Wüllner standing at the desk, whom I revered equally as man and musician, but with whom I had never done the opera. What in the name of heaven was going to happen? The opera that night was begun a half-hour earlier, contrary to all custom, because the King wished to see it, and he had issued invitations for that same evening. Schuch had forgotten this, was missing when it was time to begin, nor could he be found, and Wüllner had jumped in as an angel of salvation. This I learned only when I had recovered from my fright, and as, in the middle of the Habanera, I saw Schuch rise out of the abyss beside Wüllner, like Banquo's ghost, and Wüllner sink beside Schuch. Court is paid to any one who pleases, and I can truly say that I was adored by the Intendant, his wife, Schuch, Wüllner, the whole company, and last, but not least, by the public, that has remained loyal to me up to the present day.

But how one did rise in his profession and his work under the guidance of such a brilliant operatic conductor as Ernst Schuch, who knew how to lift one up and with whom one could fly; who did not cling with his arms like a ton weight to his desk, but who felt and breathed with the singer, and who watched the latter's mouth instead of the score. Schuch allowed the spirit of art to hover above the works of art, and did not attach leaden weights to the wings that bore up

the artist. But there could be merriment, also, together with all the seriousness, as, for instance, in the *Merry Wives*, when Degele, the best of all Beckmessers, in the part of Fluth, pretended, in comical madness, that he could not control his jealousy; or when I, appearing with Buls and Erl in the *Wildschütz*, before the *da capo* song of the quartet, "Innocent are we all," put around my neck my immense laurel wreaths that had just been thrown to me.

I recall, also how Riese, the heroic tenor, as Manrico, while Luna-Buls gave expression in the first act to his thirst for vengeance, came up to me and said, loud enough to be heard in the first rows of the parquet, "Do not be afraid, Lilli; he can't do you any harm!" As I hardly knew Riese then, I was completely taken aback by this fooling in the middle of the serious scene. Riese was an admirable singer, but so short that, as Leonore, I could nestle up to him no closer than about two yards distance.

When my extra leave of absence began on April 1st, mamma and I travelled to Vienna by way of Prague, where I opened a short engagement with Carmen. I had not been in Prague again since the beginning of my theatrical career, and I was received with open arms.

On April 17, 1882, I began at Vienna what I might call a star engagement for life, for, though I could not always respond to the enticing summons, I was constantly in receipt of calls from there, and I went as often as I could. Vienna stood for a very high standard when one knew what was demanded there, and how difficult it was to satisfy the public and the critics. But I conquered as the Queen in the *Hugenotten*, and found in Vienna a second musical home from that day forward. This was followed by *The Taming of the Shrew*, Frau Fluth, Isabella, Philine, Donna Elvira, Adalgisa, Blondchen, Königin der Nacht, Venus, and Marzelline, that, repeated in different ways, ran for fifteen special nights in two months! This list comprised many of Lucca's rôles, so it was no small matter to please in them,

and although, at first, her genius still cast me in the shade, yet I was at the same time content with my steadily increasing success.

In *Don Juan*, Frau Marie Wilt sang Donna Anna, and I heard this remarkable singer for the first time. I was surprised by her fresh, youthful voice, but was likewise startled by her lack of any physical charms. The Viennese public, which was most cordially disposed towards her, frequently burst out laughing at her entrance, but became quiet under the peculiar magic of her voice, and the extraordinary technique of singing which this woman possessed. She sometimes indulged in the experiment of singing in one evening both the Princess and Alice in *Robert*, who are never engaged at the same time, or Valentine and the Queen in the *Hugenotten*, which was the merest trifle to a singer of her power and artistic superiority. She was a wonderful woman! Educated to be a piano player, her voice was discovered late, and she was thirty, I believe, before she appeared on the stage. Although she earned large sums, she did all the housework at home herself, and was extremely proud of standing at the wash-tubs in the morning and singing the Queen of the Night in the evening. Once when I sang the Princess in *Robert* and she the part of Alice, she came up to me to say, "See here, now I can never sing that again after you." She called me, "du," without ever having seen me, and I might feel conceited from her approval, for she usually liked to tear young singers to pieces, and did not care what she said. Her high tones and her artistic proficiency in singing permitted her the small matter of being a dramatic and a colorature singer at the same time. She never exerted herself dramatically, indeed, but what she gave as a singer is unique in the history of the art of singing. She knew better than any one that she was ugly, for once, later on, when I said to her before the "Mask" trio, in which she was Anna, I, Elvira, and Walter, Octavio, that she ought to remove her mask on account of the fearful heat, as there

was still much time to wait, she replied simply, "People are glad when they do not have to see me." Otherwise, too, she was quite *sans-gêne*, and as we three were sitting on the three well-known historical mask chairs, and Walter complained of the heat, she remarked that the water was pouring off her, groped, at the same time, in her bosom, held something out to Walter that she had been keeping there, and asked him, "Wouldn't you like a sugar plum?" Our voices blended beautifully when she sang Norma and I Adalgisa; it was a delight to sing with her, and I am thankful that I had that pleasure very often.

Marianne Brandt, also, arrived for a visiting engagement, and then Wilt was Anna, Brandt, Elvira, and I was Zerline. Jahn or Hans Richter usually conducted, and then there was the splendid orchestra, the glorious chorus, the warm, impulsive audience, and the building with its wonderful acoustics. My engagements in Vienna always meant good luck, happiness, and honour for me. When I found how I was received here and everywhere, I had no more doubts that in Berlin, also, I might, artistically, make just claims.

My Vienna engagement suffered an interruption of a week, when my duty to the Music Festival of the Lower Rhine, conducted by Franz Wüllner, called me to Aix-la-Chapelle. It was not only the beautiful journey from Vienna via Salzburg to the Rhine, which I saw revealed in the early morning, with the mountains and cities bathed in the effulgence of sunrise, that quickened my heart-beats. I sang Josua the first evening; on the second, the great scene from *Armida* with the Fury of Hate, and, on the third, Isolde's Liebestod, which we were forced to repeat. The young artist realised with these last two scenes a long-cherished dream, found satisfaction for her striving, and fortified her courage to develop towards the supreme goal.

There is still another charming memory connected with that concert of artists. Hans von Bülow, who had already accompanied my sister, and who had such admiration for

Marie Lehmann

From a photograph taken in Vienna in 1895

her that he would not concertise in Leipsic without her, came up to me with his daughter, Daniela, at a rehearsal, saying, "How do you do, Fräulein Lehmann, I know your sister and esteem her highly; I do not yet know you, and cannot yet tell whether I shall esteem you likewise!" With that he departed to mingle in the ranks of the listeners. The next day at the artists' concert I had already sung the second aria from the *Creation*,—I sat on the platform, hidden amongst desks, waiting for my second number. Between times Bülow was to play a piano concerto. I sat at the farther end of the piano, and heard Bülow for the first time. I was able to observe him closely, and to look right into his face, which I did persistently, thereby compelling him also to observe me. The more warmth he threw into his playing, the hotter he became in the already heated room. I could hear him accompany his playing with suppressed expletives of rage or energy, and deliberately smiled at him superciliously whenever his glance met mine. When he had ended—he had played wonderfully—he passed close by me, mopping his forehead, and said aloud, "Great Scott, it is fearfully hot in Fräulein Lehmann's shadow!" From that moment he was affability itself.

I met him at a dinner at the house of Karl Klindworth and his angelic wife, where he was most unconstrained and daring, and could not use enough genuine Berlin expressions, which he sent me as a souvenir, collected in book form. How very merry we were with this man who was often so peculiar. Sometime previous to this meeting, I often received gorgeous flowers accompanied by comic verses that were signed, "Caligula Seidenschwanz." I failed in every effort to solve the riddle until Daniela betrayed her father. Bülow had used the words, "Circus Hülsen" at one of his symphony concerts about a performance of the *Prophet* at the Royal Opera House, and, in consequence, was shown out when he next went there; whereupon Bülow published

an angry article in a Berlin paper over the signature of "Caligula Seidenschwanz."

From Aix-la-chapelle I hurried back to Vienna, where Niemann, also, had now arrived for a visiting engagement, which he began with *Tannhäuser*, and I had the part of Venus. Then *Fidelio* was to follow, with him as Florestan, Marianne Brandt as Leonore, and Frau Dillner as Marzelline.

I was free that day, and I went to seek Beethoven's grave with Karl Čech, the basso who had once dried my dishes, and who had come from Prague. Just as we, much impressed by the sight of the precious resting-place, were turning our steps towards home, Herr Schütz, of Prague, the husband of Frau Dillner, met us, and told us that his wife was ill and could not sing that evening. I reached home about two o'clock, and mamma informed me that Jahn had already sent for me several times and that I must go at once to the office. Jahn importuned me to sing Marzelline that night in place of Frau Dillner, as he could trust it to no one but me. Although I asked him to reflect that it was not a visiting engagement part, he kept at me until I said yes. The audience more than distinguished me at the least opportunity, and Hanslick wrote that the first and finest laurel wreath belonged to Fraulein Lehmann as Marzelline. It was a worthy termination to my visit to Beethoven's grave.

I had now sung one hundred and forty times in ten months. No one can accuse me of laziness, if to that record is added travelling rehearsals, and newly studied works, with all the emotional strain that goes with this. After I had sung five times more in Prague, and my sister had quitted that city to begin her engagement at the Court Opera in Vienna, we got ready quickly, took our knapsacks on our backs, and hastened to the mountains to get our fill of walking. At first, we went by glorious rushing streams, where we would have liked to remain sitting all day

long by each station, then to Klagenfurt, over the Wörthersee to Lienz, and on up to the Glocknerhaus, where there was then a small building with one large sleeping room in which were six or eight beds, and a smaller room where we slept. It was icy cold; as no one else was spending the night up there we fetched one cover after another out of the adjoining room, until we were sufficiently warm. We went on very early over the Pasterze, that was then still frozen firmly, but which is now only a moraine, and over the Kalser Thörl down to Kals, because the guide was afraid to take the trip over the Kapruner Thörl on account of the fog.

In Kals we wanted to take a carriage after this tramp and the long wandering of the preceding day, but, on entering the place, the luxurious idea of the elderly guide vanished at once. After a long search, a pony with a lady's saddle and a tall farm horse with a man's saddle were put at our service. My sister was to ride the latter, and her legs were flung up where they belonged. But this arrangement did not suit her, and we decided to continue on foot, and took a young peasant to carry our things, who walked ahead with me and amused me greatly. He kept an eye on my sister walking behind us, and when he asked me something, as, for instance, whether I spoke French, he always added quickly, "Can that one back there do it, also?" It was plain that "the one back there" had bewitched him, and she played a great part for him during the whole trip.

From Lienz we went on to Bozen and Meran, where we passed the night, and then by way of Eyers on the Stilfser Joch to Bormio, which we reached late and tired out. We heard from the corridor a tenor singing old Italian songs very prettily, and, in spite of our fatigue, we listened to the end. Then a young, blond, and elegant man rushed by us, looked at us in amazement, and bowed. From his way of wearing the mountain costume it was evident that he was "something better," although he looked natty enough in it.

It rained in torrents the next day. Everything was

already in the stage coach and we were inside, when a fearful trampling and pounding against the sides of the vehicle began in the banquette above our heads. It was a most unholy rumpus, and why did not the old cart get in motion? Much irritated by this bad behaviour, which was inexplicable, we were just about to complain, when we started at last and we swallowed our annoyance. There was lively shouting up above us until we halted at noon. We had vainly thrust our heads out on the way, for nothing could be seen, first, because of rain, and, later, because of snow. Meanwhile, we had made acquaintance with the people sitting opposite, a charming young Scotch country clergyman and his wife.

As we entered the inn at Le Prese we saw the cause of the noise, which was none other than the blond tenor, whose companion was a dark gentleman, identified later, by our honest Scotchman, as the half-brother of King Humbert of Italy, that is, he was the natural son of Victor Emmanuel. The young man, in fact, was so like the portrait of his royal brother, that hung in the inn room, that he might have been taken for him, except that one of his eyes did not match the other. Count Mirafiore, as he was called after his mother, made a very quiet, elegant impression, while the blond tenor conducted himself in the wildest fashion, but, as we now saw that the pranks were only for the entertainment of his travelling companion, we joined in the laughter. The two gentlemen seemed to be well known, and the landlord and servants took offence at nothing. No one was safe from their whims. Flowers were put in the soup, a silver sugar-bowl in the beer, blue spectacles in the compote; everything was turned topsy-turvy, with a contagious hilarity that no one could resist. The weather had cleared, and the day became steadily warmer and more beautiful. The two gentlemen walked up the mountain behind our carriage. Neither flowers nor trees were spared; everything was broken off and taken with them, but, during

a short stop that we were all compelled to make, the "black Prince" approached our coach with a handful of Alpine flowers that he had picked, and presented them to me very gallantly, introducing himself as Count Mirafiore and speaking French. I had resolved not to betray on the journey either my name or position, but I could not do otherwise towards the simple, amiable man than accept the situation and say who I was. The blond tenor revealed himself as Baron E—— from Vienna. The gentlemen had come from Florence, and wanted to go to the Bernina Pass, and then over the glacier to St. Moritz, where Count Mirafiore spent the whole summer at his villa. From that time on the two gentlemen left our vehicle only when it advanced very rapidly. They had hung it with wreaths, and adorned it as though for a flower carnival, and all my entreaties that they would spare the trees and blossoms were unavailing.

We reached Poschiavo at seven o'clock in the evening. There was only one hotel, and we were very badly accommodated for the night. Count Mirafiore had provided for everything imaginable; there were two guides, his valet and cook at command, and he, in the most charming way, invited both of us and our Scotch clerical couple to share his dinner. We went on the next morning at five o'clock; Baron E—— had again assumed his most brilliant humour, and he roused the whole village by calling loudly through the streets, "Poschiavi svegliatevi!" The bells were rung at every door, and he climbed into every garden to steal the finest flowers for us. Along the road a woman threw three bunches of lavender out of the window to the postilion, which he was to take to some one. Baron E——got hold of them, gave one to us, the second to the Scotch lady, and kept the third for himself, because, as he said, "the hideous old owner did not need them." The gentlemen had vacated their coupé for us; they sat up behind, and the supplementary waggons were left back. The higher we went the colder it became, and the more they both sang and shouted; there was

no way of stopping them. The Count sang the march from *Aïda*, and Baron E—— blew the triumpets for it; then followed every Italian and French song and aria that one knew or did not know. It was not until we reached the fourth cantoniera that the snowstorm put an end to the jollity, and we got to the Bernina Pass nearly frozen. There our roads separated. They wanted us to promise to do the "Diavolezza" tour with them, to which I could not consent, as I craved rest, and we wished to enjoy alone the glories of the Pontresina of those days. Count Mirafiore died about 1891, and I, unfortunately, never met him again.

Parsifal

1881–1883

December 30, 1883

XVI

BAYREUTH, Jan. 21, '77.

DEAR LILLI,

Why silent so long? and yet you were the first who wrote to me so lovingly and enthusiastically. I have heard of your protracted indisposition. Has the Rhine maiden really been suffering? I want your encouragement, as I myself am very depressed. Shall I proceed with the performances for this year? If you can give me courage, I will do it.

Adieu, dear child!

RICHARD WAGNER.

XVII

BAYREUTH, Feb. 10, '77.

DEAR LILLI,

A little imposition!—

A year ago I promised the Berlin chorus, if it would be of service to them, to conduct something at their benefit concert. I hear that the concert is settled for the end of this month, which is rather too early, especially for my health, which still avoids every exertion. On the other hand, I hope to be along so far by the middle of March, and hence, desire to have the benefit postponed until about then. Amongst the numbers that might be done by me, I should like (so that the chorus itself would have a share in it), to give the finale of the *Meistersinger* with Betz,

that is, without any cut, from "Ehrt eure deustchen Meister." I hope that Betz will do me this favour?

I have learned with real sorrow of Woglinde's illness; probably we shall meet this summer at Ems, whither I, too, am to be sent. What is the matter with Flosshilde? As to the rest, I shall give no further information; we shall see each other soon at Leipziger Platz, although I have never yet met my good child there.

The postponement of the benefit we shall provide for at the proper place? As far as I am concerned, I would not lift my arm again (in) Germany; but I do it gladly for our poor choristers.

A thousand greetings!

RICHARD WAGNER.

XVIII

DEAR OLD FRIEND,

I hear nothing further from you and your daughters, which makes me sad. I love them dearly, and when I think of their glorious devotion, their fire, and their most lovely performances, it makes me melancholy to believe that all that is now over. Is Lilli with you still? I heard from Marie that she was on a visiting engagement at Berlin. Remember me to them all most heartily.

We remain, I hope, the same old friends that we have been for many years in all loyalty.

Yours with fervent greetings,

RICHARD WAGNER.

XIX

BAYREUTH, May 21, 1879.

O MY BEST OF ALL LILLIS,

It was fine and good that in Stockholm, also, I have not been altogether shelved.

Congratulations, also, upon Elizabeth. There are persons from whom one expects everything, because one entrusts everything to them.

The contriving of *Parsifal* still costs me some reflection. The composition is finished, and whoever comes to me in Bayreuth

can hear it played for him by Rubinstein from beginning to end. But—as I said—there must still be deliberation over it.

But my Conductor Lilli must first see what she will have to do here. All kinds of nonsense came into my mind, because her spirit was always present. Without Lilli, Klingsor's magic work cannot be executed.

Oh, and there is singing to be done! If she would come, she could look at it, and put the whole matter in accord, for she must stand by me in everything.

But—send it away—out of my house—that is impossible. What mischance might happen to such a manuscript!

Well, we shall work together again.

Most cordial greetings to mamma and sister, and also to Lilli from

Her good old

RICHARD WAGNER.

XX

BAYREUTH, Jan. 22, 1881.

MY DEAREST CHILD LILLI,

Are you still kindly disposed to me then? We shall see.

Here follows a sort of piano score; the scene of the enchanted flower maidens, from the second act of *Parsifal*. Examine it closely; it is no joke, and from this single scene you can comprehend that in this newest work of mine I would not think of any theatres here and there. I require not less than six first-class singers of equal voice and range, and they must be, moreover, pretty, slender women. Then, in addition, at least twelve or sixteen young, pretty chorus singers of the first quality.

Do look at it closely! Will you recruit this band for me? I can depend on no one but on my Rhine maiden conductress; to whom else shall I turn? Your whole intellect, your enthusiasm, and your acquaintance, also, with the personalities of our company are necessary to the matter.

Give me a favourable reply. The rehearsals will be in July, 1882, and, in August, the performances. But without Lilli there will be nothing.

How is your mother—and your sister? A thousand heartiest greetings and—

With the warmest sympathy always, he who thinks of you constantly,

RICHARD WAGNER.

Child! You will surely take great care of the manuscript, will you not, that no evil befall it (through imprudence).

R. W.

XXI

BAYREUTH, Jan. 22, '81.

DEAREST CHILD,

A couple of words, in haste, that will vex you. The affair with Hülsen is otherwise.

He had the audacity already, here at Bayreuth, to ask me for the opera *Walküre*, whereupon I put it at his disposal. For the last four years and a half he has contended that only the *Walküre* would "draw," and any theatre would ruin itself with the Nibelungen operas. He forbade Bronsart to give the *Nibelungen Ring* at Hanover, and issued a command to all the Prussian Court theatres that nothing should be given in them that was not accepted for Berlin. This I regretted, in as much as I would have gladly given the *Nibelungen Ring* to Hanover, for instance, but never to Berlin under Hülsen and his conductors and managers.

The affair with Neumann is thus;—I declared to this very active and industrious director that I would permit him to have the production at the Victoria Theatre but not at the Court Theatre. His conference with Hülsen, on December 5th, was a farce; at the opening of it Hülsen informed him he had just telegraphed me—answer prepaid—whether, if he produced the whole cycle together with Neumann, he would then get the right to give the *Walküre* alone. Neumann offered to make a bet with him that I would not reply. And that is what happened; Hülsen did telegraph me that enquiry and he is still without an answer.

What you have done shows much *esprit de corps*. But, with all respect, I think that if I had replied favourably to Hülsen he would have already known how to appease you. So it is, my child. And as a contribution to everlasting truth, I advise you, while otherwise it amuses me, to let the talk and lies in the newspapers go unnoticed.

I hope strongly that you will not be troubled by Hülsen about *Parsifal.*

And—a thousand thanks, and much pleasure from your letter, which I have just read.

Your

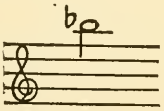
R. Wagner.

XXII

Bayreuth, Oct. 30, 1881.

Dearest Child and Associate,

I shall not go south without expressing my warmest thanks for your new efforts on my behalf. It seems as though I, to my great and very much needed ease of mind, had nothing more to worry myself about. Levi, as Conductor to my illustrious chorus and orchestra supporter,[1] has been named by me the general authorised agent for musical affairs; please make this clearly understood, and, where it is a question of obligations to be taken up by us, A. Gross, who is here, will attend to it. I am still considering in silence the united renunciation of compensation, as we must first experiment, but, if there should be repetitions in the succeeding years, I think I shall accept no more real sacrifices. (How proud I am!??)

Now, my good child, one care more; the women soloists must all be able to take the  easily and pleasingly;

a single shrill organ would spoil everything for me. If it succeeds, I believe that anything like the A flat major, etc., will never have been heard before; here all depends on an uncommon charm of voice, through the fulness of the most delicate tone. Enough for the present.

I sincerely hope that, in future, all urging to new heroic deeds may be lifted from you, good child. I greet mamma from a loving old heart, and remain,

Your very good,

Rich. Wagner.

I am going direct to Palermo (Hôtel des Palmes) with wife, bag and baggage. (Shall I salute Robert le Diable for you?)

[1] King Ludwig of Bavaria.

After reading Wagner's letters to me, of 1877–81, one is quite justified in asking me how it happened that I, who really stood close to Wagner's heart, to whom he confided so much, who loved and revered him, was obliged, nevertheless, to leave him in the lurch in 1882. Without being guilty of an injustice to Wagner I can yet speak of it freely, this compulsion, for its ground lay deep within me, and its name was self-preservation.

I do not need to asseverate that the thought of renewed work with him made me happy; how gladly would I have served him and his genius. I had undertaken the by-no-means easy task of securing and training the twenty-four pretty, extremely musical singers for the flower maidens. With Levi's help, who told me of ladies, I brought them together, at last, after much writing, trouble, and reassurances. I began at once to study with those who grouped themselves about me in Berlin, and had already committed my part to memory. I had even made an ideal picture for myself of the scenery—of which I will speak later—and had absorbed myself in the voluptuous scene.

Then I heard that Wagner had given the stage arrangements for *Parsifal* to Fritz Brandt. If this commission of Wagner's for Brandt meant a great satisfaction for my heart, it frightened me at the same time, for I felt the wounds, which I had believed were healed, smart and bleed afresh. The thought of continually meeting him at Bayreuth already tortured me unceasingly. The scarcely forgotten martyrdom began again to trouble me, until finally the conviction was borne in upon me, that, this time, I should break down under it. That it would have been so I felt in 1883 in Bayreuth, after the event, where, indeed, unlooked-for difficulties were already experienced by us, and the deepest emotions aroused unendurable self-tormentings. Hard as the decision was for me, I had to put Wagner off, not hiding the true reason from him, and hoping that I should not occasion too much disturbance, for I believed that now

everything was arranged. The bad consequences I could not foresee, but they were shameful. Not one of the singers would now take second place under any other person as first flower maiden, and they all refused on the ground that they had accepted it only under my leadership. Levi was beside himself, and accused me, in rather coarse letters, of having done nothing for the cause, for no one knew now what to do. He did not reflect that I had written hundreds of letters for a year, and that I had really brought all the ladies together, who now, without me, suddenly did not want to be there. It may have been a heavy disappointment to Wagner, but yet, perhaps, he could feel what moved me, for he made no further attempt to change my mind. He must have known what it cost me to cause him this sorrow, and to banish myself from a work that had already grown close to my heart; to hold myself aloof from a task that I, together with Wagner, had expected to put my seal on—at least in the great flower scene. Now everything was ended.

Wagner was often at our house after '77 , but encountered me only once. When he visited us for the last time he saw my mother alone, as I lay ill with a high fever. I did not see him again.

A few months after his death, *Parsifal* called mamma, Riezl, and me, imperiously, to Bayreuth. Not one of my family suspected how I felt. There I sat, as though bound with iron chains to the places that signified for me a portion of life and death. When I became sensible of the first tones of the Vorspiel, it seemed as though I heard the rustling of wings and voices sounding from higher spheres. The pain in my heart, the wounds that sought healing, everything affected me a thousand times more grievously than it did Amfortas. What cried for salvation in him wailed loudly in me, also, and finally found relief in tears. I wept for the genius who was no longer there, and who could never return to us. Having come burdened with heavy sorrow, it seemed to me as though I stood alone in a cathedral,

and Wagner, the high priest, spoke to me with music that seized on the heart, as one can speak only with his self alone. The harmonies opened up my inmost depths, that, conscious of no guilt, were convulsed with sorrow for him and for other things. I might call myself blessed, however, to have felt thus in my deepest soul, though the grief of struggle and experience remained. I had come to be delivered from it; I had entered into the sanctuary of a great man, and had arrived at the consciousness of the pure, if also the weak human being. To struggle forth from this condition of weakness cost me new efforts. I had to save what was the best in me, and had to be strong in order to serve others who were weaker than I.

At that time Amalie Materna and Therese Malten sang Kundry; the former more naturally, the latter more artistically but, unfortunately, also affectedly. I received the impression from both impersonations that the part might be taken quite differently, both intellectually and spiritually; in the one case, I missed inner depth, in the other, intellectual superiority and truth. Winkelmann, with his lachrymose style of singing, was well suited to Parsifal, and Fuchs was excellent as Klingsor, with his unfeeling coldness. Theodor Reichmann seemed to me a born King Amfortas, and Scaria can never be forgotten as Gurnemanz by those who were so fortunate as to hear and see him. Fräulein Cramer carried the cup of the Grail in a unique way, and orchestra and chorus, under Hans Richter, stood on the loftiest heights. My extremely deep feeling for Wagner left room for nothing else; I saw him only, heard nothing but his work, and felt only his breath. I could not master one disappointment, however; the scene of the Flower Maidens affected me most painfully, as I had pictured it to myself as entirely ideal, and I now saw it given with such realism.

According to my idea, as I had imagined it, when, in 1881, Wagner sent me the parts, the singing flowers, with

Lilli Lehmann as Baronin Freimann in *Wildschütz*

From a photograph by E. Bieber, Berlin, taken in 1882

the whole lower portion of the body hidden with leaves, should rise at different heights from the ground like growing flowers, all high and low, from every side turning their faces to Parsifal, inclining towards him and—ideally conceived—pressing upon him with their fragrance. Blossoming vines, hanging down from above, and waving gently, should have helped to complete the illusion. I was disturbed by the girls and their continual embraces of Parsifal, and the forty-eight brown legs that did not have the remotest resemblance to flowers, and which detracted from Kundry as a human figure. No, that was not *my* scene, not my ideal representation of it, and more than ever did I regret that I had not communicated my thoughts to Wagner, for I should have been sure of his agreement.

I am here moved to recall a woman who played a great rôle in Wagner's life, and whom I had the good fortune of meeting very often subsequently.

Soon after Bayreuth in 1876, Frau Mathilde Wesendonk was announced one evening at my home—a woman who was extraordinarily fine in nature and appearance. I had never met her before, not even at Bayreuth, where she was present at the "Ring." From that time forth I often went to see her, but I do not remember that I ever met her in other society. Her husband was an eager collector of pictures, and everything that one noticed about them both, in their richly furnished house, breathed artistic sense and quiet contentment. It was evident that some sorrow burdened the serene, serious woman that was expressed by deep resignation. I do not know whether I should be ashamed of my ignorance, but I then knew nothing of the intimate "Wagner–Wesendonk" relations, and was only aware that the couple was very friendly with Wagner, and had done much for him. Wagner was often interpreted at their house, and once I even sang there the Wala scene, that Klindworth accompanied, as well as the great Siegfried

duet. Mathilde Wesendonk often came to see me, and would listen with much interest to my stories of Bayreuth. With great pride, she told me, in her reticent way, of the *Tristan* manuscript, which she possessed, and of the precious dedication. It seemed to me sometimes indeed—what rose most clearly before me only in retrospect—that she desired to get closer to me spiritually, perhaps to talk over with me, confidentially, much that her interest in Wagner's life longed to have. Foolish timidity held me back from touching on a theme that I only became clearly conscious of, indeed, from "Wagner's Letters to Mathilde Wesendonk." I visited the now lonely woman shortly before her death. She had lost her daughter, Frau von Bissing, and her husband, and lived only with her son and her grandchildren; she had aged much and was completely resigned, as one who waited with yearning for her release. What a pity it is that I did not understand sooner how to approach so close to her that I might have been a friend to her, and how extremely happy it would have made me. A few days after her death I sang her five poems as a requiem for a woman, a fuller knowledge of whom would have, perhaps, been a benefit to us.

After the conclusion of our Swiss journey in 1882, I was compelled to return to Berlin, and mamma remained with Riezl in Vienna, who knew better than I how to make mamma's life agreeable. Nevertheless, she longed to be back with me in the old rooms to which she was accustomed in Berlin. Contrary to our plans we did not see each other again until March. Meanwhile I had often sung Carmen for Fräulein E. T——, and just because of that I cannot say that it ever satisfied me. But I derived genuine pleasure from the new study of Lortzing's *Wildschütz*, an opera that I had never heard before, and in which I was Baroness Freimann; Frau Lammert, the Countess; Fräulein Driese, Gretchen; Fräulein Horina, the chambermaid; Betz, the Count; Ernst, the Baron; Krolop, the schoolmaster; and Salomon, the servant. I had

Lilli Lehmann as Baronin Freimann (Student) in *Wildschütz*

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1883

at first, of course, been overlooked for the Baroness, and the part was given to me only because Frau Mallinger refused it; I was used to such things! The opera was well studied amongst ourselves, and on December 31, 1882, it was presented, as a New Year's eve performance, with this excellent caste, and had the greatest and brightest success, for each one brought pleasure and love and good humour to the enterprise. Betz had to repeat his polonaise regularly, and we our quartet, and we often laughed so much in the billiard scene that we could not continue singing. When, at the first performance, I waited in the wings for my entrance, dressed as an up-to-date young man, no one recognised me, and not until I began to sing was it known who was the gentleman in the wings. It was terrible to me that mamma could not be at the *Carmen* and New Year's eve performances, but she saw me often enough in them, as the *Wildschütz* took in steadily brilliant receipts, and kept the public and the artists in the happiest mood.

Wagner's death threw a black shadow over all our occupations. Mamma, who was much affected by this event, wrote the ominous words to me from Vienna, "Now it will be my turn." That sort of thing is often said and not believed, and we never thought of the possibility that we might lose our dear mother. In fact I should have been warned of the significance of her words by the irregularity of her otherwise beautiful, even writing, but at the time it did not strike me. The mood of foreboding soon was gone again, as we enjoyed the glories of nature at Gmunden and the lake, and walked up and down mountains besides rowing on the lake, and where little old Baron Klesheim recited to us by moonlight in the evening, his short, touching poems, of which *Die alt'n Leut*, especially, remained long in my memory.

Mamma endured particularly well the journey from Gmunden to Bayreuth, which the rest of us felt to be a martyrdom. As we arrived at noon in Bayreuth after

being twenty-four hours on the road, visited Wagner's grave, and prepared ourselves for the *Parsifal* performance which began at four o'clock, she, with her seventy-six years was fresher than her children. What effort! And what may have passed within her if she actually entertained the thought that she would soon have to forsake us. We knew nothing of it—though now and then it would come over me; we had ourselves to look after, and went on, without presentiment, towards the most terrible grief of our lives, that was made still worse for us by sad minor circumstances.

A heavy cold that I had caught at a swimming lesson at the Askanische baths, which first showed itself in the head, soon taught me to know much that was disagreeable. In vain did I call the attention of two physicians to the unusually severe character of my influenza, for, in answer to my query if I should not go to bed for a couple of days and take care of myself, I was told that it was not necessary. Suddenly, in spite of all precautions, an inflammation of the inner ear started up that caused me severe suffering, and then of course, an ear specialist, Professor Traubmann, had to be summoned to help. He gave the diagnosis that I should have gone to him four weeks earlier, and he must now make every effort to save me from an operation. That, indeed, took hold of my nerves. The tympanum in the right ear was cut open ten times, always closing again the next day, but, at last, the tenth time sufficed. From September 9th to October 11th, I lay constantly packed in ice as soon as I returned home from the doctor's; I could see no one, could do nothing, and had to live on a very strict diet. When the doctor finally allowed me to get up again I had a relapse, and I had difficulty in recovering under the severe suffering that began once more.

On the evening before my birthday Captain Mensing came to see us in order to congratulate me. He had met mamma on Leipziger Platz, and drew my attention, although very cautiously, to the change in her appearance. She had

not complained, and to me, who was constantly with her, there was no change apparent. I called Mensing, "Unke" (a crank), and was really angry with him when he left. The evening of my birthday was a melancholy one, for mamma went to bed about nine o'clock with severe palpitation and had a very bad night. From that time on mamma had spasms of the chest at intervals; rarely at first, then more frequently, until there were often three attacks each night, completely prostrating me as I was still ill myself. We tried to stay up during the nights, hoping thereby to avoid the time of the spasms, but it did no good. Our physicians could give no name to the illness but pronounced it a heavy cold, and her cough, perhaps, gave occasion for that. Professor Schweninger, on whom I built my whole trust, was absent. I was compelled, at discretion, to leave mamma to the ability of three other physicians, in whom I did not have the least confidence. Before her condition had reached its worst phase, she wished me not to be entirely idle. I sang a few times, although I did not want to do it at all. On December 15th, I even sang Brangäne in *Tristan* for the first time, for which I had offered myself, because, since the departure of Marianne Brandt, the opera could not be given any longer, and I grieved over the glorious work. At the end of the opera I had become quite hoarse from anxiety and excitement. I stayed with mamma after that, and did not leave her side. What a sad Christmas eve it was, when she, resting in an invalid chair, watched, from the next room, the quiet little presentation of gifts.

How much she must have suffered in spirit; how terrible it was for me; how little hope remained that we could keep her with us. How comfortless is the helpless position in which those who are well find themselves with regard to the beloved sick. One desires to bring down the merciful God, longs to sacrifice one's self unreservedly, and all the love, the sacrifice do not help against death, the fearful death of a beloved person. The cup of suffering must be drunk by

both to the last drop. I secretly sent for Riezl, on the plea of the holidays, and took a nurse, as I had already suffered much in soul and body. Grey fogs had hung over Berlin for days, and only in the evening appeared glorious twilight effects in the firmament, caused by volcanic eruptions in Japan, and that were full of meaning. I longed for sun for the dear invalid, that did not come for our yearning or our entreaties, and day and night we sent prayers up to heaven for deliverance, as every way of salvation seemed closed. At the same time, new deceptive hope sprang up in any moment that was free from suffering. On the evening of the 29th she had fallen asleep, and rested for some hours. The doctor arrived just then, and he was rejoicing over the apparent change for the better, when I heard her call. She had dreamed that she was lying in her grave, and it made her happy that I could talk away brightly all her troubles, for the doctor had said to me on leaving, "You may sleep comforted to-night, as your dear mother is saved!" I do not know now whether I was really as confident as he was, and I doubt it. I gave her the new medicine unwillingly, which made her pass the night in comparative quiet. We, also, could rest a couple of hours in our clothes, as we had done for two weeks—I was literally dropping from exhaustion.

Towards morning I heard that mamma was restless; I hurried in to warm her feet, as she complained of their growing coldness, and I sent Riezl to beg the doctor to come. At last the attendant, who was helping also, suddenly cried out, "Only look how pale she is!" I signed to the woman to be quiet and not to speak, for, if the angel of death was already hovering over our beloved mother, she should not be made aware of it by any one. There was a slight rattle in the throat and all was over. How still it suddenly became as I kneeled beside her in prayer, after folding her hands, and thanked God that her sufferings were over. How fearfully quiet! And yet only one inaudible mother heart had ceased

to beat! The majestic grandeur of death gave me superhuman strength to meet my sister, to stand at her side to comfort her, as she fell forward at the news, screaming aloud. I still held our true and precious mother close during the whole day; I could say everything to her, and ask her forgiveness for any sorrow that she had suffered through me. And when they took our beloved from us at evening, the world, to which I now only half belonged, sank away before my eyes for long years to come.

Berlin

1884–1885

I MADE a daily pilgrimage in deepest grief to my mother's grave, and thereby came to pass what I should not have believed possible. Life returned to me imperceptibly, the while I moulded my inmost being according to my mother's wishes and example. I lived for her in memory; I sang and worked from love and in honour to her; I tried, in her spirit, to become milder towards others; did and thought what I believed that she would have done or thought in this or that case and found a new goal in life, for which I now could not do enough to satisfy myself. That must have pleased my mother, must have won her approbation and blessing. So I learned from my mother's memory what it meant to be immortal. She had achieved for herself immortality with her children, through all that she had ever done, desired, and suffered for us. Her love and devotion hovered over us and never forsook us; some day they will also make death easy for us, because we may then still remember her.

My illness had not hindered me from being industrious. If, as a convalescent, I could not go out for weeks, no one might restrain me from practising, and it was then that I began to prepare myself seriously for the dramatic field. I had long sung myself at concerts into the Fidelio and Donna Anna arias. I had, likewise, studied the Norma arias under my mother's direction, as she had sung them herself and had

Lilli Lehmann as *Norma*

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1887

heard them sung by the greatest ones of her time, until, finally, I confessed to her how everything in me impelled me towards this grand part. "My child," she warned, "do not sing Norma; it is one of the most exacting of rôles, for which, I fear, you do not possess the strength." I will make it mine, I thought, and must wait hopefully for the right time to come to me. The part of Constanze in the *Entführung* finally devolved upon me, through Fräulein Grossi's departure; and I insisted upon singing the great C major aria without cuts, that had never before been so done in Berlin. It is very exhausting, also, but I owed it to Mozart to perform the task, and I ventured and won. I sang the rôle for the first time on January 17th. My colleague, Fricke–Osmin, sent me a splendid wreath the next morning, "For the Mother,"—a mark of recognition that gratified me beyond all others, and which I laid with inexpressible thankfulness and pride at the feet of my dear one.

While I had not yet regained composure after my dreadful bereavement I was reminded, by a long and dear letter from Fritz Brandt, of a deep old grief, and was disquieted by him. He had been in India, and had gone on wonderful travels with dissatisfaction in his heart and the longing desire that I should become to him once more what I had been. My feeling for him was by no means dead, but what I had so intensely wished whilst my mother was living, I had to admit to myself now, after long struggles, had become, through the beloved dead, an impossibility, as she stood more powerfully between us than when she was alive.

Hülsen celebrated, in the year 1881, his thirty-year jubilee as "Intendant" of the royal drama, for which occasion we ladies embroidered a large table-cover. In the morning Hülsen was honoured with endless speeches in the hall of the Royal Theatre, and was created an Excellency by the Emperor; in the afternoon an immense banquet brought us all together at the Kaiserhof. Hülsen and I, who were just

then again at odds, made use of the good opportunity to become reconciled, and I seized the occasion to talk everything out with him. I informed him of my plans and begged him urgently, in case a dramatic position was open, not to pass me over, but to support my artistic striving, to advance my talent, and to offer me a hand for the attainment of my goal, which, otherwise, I was not able to reach. There were certainly proofs enough of this talent, as he had seen me already, for years past, receive such recognition on all the principal stages, and no other one of our Berlin women singers had ever been given an invitation to the great court stages or to London. Hülsen, to whom, for greater convenience, I sent my répertoire every two or three months, with the rôles which I had sung elsewhere or those fully prepared in which I was ready to appear at any moment, now promised me seriously that he would not forget me again. Yet contrary to all his promises, I had to continue to fight for each rôle, and did not advance nor arrive at the goal to which everything urged and combined in me.

The *Walküre* was now announced for April, an event that we all awaited with the greatest suspense, and, after long parleying back and forth, Sieglinde was conceded to me, in alternation with Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, but I was to take Fricka at the first performances, which I was ready to do with all my heart.

Niemann was to be Siegmund; Fricke, Hunding; Betz, Wotan; Voggenhuber, Brünhild; Sachse-Hofmeister, Sieglinde; and I, Fricka. Through study, I had brought out with great earnestness what distinguishes Fricka; had created her not as a vindictive woman but one who was fighting strongly for honour and right, and I rejoiced that I could properly treat this artistically difficult if not very grateful task.

Conductor K——, who had been director of the chorus for many years, and had then acted as director of the lesser operas, was now suddenly called upon to conduct the study

Lilli Lehmann as Fricka in *Walküre*

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1887

of the *Walküre*, and to lead it. Although we all shook our heads over what seemed to us a quite unjustifiable choice, there was at command for the work plenty of time, nothing but artists of the first rank, and a brilliant orchestra, so that there was hope of pulling through the insignificant conductor. Man proposes, the artist hopes, but too much beer brings everything to naught. On that night K—— forgot to give any signs; even the first sword motif was omitted, and others were too early or too late. Full of fear, I fled from the little stage box so as not to have to hear anything more, and learned that, at six o'clock, K—— had to be fetched directly from his beer to the performance. The whole court and our most distinguished audience had assembled to be present at an artistic event that now was wrecked miserably by drink. The very difficult Wotan-Fricka scene of the second act went every which way. Betz and I had need of holding all our musical powers together to enable us to steer our course upon the stage through the confusion in the orchestra. How we did it is still a riddle to me to-day. I had never experienced anything like it, and would not have thought it possible. When I went behind the scenes my despair found relief in floods of tears, and I heard that Hülsen had smashed everything to bits from rage in the anteroom of his box. And for this we had, for months, expended trouble, industry, and effort on the work and the production, which had gone really brilliantly at the general rehearsal and had promised the best results. I do not know whether the audience learned the truth; at least it did not make the artists pay for what was perpetrated by the conductor, and it covered over the shame of the evening with a roar of applause. K—— continued to conduct in Berlin; I was ashamed for the art that was to me so exalted, and could not restrain my indignation before him. Probably I was and remained the only one—despite all the abuse bestowed on him by the others behind his back—who took this disgraceful case seriously to heart. I was not permitted

to sing Sieglinde until three weeks later, which caused trouble again with my really amiable colleague, Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, because she had not been informed at the right time that she was to alternate with me, although I had taken care to request it.

The celebrated tenor, Ladislaus Mierzwinsky, appeared, in December, as visiting artist. Ably managed, he drew full houses, had a beautiful voice, and sang well, but was very unmusical, so that it may be credited to me as a masterly achievement that I was able to sing the *Tell* duet with him. He did not please especially; at least, on these very evenings, the audience constantly distinguished Betz and me quite particularly. Respect could not be denied him, for, as he told me, he had struggled up to his position by indomitable industry, as his teacher's verdict was that he had no talent and not even a voice. The moral to be drawn from this is, that one may no more deny success to the really diligent and ambitious though less talented than one may guarantee it in advance to the gifted, unambitious students. But I had enough of his interpretation, even at the first rehearsal. Arnold, in *Tell*, advances to Mathilde with the question how he shall decide between his love of country, his duty as a son, and his love for her. I stretched out my right hand to Arnold with the decisive words of Mathilde, "Be mine," and Arnold should have placed his in it and kissed it fervently. Mierzwinsky did not take it, however, although I asked him to do so, and he advanced the reason as follows in French: "Ne me donnez pas la main, s'il vous plait, Mademoiselle Lehmann; vous êtes Princesse, n'est ce pas? Eh bien, je n'ose pas l'accepter." And immediately thereafter he had a love duet to sing with me, and I had to marry this man, at the end of the opera, who, moreover, was dressed like a tight-rope dancer, and who was afraid to take my hand.

The 500th performance of the *Freischütz* at the Berlin opera-house was a delightful celebration on December 18th, with Niemann as Max; Betz, the Hermit; Sachse-Hofmeis-

ter, Agathe; and Lehmann, Ännchen, at which our artists' hearts loudly rejoiced, and a thousand dear old memories reaching back to my earliest childhood passed happily through my mind.

Important events were happening for me, also, outside of Berlin. Franke, the impresario, summoned me to London for July, where he thought of producing at Covent Garden, under the leadership of Schuch and Hans Richter, all the Wagner operas except the *Ring*. I arrived too late, unfortunately, for Eva and Elsa, and I sang only Isolde and Venus. *Only Isolde!* How easily I write to-day what then meant the highest aim of artistic desires. I had studied it for months, had gathered my strength for it, and appropriated it when I was able to sing each phrase a hundred times and, finally, each act three to four times in succession with full voice and action. Some weeks, during this study, I was quite confused from nothing but alliteration, and no longer wondered why it was said that Schnorr von Carolsfeld had ruined himself over Tristan. Gudehus was Tristan; Scheidemantel, who impressed me especially, was Kurwenal; Wiegand as Marke was excellent; and Frau Luger, our splendid Berlin contralto, was Brangäne, while I was Isolde. Hans Richter, who laboured day and night with the orchestra, was indefatigable as always when it concerned breaking a lance for Wagner.

A big cut was to have been made only in the philosophical conversation about day and night, as, at that time, no one yet dared to give the English public the complete *Tristan* without omissions. But it became apparent at the first orchestra rehearsal that in the first act, also, more than half of Isolde's great narrative, according to the Viennese voices and arrangement, and other places besides, were cut, and, as Richter believed, had not been copied at all. Whereupon, I refused absolutely to sing the rôle, and the next day the notes were forthcoming, which, perhaps, had been copied and had merely stuck together, so that the first act was

done without cuts. The excellent production justified the brilliant success, for which Richter got great credit. *Tristan* was given twice in a week and in between I sang, also, Venus in *Tannhäuser*. Even before my arrival in London I had heard of ugly pecuniary disagreements between the artists and the impresario who intrenched himself on each occasion behind a guarantee fund. Nothing was owing, up till then, to the leading talent, but the chorus and orchestra had already made various very earnest demands for payment, had gone on strike at the first *Tristan* rehearsal, and resumed playing only when paid.

Another lovely surprise awaited me in *Tristan*, when Gudehus whispered to me, after the love duet, that he would not sing further, because he had not received his salary after the first act. I urged him not to spoil the performance, not to make Wagner and our love for the work suffer for this reason, but the intermission between the second and third acts was interminable because Gudehus actually did not continue to sing until after the receipt of his salary. And he was right, in truth, for why should the artists alone pay with losses for the failure of badly financed enterprises? I can still see Herr Nöldech, the Brunswick basso, strut along with a thick walking cane, which he tenderly called his "guarantee fund." Under the guidance of this sonorous colleague, confident in his guarantee fund, Frau Luger and I energetically demanded our salaries from the impresario, who was just "attending an important conference," but who, after some delay, handed us our checks in person. Worried by our associates into fearing that these were worthless and that there was no money at the bank, we rushed thither, and received the amount paid out in beautiful gold pieces that were weighed with little shovels in scales. Naturally, we hoped to find some pounds extra at home, but it tallied—neither more nor less.

In London, my niece, who was now my constant companion, and I met many artists whom we already knew.

Lilli Lehmann as Isolde in *Tristan und Isolde*

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York, taken in 1886

(Copyright by Aimé Dupont)

We all went together on a delightful picnic arranged by Mr. Bambridge, the musical secretary to the very musical Duke of Edinburgh. We were rowed up the Thames in small boats past many fine points, rested, had lunch, and went back again down the river, in the wonderful twilight. London can really be very beautiful, as is the case with everything that one knows how to enjoy. What happened further at Covent Garden I was deprived of knowing, as my promise called me to Munich, whither we slowly meandered by way of Switzerland, always negotiating with America and studying English words, therefore constantly restless, but wandering on foot amid the most sublime nature.

Von Perfall, the General Intendant, found an easy means of making the *Ring* attractive as a festival performance at Munich, when he invited all the artists who had sung the *Ring* under Wagner in '76 to co-operate cheaply, so as to make of the performances at the same time a memorial celebration for Wagner. Perfall was not easy to shake off, so Niemann and we three Rhine maidens accepted the invitation after long resistance, but I stipulated that I should sing Sieglinde at the first performance of the *Walküre*. There are not pleasant memories connected with that visit. Eight years had passed over us since '76; Frau Lammert was married, my sister was very nervous, and I, too, was no longer pleased with many things that I had done so gladly for Wagner. The swimming machines that here ran on the stage and not on a wheeled platform, as at Bayreuth, but which, instead, forced the Rhine maidens to be suspended from twice as high bars, were the first stones of stumbling, and not the last. I was the only one who dared to let myself be taken around and to sing in the apparatus; my sister burst out weeping at once, and Minna Lammert-Tamm was content to look up at it and to say quietly, "No, I am not going to get in that machine; I have two small children, and I will not risk my life." Good advice was dear, and it

seemed to me the best course was to request Herr von Perfall to release us from our promises. Perfall went to Levi, and, involuntarily, I overheard the latter say: "I think we are under no obligations towards them; we need have no concern as they can not do it." Perfall was of another opinion; he had promised the audience only the singing and not the swimming, also, and insisted upon keeping the original Rhine maidens. It had to be made possible then for us to sing from below, and for others to do the swimming above. It was certainly very amiable, but assuredly not clever. I accepted this compromise against my will, but was straightways thrown into despair as I saw the swimmers up above, on the evening of our singing, making the most unsuitable movements and doleful or indifferent faces over what had moved us intensely.

Niemann and I, in the *Walküre*, were much distinguished by the audience. Many painters, Lenbach, among others, gave our co-operation and Niemann's wonderful performance the most joyous recognition, and only the press was divided in opinion. It may have believed that there was danger of hurting home talent by praising outsiders too much and perhaps it was justified in so supposing. Visiting artists at Munich in those days were always wedged between two parties. Here was Vogl, there was Weckerlin, who, besides, sang Sieglinde. We were torn in pieces by the latter party, and lauded to the skies by the other. "At last we have the Volsung pair; in passion, warmth of acting and singing they are incomparable."

We had shown what we could do, but even here it could not pass off without irritation with the management. In the first act, namely, a fagot was burning besides the fire on the hearth, that was quite unnecessary, contrary to Wagner's directions, and which rested on an iron stand and was to be carried away by Sieglinde. Siegmund asks, after Sieglinde's withdrawal, as soon as the sword-hilt shines forth, "Is it the glance of the woman fair which she left clinging

yonder?" Instead of Sieglinde, with the night potion in her left hand, standing in the dim light of the dying fire, turning her head significantly toward the tree and riveting her gaze suddenly on the sword-hilt, then, upon Hunding's urgence, disappearing behind the curtain that she has to lift herself, she now had to go off, according to the management there, with the draught in one hand and the burning fagot in the other. What an enchanting picture! Sacred Wagner! As I defended myself strenuously against this, it was finally given up. (In the second cycle there was a different Volsung pair, who reminded me vividly of the Philemon and Baucis scene in *Faust.*) On the morning after the *Walküre*, we went to the station with Niemann, who lived at the Starnberger See. With his travelling bag in his hand, he might have reminded one slightly of King Menelaus had he not been Faust. With the tragi-comic exclamation, "Well, children, the glorious star engagement is now over!" he steamed, to the accompaniment of shouts of laughter, towards his small and yet so great Hedwig-Helena. I knew that he had sung Siegmund only out of love for Wagner and me, had left, on that account, his well-deserved rest for several days, and that he had refused to sing Florestan, on which Perfall was much set. We Rhine maidens had yet another shock to undergo when, strapped into low machines in the *Götterdämmerung*, expecting the commencement of the third act, we were thrown into fear and anxiety by a terrible cry in the audience. Each of us thought of fire, and, as we could not stir, we saw ourselves already lost beyond possibility of rescue. Fortunately, it proved to be only a pickpocket who had been caught in the gallery and locked up, but we had our share of fright. Then we, too, went home from the glorious special engagement, to which many of the Bayreuth artists had not come.

During my mother's lifetime, Dr. Leopold Damrosch had made me an offer for two months of grand Wagner concerts and opera in America, which were sung by Materna and

Winkelmann, because Hülsen would not give me such a long winter leave of absence in '84–'85. Instead of that he was willing to grant me a shorter one for Vienna, and to permit one of four months for America in the winter of '85–'86, which he promised to arrange, and which seemed to me far more important as regarded my preparatory work.

My plan was ready. It suited me excellently to study hard in preparation through the winter, and to try out everything first in Vienna and Dresden, whither I was again called for long special engagements, to ascertain whether I was really strong enough to adopt a dramatic career for myself. With mad courage I now fell upon the study of Fidelio, Donna Anna, and Norma, that I soon mastered completely both in singing and acting, and a remarkable chance shortly put me to the proof in Berlin.

To give myself a change from the intellectual strain I painted flower pieces, self-taught, which I fussed over, and so was compelled to think of other things. I was sitting at my easel one morning when our good old employee, Carus, from the opera-house, walked in. I supposed he was going to make another announcement of the "*Troubandour*," as he consistently called the opera, but this time he had come about something quite different. He asked me if I could sing Fidelio that evening. Frau von Voggenhuber had been taken ill and Frau Sachse refused to fill the gap; if I would consent Conductor Radecke would be with me in an hour to go through the opera. Carus vanished with my "yes," while I, no longer mistress of myself, trembling where I stood, sank with loud sobs to my knees, and, weeping hot tears of pleasure in my clasped hands, gave thanks to her to whom I had so much for which to be grateful. It was a long time before I could recover myself and ask if it were really true? I to sing Fidelio in Berlin? Good heavens, I Fidelio! No matter that I was to sing it ten days later in Vienna; Vienna was not Berlin! I was much more distinguished at the former city than at Berlin where I should have been

more highly appreciated. The ambition that spurred me on was satisfied. When Radecke arrived an hour later he found me mistress of the situation.

It went admirably at night, although not with as much power as I wished. Betz and Niemann pressed my hand silently, and I knew what that meant. I thanked God for my success, and, irony of fate, to whom did I owe it? To our theatrical tailor! Yes, indeed, to the royal Prussian tailor, Schröder. He had finished a costume for Fidelio that I was to wear at Vienna; he heard, by chance, of the refusal of the two dramatic sopranos to sing, and he said: "See here; Fräulein Lehmann, also, sings Fidelio; I have just made her breeches for it"; in short, he saved the performance. He helped me to my victory, for which I had begged so long, always being repulsed by Hülsen with the words, "You cannot do it." And now a tailor says that I can, and it turns out to be true. Praised be this tailor, whose assistance I required to attain to Fidelio in Berlin. Only a short time previously, moreover, I had had my répertoire delivered to Hülsen in person, on which the rôle was marked. Hülsen admitted that he would never have entrusted it to me. I called his attention to the fact that I also sang Norma. "Yes, Norma, but Fidelio is quite another matter"; whereupon I had to inform him again that Norma was ten times as exacting as Fidelio.

Ten days later I was singing Isolde, Fidelio, and Donna Anna at Vienna, and Constanze and Norma followed. I sang Donna Anna for the first time, and, as Hans Richter conducted *Don Juan*, I had strong hopes of a good stage rehearsal, but nothing was said about it. I was told, on my enquiry, that Hans Richter had appointed no rehearsal, saying, "I beg you not to be ridiculous; that *I* should not know how Fräulein Lehmann sings Donna Anna!" It was very flattering that he entrusted the rôle to me in this way without any sort of rehearsal, but I was obliged to know the setting of the stage at least, and where I, myself, and my

partner had to go on and off, and I gave orders for the superintendent to meet me the day before on the stage to instruct me in these points. When I asked about Don Juan's exit previous to the *Rache* aria, which seemed to me very important, he gave me the following information: "If Herr von Reichmann sings, he goes off to the right, but if it is Herr von Beck, he leaves by the left, as he is then much nearer his dressing-room." "And who will sing Don Juan tomorrow?" "I don't yet know." So I studied for both sides, and Fate decided upon Herr von Reichmann, a fact which I did not learn until the evening of the performance.

Director Jahn applied himself to *Norma* with the finest artistic understanding. He was not a stranger to the great Italian tradition; he knew how the opera was produced in Italy, how it was sung by the great Italians and Germans, and he dedicated himself with love and delight to the work, to which Richard Wagner, also, had always brought the warmest interest. When I think back to that beautiful time, and then consider with what lack of knowledge and affection this glorious opera was treated subsequently, I must pity the artists who permit such great and compensating tasks to escape them, as well as the public that thereby loses the lofty enjoyment of a work so rich in melody, the passionate action of which is less wanting in human grandeur than many a bungled modern composition that receives great applause. But this opera, which bears so much love within it, may not be treated indifferently or just killed off. It should be sung and acted with fanatical consecration, rendered by the chorus and orchestra, especially, with artistic reverence, led with authority by the director, and, to every single eighth note, should be given the musical tribute that is its due.

Scaria was Orovist, either Wilt or I was Norma, Winkelmann was Sever and added was the Vienna orchestra conducted by Jahn and afterwards by Hans Richter. Jahn often said to us sisters: "If you two wished to go on tour in *Norma*

Lilli Lehmann as Norma

From a photograph of the painting by Hans Volkmer, taken in 1885

you could earn a million." But my sister, who always took only the nearest and never the distant thing into consideration was, unfortunately, not made for that. Finally, however, our co-operation, at least, that gave us intense pleasure in *Norma*, *Don Juan*, and the *Entführung*, was achieved by my visiting engagement at Vienna. We understood each other perfectly in musical matters. Just before the beginning of the greatest cadenzas, in which my sister did not uniformly enjoy singing the second voice, we would change parts if I whispered to her hurriedly, "You sing the first," as it was all the same to me. I can still see Scaria, as Orovist, weeping in the last scene, when I beg him, as a father, for the children's lives. He could not believe that I was singing the part for the first time. He acted the last scene with touching love and nobility, and sang the whole rôle superbly. That remains fixed in my affections, and alone would make it impossible for me to forget him. I wish with all my heart that artists in song and impersonation would again rise up for this splendid work, who would truly invest it with all the love and ability that we once gave to it. An audience will always be ready for this.

It seems to me impossible to pass over Emil Götze without remembering in the most affectionate way his delight in singing and his glorious voice that was like a fresh bubbling spring. His Walther Stolzing still rings in my ears like a shout of triumph, just as in those days when I, for the first time, heard his voice peal out in the finale of the *Meistersinger*, as though a higher truth had indeed been delivered to him, "In the wood there of the Vogelweid." His naturally joyous song made our singers' hearts laugh and rejoice also. Happy man and happy singer, to whom power was granted to enrich others with happiness!

His visiting engagement brought me a new rôle, that of Lucia, which I had never sung before. It was almost too much after all that I had done in this year and I perceived it, especially on the first night, from the palpitation of the

heart that, frightening me, almost robbed me of breath, and which I then took for extreme agitation. I first learned the real cause of this highly disagreeable condition from Professor Schweninger and, more explicitly still, from Dr. Wernecke, my physician thenceforward, but much too late to my great regret, as I should have taken prompt measures if I had known at once, and could then have guarded myself in time from many attacks and spared myself many unpleasant hours.

Lilli Lehmann

From an amateur photograph taken in 1885

America

November 1885 to July 1886

MY first American journey had meanwhile become an accepted fact; the contract, which bound me for three months to the Metropolitan Opera at New York, was signed, and already rooms were engaged for me and my companions on the *Eider* of the North German Lloyd, sailing on November 4th.

It had been observed for some years past that Hülsen was changed, that his interest in his work was less, and that his sceptre had slipped little by little into the hands of the director of the opera, who made things easy for Hülsen, but whose way of managing was not for the benefit of art. This man was not a friend either to me or our authoritative colleagues, who could easily understand his game. Some young insignificant talent were favoured while the older were put in the background, and he would have preferred to get rid of the latter entirely. I was far too sensible not to see that it was natural that one or another of my old rôles would have to be given up to younger singers, who wanted to come forward also, but I should have been compensated for that with other rôles, and this was not done. I had also been much less employed for a long while than formerly, which, because of my small salary of 13,500 marks and 45 marks unguaranteed money for each performance, that the Emperor had increased for me to 90 marks, meant a great

deficiency when I was occupied so little. If a lucky chance had not again come to my assistance I should probably, before my departure, have been allowed to sing only the part of Vielka in the *Feldlager*, which, to my regret, was again in preparation.

Frau von Voggenhuber was suddenly taken seriously ill. As Frau Sachse did not sing the great dramatic rôles, the management was all at once face to face with the unpleasant fact that neither the just newly studied *Lucrezia Borgia*, nor the great attraction, the *Walküre*, could be given. Four weeks still lay between me and my departure to the new world, during which I should have been able to dedicate my service "to the Fatherland." In the first embarrassment this was seized upon, and I was actually permitted to sing Brünhilde and Lucrezia, in which I had long been at home. The latter reminded me of a really comic episode. The charming ballet, *Vienna Waltzes*, the concluding scene of which is played in the Wurstelprater, had been added to the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia*. Several of our colleagues took part in it, and it occurred to Betz and me, after the opera, that we, likewise, would share in the fun. In house dress, sheltered by a red parasol, Betz-Alfonso mingled arm-in-arm with his wife, the poisoner, Lehmann-Lucrezia, among the merry crowds of the Wurstelprater. Suddenly we saw my son, Genaro (Paul Kalisch, the newly engaged tenor) who had only just been unexpectedly poisoned by me, and who was quite dead, take the child from the arm of a nurse who was wandering about, lay it in a basketwork carriage, and ride around with it, keeping always behind the ducal couple. There was no end to the laughter, and Hülsen joined in it, making the best of the matter.

From October 4th to 19th, I sang both rôles twice, and they drew so well that I might have continued to sing them often until November 4th, and could have turned it to profit for the opera-house. Hülsen was extraordinarily content with both rôles, a recognition that again gave me honest

pleasure. I wondered, therefore, the more, that I did not see them announced after October 19th. During the last performances I was invited to London by the firm of Steinway, to dedicate their new concert hall on October 22d, with the pianist, Franz Rummel. As I was unemployed, I sent the telegram to Hülsen with the question whether I might be spared for two days. I should be again at his disposition on the 24th, but so soon before my long journey I would not mind if he refused. Hülsen sent me word after some hours that he granted the leave of absence, as I was not to appear again before I went to America. That was extraordinary! Frau von Voggenhuber was ill, Niemann had to be paid if he was not employed, the great operas could not then be given without me, and there I sat in Berlin unoccupied, and, according to technical law, without leave of absence, for eleven days more. That did harm, at least to the royal treasury. And no one had taken the trouble to announce to me, in advance, my farewell appearance or to inform the public of it.

A splendid wreath from "Bayreuth worshippers" was handed to me at the London concert, and the Duke of Edinburgh requested me, through Mr. Bambridge, to take part in a church concert, but I had to decline, unfortunately, because of my impending journey to the United States. I was genuinely tired after all my work, was very nervous, could not remain in the melancholy October fog, and preferred to embark from Bremen rather than England.

On my return to Berlin I asked Strantz for the reasons, still unknown to me, of this extraordinary treatment, whereupon he replied, "You see, dear Lehmann, we prefer to have you leave a fortnight earlier and come back to us again a fortnight sooner." Now I knew whence the wind blew even before I became a sailor, and could not resist a feeling of mistrust that I had to thank the management already for the exceeding willingness it showed to grant me leave of absence for America, London, etc., and I saw that, appar-

ently, the farther away I was the better it was pleased. The ensuing events proved that my suspicion was only too well founded. I told Herr von Strantz at length what I thought, before I said farewell to the Court Opera House.

The parting from my native land, the first journey across the wide ocean to another world where only the unknown awaited me, made my heart heavy. I tried to be brave, but I could not control my tears as I went out by the small steamer, *Willkommen*, to the big *Eider*, with my dear little companion, Hedwig H——, and turned my back on Europe for a short time, as I then supposed, which did not hinder me from often moving to look at its shores.

As I got a sight of the bronzed form of our Captain Hellmers, who greeted his passengers at the ship's gangway, I extended him my hand confidently with the firm conviction that this man would watch over us. The vessel, that appeared so small to us in the distance, grew visibly before our eyes, and, on board, every separate class of passengers formed a single family during the ten to twelve days crossing. We were speedily settled in a cabin amidships, and, well wrapped up, I hurried on deck to enjoy the air and sea. We passed the red sand lighthouse down the Weser to the North Sea, went by the fireships of the Holland coast, and I bravely withstood the motion of the waves. I was prudent about heavy eating and drinking, and remained in the fresh air until night compelled me to go to bed. In the morning, trumpet signals, among which the Siegfried and sword motifs were not missing, drove me from the coffin, as I preferred to call my berth, that much resembled one. Only on Sundays were the sick and well called to breakfast by religious chorales, though the former were made worse by the mere thought of the meal.

The motion continued slight, washing and dressing could be easily performed, and I went quickly up on deck before breakfast. We passed Dover about ten o'clock, and

went by the beautiful Isle of Wight, which I knew well, and from whose rocks I had seen many a trans-oceanic steamer go on her way with the light question whether I, too, should some day glide across in such an one to the new world. Then we turned into the narrow channel towards Southampton, a bad entrance and exit for large steamers, where we took on board the mail and passengers that had come by way of England. I was amazed by the sight of nine hundred filled linen letter bags, among them a leather despatch bag tightly locked, called "the Bismarck"; furthermore, seventeen millions in gold packed in small chests, each of which two men carried with difficulty, and that were received by the purser. Then we said farewell to the last European landing place, and proceeded, with glorious weather, towards the distant scenes yet unknown to me.

The Isle of Wight was still close to us, but with the passing of the fine "Needles," where I gave my young niece, Hedwig Helbig, a hearty kiss for the forsaken home and embraced it in her, the eye lost this last hold also, and we were carried away from the mainland and given over to the ocean. The full surge of it already made itself felt in great waves from our feet up to the nerves of the head, and we hurriedly sought our "coffins" again, where we spent thirty-six hours, waiting for a favourable opportunity that would, at least, allow us in turn to bathe and dress. Still very wobbly, I crept on deck the second day, where I was at once received by the first officer, a thoroughgoing sea bear, with the words: "Well, to think that you, who were so brave in the North Sea, have now let yourself go under!" Yes indeed, I was ashamed of myself before him and everybody else, with whom matters were not much better. But is it so shameful if one who is a clod and who is accustomed to move only on the immovable earth—or what is so-called—cannot immediately adapt himself to the constantly shifting motion of a ship tossed about on the ocean? We permitted ourselves, like all ladies, to be mothered or fathered

by strange gentlemen, and wrapped up in warm covers in reclining chairs by stewards who brought us fruit (a restorative to the seasick), and we were fondled like new-born children, whom one horribly resembles after the hideous sickness. I am very proud, however, of the fact that I never relapsed again, even in the worst weather.

Captain Hellmers, who showed us special attention, had pointed out to me at the start that the officer's bridge was the best place to stay, a distinction that I did not hesitate to make use of. In this way, I learned to know Hellmers and his officers as splendid men, and, also, the whole tone of the ship. Hellmers took his most responsible office with pious seriousness, looked after everything and everybody, and insisted scrupulously on order and cleanliness; he was a man in whose care one felt secure. The captain does not go to bed in the Weser or the canal; both watercourses demand his entire watchfulness and caution; he must have his eyes everywhere, for even when the pilots are on board and have taken over the command the captain remains the responsible person. On another trip with Hellmers, I was eye-witness to a very disagreeable scene. We made our way, towards evening and with glorious weather, into New York harbour, and a pilot was in charge. Not to be in the way, I sat apart while the ship passed among illuminated buoys. All at once I saw Hellmers rush by me to the after-deck, and heard him shout to me: "How like children they are; one cannot trust them for a moment." And then I felt our gigantic ship—it was the *Lahn*—move backwards, in order to get out of the wrong channel, into which the pilot had taken her. Only in the Atlantic Ocean, when all shores are out of sight, may the captain venture to rest, and entrust the vessel, with her 2000 and more passengers and all her treasure, to his officers for hours at a time.

The ocean is a waste. One sees seven miles in front, behind, to the right and left, and still farther, if a mast

rises above the horizon or the smoke line of a passing steamer. Since the routes of vessels have been regulated, often not a single one is met in an entire day. Sometimes porpoises are seen by the hundreds gambolling around the ship, springing high out of the water, and swiftly diving under again, and when they are sighted, by chance, from a cabin port-hole, jumping out and under, it causes loud laughter, for the rascals are so jolly. It is extremely seldom that the head of a whale is visible, or that they can be seen in the distance, spouting their fountains. A little seaweed or wood drifting in the Gulf Stream, or thousands of small grey ducks in the vicinity of Newfoundland, often diving up and down by the ship in the heavy northern mist, is about all that is attractive which is offered by the ocean in winter. But there is always the purest salt sea air that one cannot breathe in enough. On the notorious banks of Newfoundland it generally storms and rages in cold and unfriendly fashion; but that no longer caused us any embarrassment. The proximity of the American coast, where splendid weather always prevails about this season, soon made its influence felt. Then came the day of the ship's concert for the benefit of the Seamen's Fund, in which no "travelling artist" refuses to join, and which is the ambition of all the "travelling dilettanti." This time Herr Leo Lorenz (a partner of Wesendonk's brother in New York) played a duet for violin with the ship's doctor, I sang, and others played and recited; at the end, Haydn's Kindersymphonie was performed by amateurs only. Hedwig H—— accompanied the whole concert. Immediately after the dinner (the concert began an hour later), the cabins became animated. One saw sheets of music being fastened with pins, heard scales sung, and fiddling, whistling, fluting, and rattling; bangs were again ventured upon, and moustaches were waxed; everybody made himself extra fine. That night the second cabin was allowed in the saloon on buying tickets, and now the affair began.

A bouquet was presented in the captain's name to the artist in question after each piece, made delicately and artistically of shavings and flowers shaped from fresh vegetables, and that was decorated with the waste used in cleaning.

These amusements are repeated on all trips—the concert, the betting on the pilot's number, and a few games bring some variety into the monotonous sameness that consists, principally, of colossal feeding, for the yard long menus, that begin with the first breakfast, cannot be termed anything else. The Roman says that man does not die but eats himself to death, and it is certainly true of the ocean traveller. One benefit I derived, however, from this journey; I slept all that I possibly could, and, in this way, strengthened myself for past and future exhausting work. I always slept with the window open, as soon as the state of the sea permitted, and rubbed myself down every night with salt water, for, in those days, one could not have baths, as in the '90's, every day and every hour.

One becomes acquainted with many people on an ocean trip; many, thank God, that one never meets again, and others that one becomes intimate with for life. As, on subsequent journeys, I no longer took everybody to be good coin that made a fine appearance, I sometimes was compelled to think to myself, who knows what this or that one has done, and I soon looked upon any person that the captain did not know as a criminal.

When we saw, early on November 14th, a narrow white line on the horizon to the right, I asked an officer if that could be land. Hurrah! It was the American coast, and soon we should see Fire Island. "How wonderful it is," I said to myself "that one arrives." "Yes," said the first officer, "we ourselves sometimes wonder that we are arriving again!" The meaning of this was only made clear to me on later journeys, when severe storms retarded us for a long time, or drove us forty to fifty miles out of our course.

As early as noon we entered, from Sandy Hook, the

glorious harbour of New York! How splendid it is! The charming shore covered with trees and shrubs of variegated autumnal hues, from which cosy houses shone forth; the sea that reflected the blue of the sunny sky; Governors Island, from where, every evening, a cannon-shot announces the setting of the sun; the Statue of Liberty near Staten Island, and, on the right, a phantastical web that swings above the river and the city—the wonderful Brooklyn Bridge. It is an overwhelming triumph of German genius, that produces a more powerful effect the oftener one becomes lost in contemplation of it. And then one sees large and small ferryboats that carry thousands of men, vehicles, and whole railroad trains across, up or down the stream. What a sight, what life! And, above everything, a southern blue sky. There is no smoke over the city from chimneys or flues, only light, white steam; everything is clear and pure. Our *Eider* again appeared majestic in the neighbourhood of human dwellings and labours. But the Brooklyn Bridge is supernatural, and will continue to be so. Under it pass great sailing vessels with high masts and steamships of every sort. Ah, this harbour of New York! How often did I ride about for hours on a ferry-boat, in the middle of winter, in the midst of storm and rain, tempest and cold, when the ice often cracked and burst on all sides, and, with astonishment, I drank in delightedly what forced itself upon my attention. I loved this harbour in my heart of hearts, and it was an unfailing joy. Not another one of all the artists can have given it such devotion, nor have gazed upon it and admired it again and again with such grateful sentiments for a happy fate and all the love that America gave me.

In earlier times, when an impresario brought over celebrated artists for the "Show," as concerts and theatrical performances are still called in the West, a word that combines for the people the idea, handed down from the past, of a circus and menagerie, they used to be received down

the harbour by a special boat with music. In my time this had been done away with; the Metropolitan Opera no longer had need of such means of advertisement; not even flowers might be presented any longer on the stage—a bad custom that I worked zealously to wipe out, as I worked for all reforms that promoted art, and I have a good right to be proud of the fact. On this occasion only some newspaper interviewers appeared, who approached me, at once, with the question, "How do you like America?" Good heavens, how can one have an opinion of America without having set foot on its soil! But some one nudged me to reply, it is fine, and I said "very much." It is enough to make one's hair rise to read what stuff is served up to newspaper readers after these interviews, and one is often seized with a desire to trump over their incredible questions with still more incredible replies. But one is polite in America, and spares himself and others annoyance and agitation; each individual is his own master, and, thereby, more is gained than lost.—I was welcomed by Manager Habelmann in the name of the directors.

The customs formalities were gone through on the boat, which did not prevent one being obliged to remain for hours on the draughty pier on account of the baggage examination. I was asked whether I had brought any presents with me. "Oh, no," I replied, "but I hope to receive some here." (I was not in earnest.)

Now a farewell had to be taken from the captain, whom I left with a real debt of thanks for all the caution and devotion to duty with which he had conducted our voyage, and with whom I am still in most friendly relations. When I asked him, twenty years later, why he did not wish to "sail" any longer, he replied, "I think I have sailed enough. It is sufficient, believe me, to have the tremendous responsibility for so many human lives during twenty-one voyages in a year." We said good-bye to the officers and crew, and to all who had been shut up with us in our ark, and who were

now to be scattered to the four winds. We were securely seated in the carriage that bore us through a couple of dirty, unevenly paved streets in Hoboken that had dangerous holes in them, but where the small houses, painted red or blue, produced a bright effect; then we found ourselves on a large ferryboat that carried us to the opposite shore of the splendid and animated Hudson. There also the mud and the pavement were not much better, and New York became presentable only in Fifth Avenue and Broadway.

We soon stopped at the Hotel Normandie on 38th Street, that was to shelter us for the next three months. The committee had taken three rooms and bath for me on the first floor, and considered that they were, thereby, showing special honour to the prima donna. But within an hour we had moved up to the seventh floor away from the street noise, from where we had the most superb view over the city and the Palisades (rocks) that were situated opposite across the Hudson, the mountains of New Jersey, the Statue of Liberty, and a part of the harbour. It is impossible to conceive an idea of the clearness of the American sky or of the atmosphere, saturated with electricity, that plays many merry pranks with the stranger. Gorgeous sunsets made the view more beautiful every evening, and the lingering twilight was splendidly effective as it spread in orange-coloured tones over the whole western sky as I have never seen it elsewhere. When the evening star, that appeared to be much larger than in Europe, became visible, there was another wonder to be enjoyed. Then darkness fell suddenly, and at dawn, that comes late, this process was reversed.

A single street separated the Hotel Normandie from the Metropolitan Opera House, that contained not only a huge theatre, but also large halls, assembly rooms, and an apartment hotel with restaurant, and which occupied an entire street block. The auditorium, that was divided into three galleries, contained comfortable arm-chairs and boxes, with

yellow satin curtains and seats, and made an impression of simplicity, and, for that very reason, of distinction. When the house was filled at the evening performances with the most beautiful and elegant women that I have ever seen, and reflected the brilliancy of their beauty and of the lights, the effect was artistically harmonious. A classically simple plush curtain, artistically perfect in colour and design, separated the auditorium from the stage, and elegant and comfortable dressing-rooms made the artists' occupancy of them most agreeable. Large foyers, from which wide doors led almost directly to the street, ensured the audience a speedy exit in case of fire, the importance of this becoming apparent as soon as acquaintance was made with American carelessness; I mean the throwing away of burning cigars or cigarettes and the constant bonfires made by the dear young people.

The origin of this luxurious abode of art reminds one of a tale from the *Thousand and One Nights*, luxurious, because the Italian opera season had dedicated it two years previously with the stars, Patti, Nilsson, Albani, and others, and it had swallowed up frightful sums of money (partly returned in profits indeed) because, aside from the immense salaries, every costume, every shoe and stocking was provided for it by Worth of Paris.

Up to this time the home of the opera had been in the Academy of Music, an elegant opera-house in 14th Street, with fine acoustics. But as, on a particular evening, one of the beautiful millionairesses did not receive the box in which she intended to shine because another beautiful woman had anticipated her, the husband of the former took prompt action and caused the Metropolitan Opera House to arise, wherein his beloved wife might dazzle. Thither everybody now streamed, and the old Academy of Music was quickly forgotten.

Opera was given on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, beginning at eight o'clock, and lasting until almost midnight. On Saturday afternoons, and, later, also, on

Lilli Lehmann as Carmen

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1884

Wednesdays, matinées were given from two to half-past five o'clock, especially for subscribers living out of town, and attended chiefly by ladies only, who did not recognise any necessity for elaborate toilettes. The audience was serious, like the clothes that it wore, and it cannot be said that it looked very gay. These matinées were always my great distress, as long as I sang there on the other side. I never could accustom my moods to the sober afternoon period, that worked contrary to all the charm of the evening performances, and that never afforded me the least satisfaction, either in concerts or opera.

I was, also, often compelled to recall a little anecdote to the effect that an apparent native, a bootblack, revealed himself to some German visitors to the island of Java as a genuine Saxon, painted brown, with the words, "Eh, Herr Jesus, are you, also, from Dresden?" as old acquaintances of mine turned up everywhere. That was not remarkable for New York, but, in the Far West, also, one found ties with one's home, childhood, youth, and parents, and everywhere sounded the electrical heart and home apparatus of the great, little world. I met there again, as colleagues, the jovial Emil Fischer, from Dresden, and Adolf Robinson, who sought to console themselves for the absence of the dear dramatic Rosa (Fischer) by playing away at poker against each other the beautiful American salaries, while, besides them, there was my dear colleague, Marianne Brandt, who had been engaged here already the previous season.

I began with *Carmen* on November 25th, and repeated it on the 28th at the matinée, and, as the orchestra had to be paid extra on Sundays, the rehearsal for the *Walküre*, lasting from eight to one o'clock at night, took place Saturday after the *Carmen* matinée, although that never happened to me again. The *Walküre* had a marvellous success, and, even at the beginning of the second act, a storm of enthusiasm greeted us that continued during the whole evening. Then the *Queen of Sheba* was brought out with a gorgeous

mounting that cost $80,000. An immense army of supernumeraries, real brown and black slaves, with women and children, was at the command of the theatre, and I envied them for their complexions, for I would have liked to have painted myself for Aïda just their colour. Jokingly, I asked one of the brown rogues where he got the colour that he used, whereat he answered me quite angrily, "Oh, I am not coloured!" When the children knelt and stood before King Solomon with their presents, a little stream meandered forth from the brown group of little ones, rippled serenely and certainly towards the prompter's box, and there disappeared unobtrusively, but left its trace behind, to the delight of the audience. Every country has its customs!

The intermissions were terrible in these already lengthy operas, and reminded one vividly of Bayreuth. The opera-house was not equipped for the newest mechanical demands; no one was accustomed to work rapidly, and so every change turned into a trial of patience for the German management and artists, and I was often brought to despair. It was delayed by requests like, "Please bring me a lath, please let me have another nail here, please fasten these steps, this barrier, this bench, the carpet. Then everything was attended to at a snail's pace. I once advised that the workers should be promised extra pay, as Director Löwe did at Breslau, if they finished an hour earlier, and that the next time the same amount should be taken away, in case they were not ready. The method was well planned but was not approved. So everything continued to dawdle along calmly, and there was a never-ending conflict between my patience and the customs of the world across the seas. I gave my own assistance everywhere, so as not to be put out by a fall, by being killed, or torn in pieces. Finally, I accomplished so much that Mr. Stanton, our very elegant young director, who afterwards called himself "Intendant," but who was really secretary of the big enterprise, shook all the wings with his white

kid gloves, or ran up and downstairs to try their solidity before the curtain rose, and at last I became mistress also of the incredible confusion behind the scenes, where everybody tramped about, whistled, talked aloud, slammed doors, etc. I declared that I did not wish to sing any further, and that helped matters, for it became as quiet as a mouse, the workmen were given soft shoes, and Mr. Stanton now began both to hear and to see. Sometimes I swore in pure German—I am aware it was not ladylike—but I swore all the same to clear the air about me, and finally I succeeded.

On December 19th, I sang the *Messiah*, in English, after the matinée of the *Queen of Sheba*, and I sang it as a requiem for our old friend, Frau Römer, whose death had just been announced to us, to my real sorrow. Then, right after Christmas, we went for two weeks to the Quakers at Philadelphia, and, on March 7th, the season ended in New York, as no one went to the opera in the weeks of fasting called Lent. Times have changed; what was then considered a sin is now the fashion, without remembering the sin at all. Our charitable impulses were satisfied by one concert for the benefit of Bayreuth, a second for the chorus, and a third for the German clinic.

Anton Seidl, Richard Wagner's favourite pupil, was the conductor—the most talented and earnest of the Bayreuth Guild of 1876. He has always been to me the best of all Wagner conductors, who, beginning under Angelo Neumann, used the baton flexibly and unobtrusively, without seeking after sensational effects in conducting. I may say, indeed, that we were happy under his perfect leading, and he also, on the other hand, must be deemed fortunate that he needed only to follow, in an intellectual sense, so many artistic authorities, which made it possible for both sides to give admirable renderings. We understood each other, and not the slightest discord ever arose between the artists up

above and the conductor down below, who led his splendid orchestra so gloriously. German opera owes much to Anton Seidl. Here was illustrated once more how brilliantly very many "authorities" could work together, and how much better it is for an opera-house to be provided with many artists trained in a good school, than to be one where the management, instead of dealing with artistic talent, attempts to produce works of art with dolls who are manipulated by strings.

The position of assistant conductor was filled by Walter Damrosch, who was still very young and who had talent and great audacity, but who was then without any maturity, which was not to be expected of him. There was often friction between Walter Damrosch and myself,—as, for instance, when he did not adhere, at the pianoforte rehearsal, to the piano score, but wandered off into variations, because three equal eighth notes seemed to him too tiresome. Neither Halévy nor Bellini needed to endure it, and, in this case, I felt that I represented the composers that he ill-treated, while, on other points, also, I had occasion to put him right. We were quite good friends, however, as I saw that he understood how to accept sound advice with humour, for Walter Damrosch was clever and knew what he was about.

The opera-house was rented, on the free days, to other organisations, and Theodore Thomas held the public Philharmonic rehearsals there. I was present at one of these rehearsal concerts when I noticed something in the tone of the orchestra that had never struck me elsewhere. What might it be? I gave myself up to the enchantment of it over and over again, until, after much speculating, I was able to explain the wonder to myself. The violins used their bows in unison so that eye and ear were soothed; the woodwind, who suited their tone and sound colour exactly on their entrance to the instruments that had preceded them, were not shrill or inharmonious as we are accustomed to hear them, but mingled with soft unobtrusiveness and

Lilli Lehmann as Carmen

From a photograph by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin, taken in 1884

melodiously in the volume of tone, without one perceiving where they or the other instruments came in and dropped out. That was the solution of the riddle, and was the spell that had charmed me. Why do nearly all instrumentalists suffer such an effect to escape them, and why are not the conductors alive to it?

Once when Thomas resumed the rehearsal after a pause, he rapped again to stop his men, and, turning to the orchestra, said, "But, children, tune your instruments; it is quite unbearable!" I must admit that I had not perceived anything especially impure, in spite of my keen ear. To-day, indeed, when my sense of pitch has been enormously refined by study, I would be able to hear that which Thomas heard then. Thomas was a man, take him all in all, to whom I would like to erect a monument, for he was a sound kernel in a rough shell, and music, that is, his ideal art, was as exalted to him as mine is to me. I cannot say that he was a graceful conductor, but his orchestra understood him, and he made no concessions to the American public when he wished to instruct it, by sparing it anything he proposed to carry through. He performed the Mephisto Waltz of Liszt, thus, for the first time in New York. The audience, accustomed only to Italian or classical music, whistled and hissed down the orchestra and compelled Thomas to stop. Several attempts to resume were made in vain. Then Thomas took his watch in his hand, enforced quiet, and turned to the audience with the following words: "I give you five minutes to leave the hall; then we shall play the waltz from the beginning to the end. Who wishes to listen without making a demonstration may do so; I request all others to go, I will carry out my purpose if I have to remain standing here until two o'clock in the morning—I have plenty of time." The audience remained, listened to the whole waltz, and Thomas triumphed. He often gained such victories and showed himself master. After a splendidly performed Fugue by Bach, arranged by Robert Franz, that had not

been enthusiastically received—where would that have happened?—he said disdainfully of the audience, "I like it, if they don't." "So do I," I might have replied to him, as I revelled in it, and was entirely of his opinion.

Immediately after the first performances, offers came to me from the opera and other agencies to return and to remain altogether in America. The latter I refused positively. Then the Steinways approached me with a proposal to stay a month longer in the States after the close of the season, and they offered me a sum for the thirty concerts that it would have taken me three years of singing in Berlin to earn. It was of course very enticing to carry this amount away with me, and I was very willing to make this special request of our General-Intendant, from whose understanding of such situations, well known to me, I might hope for the fulfilment of my wish. Before this happened, however, the opera committee pressed me again to free myself from my Berlin contract, and to bind myself to New York for several years. As openly as I confess that this big offer was extremely tempting to me, just as frankly do I state that I was absolutely disinclined to accept, and took counsel for a long time with myself, then with a circle of elderly, well-balanced, business men, namely, William Steinway, Ottendorfer, of the New York *Staats Zeitung*, Carl Schurz, and others whom I asked to join in a conference at Ottendorfer's, before I came to the following resolution after considering the pros and cons: as I intended to take with me, if it were possible, the amount guaranteed for the concerts, I should ask Hülsen for an extension of my leave of absence, and should support my petition by preparing him for the probable consequences of an unfavourable reply, as I might then see myself compelled, perhaps, to accept the offers of the Metropolitan Opera. Then, of course, I would release myself from my Berlin contract, and, in case it was declared I had broken my contract, would place personally in the hands of the General-

Intendant, immediately upon my return, the conventional penalty of 13,500 marks provided for in the contract. I wrote this out in duplicate copies and sent them to Hülsen by different steamers. Contrary to my expectation, my request for an extension of my leave of absence was not granted, and, from the day of my non-arrival, I was put down every night on the programme as having broken my contract.

Niemann went about this more cleverly the following year, and addressed his petition, indirectly through Hülsen, to the Emperor himself, who promptly granted it. How little my intuition had deceived me with respect to Herr von Strantz was proved by his remark at a discussion of my violation of contract, and which my old friend, Mensing, accidentally overheard at a social gathering, "We are lucky to be rid of Lehmann; she is forty and would soon have become a charge upon the pension fund." This really happened in April, 1886.

On the occasion of Paul Lindau's seventieth birthday, in whose honour I sang the *Allmacht* in the circle of the artists who surrounded him, I saw Strantz again for the first time. I could not resist saying sweetly to my former director, who was guilelessly smiling at me, "Well, my dear Strantz, I am not yet pensioned off, and it is certainly twenty-five years ago that I left Berlin and you considered me ready for it."

My resolution was not quite so easily taken as I write it to-day. It called for much courage, strong self-confidence, and a careful balancing of what was to be gained and lost thereby. I should not have been inclined, for the sake of the money alone, to separate myself from the abodes of art that were dear to me then, together with much else, that I still love to-day. I have never forgotten what I became there, but my inclination, talent, and ambition clamoured for stronger recognition, and, out of the fulness of my powers and depths of my feeling, I craved a dramatic field of labour,

that I had so long desired, and which would never have been given me in Berlin, as I well knew, except in an emergency, and as an occasional opportunity. Henceforward, I could place myself, without interference, on the artistic stage that belonged to me, that had beckoned to me so long as the goal of my efforts, and that now offered me, for the first and perhaps for the last time, the completest opportunity. It is good luck to seize the moment when it comes, and I have never been forced to regret that I thus took hold of my destiny. My self-confidence could not delude me any more, for it was tested, and my device, "Ever onward, ever higher," carried me to the goal.

What I abandoned was not little, and what I purposed to conquer was illimitable; either without the other could not be achieved. I was standing close to the aim of my aspirations, and could not be so cowardly as to rest or look back. My course may have appeared wrong and ungrateful at that time to some persons, perhaps to many, and yet I owed it to myself. While I now can survey my experiences without rancour and with a heart full of gratitude, I should have become embittered, without ever reaching my goal, as a royal office-holder dependent on the favour of an intendant, director, or manager, and, by degrees, should have either been condemned to third-class rôles or, as Strantz supposed, placed as a charge, twenty-five years ago, on the royal pension list.

No, artists are divinely endowed, and are not created to be functionaries. They should learn betimes to manage themselves, and to be their own strictest judges. Their ambition should not be hemmed in and their talents should not be compressed in a vice. They should not be compelled to beg for their lifework, but should perform it with delight to the joy and exaltation of humanity. The free artist of the dramatic stage is the only being, perhaps, who reaches his ideal approximately—who spends himself in his high calling, and who may live out his life in the individual tasks,

agreeable to him and his genius, set by our great and most great masters.

It was glorious on the Hudson, which, in its northern portion, flows by the Catskill Mountains, reminding me strongly of the Rhine, when we saw it quietly and peacefully slumbering, still wrapped in a blue veil, as our train rushed along its shores. It is true that it lacks fortresses and castles with their legends and memories, that is, we have none of the latter because we did not see them preserved in crumbling stone walls, old towers, and weather-beaten ramparts. But it certainly possesses legends of the Indians and of many other peoples that wandered by it, during centuries, lived there, and were then wiped out. The unhappy Redskins have been driven away to distant regions, where, hiding themselves in terror from every stranger, they are likely to succumb entirely to English brandy. What a pity it is! They belong to the landscape in this country, which, without them, would have been quite different. The effort should be made to preserve at least a few tribes for America, instead of systematically exterminating them. One Sunday we visited a little church on Lake Ontario, in which an Englishman preached to about forty Indians, and one of the latter translated the sermon into his own language. I leave the question undecided whether these people have become happier through Christianity. I felt deep pity for these men whose country I was learning to know, and whose life and customs I had, by the aid of Sealsfield, already grown to love.

On its way westward, our train passed electrically lighted, blooming towns and settlements (it was twenty-seven years ago), crossed the broad Susquehanna to blue Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, which are connected by the splendid Niagara River and Falls, and went on by Lake Michigan, the largest of the three, to Chicago and Milwaukee. We continued, by the Detroit River, to the St. Lawrence, and returned to

New York, only to go again in one breath to Minneapolis and her sister city, St. Paul, up to the Falls of the Mississippi, and, two days afterwards, along the whole of that river, sitting on the platform of the car, for forty-six hours, travelling down to St. Louis and Louisville on the Ohio and Missouri rivers.

As, until then, I had seen nothing of the interior of the country, I was interested in every little mound of earth, every tiny house, every bird, in everything whatsoever that my eyes could take in. I was grieved by the barbarous destruction of the primeval forests. When I rushed by tracts where the burned and charred giant trees stood here and there, as signs of man's passion for destroying, I was seized by actual sorrow, and for several hours I lost all pleasure in looking out. How charming it was, on the other hand, when the robins, and a kind of starling with a red patch on the breast resembling the blood-breasted pigeon, clung to the reeds; when the American quail, with their fascinating nodding black feathers on their heads, hunted for food in the thickets, or when thousands of turtles of every size, in the swampy regions near St. Louis, lay in the sun immovable on old logs, trunks of trees, thick branches, rocks, etc., looking as though they themselves were old pieces of black wood. And the cows on lonely farms looked most absurd in winter, covered, for protection from the cold, with old parti-coloured patchwork quilts, as they stood browsing on what was left of the cornstalks in the bare fields. Horses and asses stood untied in their stalls, and gazed at their ease out of large windows; they are never turned with their heads to the wall, which is the stupidest thing that can be done to an animal that is able to observe.

Now that I am on the subject of horses, let me say at once how happy I have felt in New York, where the flogging of horses is forbidden, the whip being scarcely known except in name, where no more is exacted from a horse than it can pull comfortably, and it is more of a companion to men than

Lilli Lehmann as Brünhild in *Walküre*

From a photograph by Falk, New York, taken in 1886

a dog is with us. Whoever has often ridden in a car on Broadway, where a hundred thousand trucks have to make their way amongst thousands of cars, and has seen how they all extricate themselves without abuse, without a policeman, must agree with the Americans when they say what I have heard so often, "Horses are more clever than human beings." For years we observed how horses, that were simply taken out of the traces on Broadway, would go alone to their stables through the street, and how loaded drays, unguided by any driver, were taken by the horse wherever it was accustomed to go with the contents. A horse belonging to a milk-wagon used to give me "his paw," whenever I asked him for it. Loaded carts were often steered by a gentle word spoken from the sidewalk, but I have never seen a horse beaten. All this was accomplished by Dr. Bergh, the famous protector of animals, who was given a free hand by the police, and who had the right, if he saw horses that were badly harnessed, to take them from before any waggon or carriage in the middle of the street. The man and his memory should be forever blessed for this. Here one individual, quite by himself, succeeded in doing what a crowd of charitable and intellectually notable persons in Berlin have not yet accomplished. One often hears Americans enquiring over there how it is possible that such brutality to animals as is seen is still tolerated in a moral community. Well, I might tell something about it!

As we rushed through them, most of the cities seemed to have little to distinguish one from another. The environs of each of these small towns were very attractive to me, and I always took the time to visit them. There were many points of contact, for one met German friends all over. In Boston, the most beautiful and intellectually noted city, most resembling European towns, we met Conductor Wilhelm Gericke, of the Vienna Court Opera, who led the great Symphony Concerts that were the gift of Mr. Higginson, a very rich and earnest man, to the Bostonians. He had

financed and artistically promoted them for a decade, and, later on, they had been directed by Arthur Nikisch and Dr. Carl Muck, while to-day they are in their fullest development on a sound business basis, and constitute a source of intellectual elevation. We enjoyed many delightful evenings in those days, making music together, and many wonderful memories sprang from this and other artistic organisations (the finest orchestras were that of Boston led by Gericke and those of New York led by Thomas and Seidl), for which I am grateful to America and, on the other hand, if I may say it, for which America should thank us.

In Rochester and New York we met again two of my mother's married pupils; in St. Louis, a whole family of our Künzle relatives; at Milwaukee, the former court actress, Mathilde Kühle, who was now the wife of the Conductor Catenhusen, and who, during the Music Festival of July, 1886, in which Marianne Brandt, Herr von Witt, and Staudigl also sang, put her house entirely at our service as her guests. After my winter concert in that city, a little old gentleman came up to me and said, in the words of Mendelssohn's Spring Song, with which I had just closed, "I am waked by a sweet dream of bygone days," adding, "I often heard your mother and knew you as her daughter from your voice!"

The heart of the business districts in the cities is always the same in character, and only interesting for those who have undertaken to see, just once, the life and transactions there, and that is enough for eternity. Where the coal and iron industries play the leading part, as in Pittsburg and Cincinnati, or in Chicago, where innumerable railroads have their terminals and the factories never stop, the cities are black, saturated with coal dust, neither the sky nor the stars can be seen, and even the lake, on which our hotels fronted in Chicago, was often hidden from us for weeks at a stretch during our long spring engagements.

But the cottage colonies outside the city, the miles of parks, the country houses built in the old English fashion, or

the new villas in the Queen Anne style, surrounded by groups of trees, parks, and lawns that are not separated from the street or the neighbouring property by any fences, because there the rights of ownership are mutually respected, all this is charming and attractive, and atones for the mud, soot, and dust. The impenetrable wall of fog seems as though cut through by a sword, when one gets a mile outside of Chicago and the other "coal mines," and the sun, whose existence one had begun to doubt, again smiles from a blue sky, and, with a sigh of relief, one feels himself a human being once more.

When I was at Pittsburg, in the nineties, with the opera company, and sang Brünhilde in the *Götterdämmerung*, I was conducted through a large hall. My dressing and make-up were almost completed, when it seemed to me, suddenly, as though a grey veil were before my eyes. As I looked about me, I found the whole room and the hall, also, filled with a dark-grey, suffocating vapour, and saw that my face, arms, hair, and white costume were covered with black soot. I ran on the stage, the doors and windows were thrown open, and I sent word to Damrosch that he must come instantly. The heating apparatus under my dressing-room had been fed with damp coal dust, and all the coal gas and soot had come through the floor. I coughed, spat, blew my nose, wept coal-black tears, and was inky from top to toe. Now I had to be washed and changed throughout, if I could sing at all after such excitement, and the opera proceeded after a delay of an hour. I shall only state further that, after six baths with brushes, soap, and every kind of cosmetic, my sister said to me, "Lilli, you are still black!"

Even in those days, a high degree of luxury had been reached that was not yet known in German lands; it was particularly alarming to me who had brought so few wants into the world with me, and the "bad example" was always obtruding itself before my eyes. We found some German

parvenus with establishments that were tasteless and ostentatious, and who constantly played a prominent part in America's business life, so that all the more tasteful and elegant seemed, by contrast, those that belonged to the aristocratic families of Dutch origin. There were the Cornelius Roosevelts, for instance, Mensing's brother and sister-in-law, who despite their wealth, had preserved their fine sensibilities and lofty beneficent repose in an almost childlike degree, and who manifested these qualities to their friends.

Just to give a slight sketch of the wealth and good taste, permit me to describe more closely the interior of some of the houses where I was intimate. Many of them were half museums, and yet practically and habitably arranged. Alma Tadema, for instance, had drawn the design for all the furniture in Mr. Marquand's music room, besides painting several fine pictures for it, while Meissonier's master hand had decorated the piano case of a costly Steinway grand with Apollo and the Muses. A marble Sappho occupied a niche by the window, and the figure was visible through a frame of delicate green vines. This room, alone, represented a fortune, and was an artistic sanctuary.

Then there was H. O. Havemeyer, who had assembled art treasures from all parts of the world, that it would take forever to describe. When I was conducted into the library on my first visit, I found myself alone for a few minutes in the large, square, light room which had book-shelves running all round the walls, broken only by a great fireplace. A large, plain table stood in the centre, and there were leather arm-chairs and other chairs against which string instruments leaned, for Mr. Havemeyer had much chamber music. I saw all this in an instant, but soon forgot everything else as my glance fell upon four genuine Rembrandts that were hanging above the book-shelves, and I cried aloud with pleasure at the sight. Frightened, I looked about me, and perceived the amiable wife of the fortunate owner, who,

beaming with satisfaction, extended her hands. This lady was also especially noteworthy, because she brought up her children most simply in the midst of all her wealth. She trained them to keep their rooms clean, to make their beds, and had them learn, not only social accomplishments, but all necessary and practical knowledge. If only every one would be so sensible, instead of bringing up discontented do-nothings, spendthrifts, or still worse!

At the home of Theodore Havemeyer, the brother of the one just named, who, I think, formed the sugar trust, a business combination that yielded fifty-six million dollars the first year, everything was much more splendid still. Superb Gobelins covered the walls of the large and very handsome house; on special occasions, meals were served there on gold plate, and wine was drunk costing sixty dollars a bottle. The whole house was then decorated from top to bottom with fresh orchids at a cost of thousands, but the house and its elegant and affable owners were perfectly in harmony. Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer was an Austrian, née von Lössell, as beautiful as she was elegant; she had many children, and, in later years, suffered much trouble on their account. At the time when I became acquainted with her, she was still happy in the house that was full of warm life and that was beautified for her by children and grandchildren.

We felt ourselves most at home in the charming Sachs family, to which I had many introductions, and where all artists met. We were entirely at our ease there, and in another family, also, where one might wear, mentally, a *robe de chambre* sometimes, a need that only those can understand who know a little of the much-abused memory of the stage artist, that, stretched on a mental rack for hours, days and nights, never obtains rest during a lifetime, to say nothing of complete repose.

I formed life-long friendships in America, that were founded on real congeniality and gratitude. I should re-

quire many words to describe the kindness and goodness that were shown me from many sides, and how generally I was spoiled. Those who grew close to my heart, those dear people, they must all feel how much I love them, that I can never forget them, but shall always be unfalteringly loyal, whether far or near, and that I never can thank them sufficiently for the perfect understanding that was given me almost without exception. It was wonderful; they did not speak German and yet they understood me; I expressed to them my feeling in my art, and they felt with me. The highest satisfaction lifted me up to heaven, above all earthly interests, when I had attained the conviction that I had brought a work of our greatest Master near to them, which was not difficult for me to accomplish, in union with so many excellent colleagues. Their apprehension of the conception of a work, or of a character in it, was often expressed with extraordinary fineness, and I would like to give a little illustration of it here. A lady from the country, who cultivated roses on a large scale, and who possessed a remarkable sensitiveness for the subtleties of Nature, said to me after the first performance of the *Götterdämmerung*, "Lilli, I was so glad that you did not touch Siegfried on the bier!" Amazed I told her what was self-evident, that "I could not do it." "Well," she said, "I felt that way about it and had to tell you so."

It often happened, when I sang Lieder in the Far West and feared that this or that one had not been understood, that I had to repeat it, or I received special thanks, modestly expressed, for that very number. From the advances of such profound understanding, I felt that my art was exalted to a mission which it made me happy to fulfil, while it permitted my powers and my wings to develop, and enabled me to perfect it.

It would not be right to bring a charge of vanity against me from these words, for I have never been vain, either on the score of my talent or of my personality—perhaps I have not

been sufficiently so. Art was my all, and only the effort to approach as near as possible to the ideal enjoined me to serve it. I did not desire to elevate myself on a pedestal, but, with my weak powers, I attempted to wrest an ideal side from every rôle that was entrusted to me, and there was never one so bad that I did not try to mould the figure so that it was human, and, at the same time, artistic. What panted for release in me, I delineated in all the representations of my artistic career, that may be called my life work from the beginning to the end. It was a noble task, for the sake of which many an artist has abandoned a life of security, and chosen hunger when he, in quest of his goal, had started unpractically on a false road.

After the conclusion of the thirty Steinway concerts came six music festivals, with fully twenty-three concerts, which, of course, kept me in America until about July 25th, and obliged me to suppress my yearning for home. Among all the American music festivals, the admirable festivals in Cincinnati, that were repeated every two years under Theodore Thomas's leadership, took the first place. The chorus of 1000 persons, the orchestra consisting of the best players of the American Symphony orchestra, the noble and beautiful hall, a select audience, the entire New York and Boston press, the glorious programme, ascending from Bach to Wagner, made a whole that was very remarkable and memorable. By contrast a less admirable festival at Toronto, Canada, appeared extremely ludicrous, where an elderly local conductor knew so little about the Mozart scores that I called him, in English, in the presence of the committee a veritable "ass," after my aria from the *Entführung*, and he did not take umbrage but tried to excuse himself. I know that it was not ladylike of me, but I felt that I must say it.

I may permit myself to insert here an experience, in the year 1888, that was far worse. Paul Kalisch (my husband) and I, after an uplifting Cincinnati Festival, another in

Buffalo, and a wonderful sojourn of a week at Niagara Falls, travelled to St. Louis in June and during tropical heat, arriving dead tired at ten o'clock at night, and, as the rehearsals for the festival were to begin the next morning, we started to get to bed as quickly as possible.

Introduction: We had scarcely, however, got into the steaming beds than a negro knocked at the door with his five fingers—I say that advisedly, because the negro servants made a point of placing the palms of their hands against the door, and then of beating a tattoo with their five fingers in succession. I was informed, in reply to my question, that the Festival Committee awaited me downstairs. I begged to be excused, on the plea that I was exhausted and had gone to bed. After twenty minutes there came another tattoo, but I kept silent. The drummer with his fingers did not stop, however, and I was finally compelled to get up. This time it was the ladies, who wished to present me with flowers and gifts. Fresh excuses on my side, and pressing requests for quiet. At last I fell asleep, only to be waked by the kettledrum-like raps and the ten fingers. I trembled all over, and this time it was the flowers and the gifts, without the ladies, which I was forced to accept with a fearful (unspoken) curse, as the negro was not inclined to spare me their acceptance.

I. Concert: Exposition, ineffective because of the wretched conductor.

II. Concert: Derailment. The "Siegfried" duet, sung by Max Alvary and me. The conductor did not consider a rehearsal necessary as he knew it all by heart. We singers succeeded that night in steering around several rocks, but finally we could no longer save ourselves from shipwreck. The conductor took the great fugue at the end of the duet in four-quarter time, instead of *alla breve*, and, of course, exactly twice as slow as it was written. The New York orchestra followed the singers, but the others followed the baton, and, at last, it was no longer possible to find a way through the grand

muddle or to sing any farther, so I gave it up altogether, and took my seat resignedly. Alvary tacked about with a contempt of death, although with no hope of success, and implored me to go on singing, as soon as he should be compelled to stop. I shook my head in impotent rage. Finally, a member of the orchestra had pity on Wagner, and began to conduct, the orchestra pulled itself together, and we were able to join in and to conclude the duet. There was great enthusiasm in the audience and terrible excitement up above. The audience, moreover, did not appear to have noticed the trouble at all, or else it did not observe it because it thought that it was intended to sound that way. I felt that I should never live down the shame of it.

III. Concert: The custom of the country. At the matinée the next day, which was Sunday, Paul Kalisch sang Eleazar's great aria from the *Jüdin*. A young negress, with a babe in arms, was sitting in front of him in the first row. The child must have been frightened during the recitative, for it began to scream, and kept it up through the whole of the splendid prelude to the aria, "Recha, when God gave you to me as daughter." My husband was distracted, and at the words, "And trembling, this hand offered nourishment to the child," he signed to her to give the infant a drink. She did not understand, however, until some one from behind whispered it to her in English, and then she calmly unbuttoned her dress and put her tiny black offspring to her breast, which drew in with the milk a pious meditativeness, and found peace, together with the despairing Eleazar.

IV. Concert: Catastrophe. Although I sat in the artists' room, fully dressed, I positively refused to sing again under this conductor, and so Madame Emma Juch sang, in my place, both the "Fidelio" quartet and the "Venus" scene, in its original form. I wished to leave at once, but I could not go until the end of the concert, when I received my honorarium. It was the last time I ever consented to sing with a conductor whom I did not know.

After this digression I must go back to Indianapolis, a city that I liked for its peacefulness, where I was buried under flowers, and where we became somewhat acquainted with America's early golden days by living in an old-fashioned hotel. But now a well-earned rest at Kaltenbach's small German hotel, that was like home, beckoned us to Niagara Falls. For five weeks we lingered by the current of the upper river, that seemed to me more impressive than the Falls themselves, and we wandered about the Cedar Islands through which the water rushes, and where humming-birds, like wild butterflies, buzzed around our heads. Or else we would stand on the Canadian side above the whirlpool, and watch the fall of the water, or we would go by the little steamer, the *Maid of the Mist* (which I called the *Mistmädchen*), into the rushing, whirling tumult of waters, which drew the little vessel, by tremendous suction, back into the eddy, long before it had touched it. On either side of the high shores we could follow for hours, beside the heavenly blue ribbon of the river, to Lake Erie, or we could sit in our balcony under ancient elm trees, where the Bülow orioles wove their hanging nests, and their flute-like notes rang out against the distant thunder of the roaring Falls. It seemed homelike to us at Kaltenbach's, also, because near us lived Dr. Salomon, a former Governor of Minnesota, a handsome, elderly man, who reminded me strongly of my father, and whose wife, an admirer and acquaintance of Theodor Wachtel, never saw me without wishing to talk about him. Both of these dear people lived out their lives at Frankfort, where I often had the pleasure of seeing them again. The height of Niagara Falls is disappointing at the first sight of them, but the fifteen million cubic metres of water that rushes every minute over the flat rocks are first fully realised, like the current of the upper river, after one has left there, and can enjoy their beauty and grandeur in memory.

Our stay at Milwaukee, a thoroughly German city on Lake Michigan, was a pleasant continuation of our coun-

try life at Niagara, and there the Catenhusens, our amiable hosts, turned work into a holiday for me by their delightful domesticity. The four concerts of the festival were conducted by Catenhusen, a thorough expert, to complete success through his wise foresight. The soloists were requested, at the final one, to join in singing the American national hymn, the *Star-Spangled Banner*, at the end. None of us knew it, and I had never heard it, but he thought we should at least be present, even if we did not sing it; however, as the notes had been handed to us, we joined in bravely. All of a sudden the word *solo* stared me in the face, the chorus stopped singing, and before I had recovered from the first fright, and had been able to attack it, I heard Marianne Brandt beside me, brave as death, humming the second part of this solo, which made the situation appear so ridiculous to me that I could not control my laughter. Marianne Brandt caught the contagion and could not remain serious, so we both giggled right through to the end of the solo-duet. This lasted only a few seconds, when we and the *Star Spangled Banner* were finally saved from further disaster by the chorus coming in, and the beautiful festival was concluded by the triumphant rejoicings of the patriotically electrified audience, and then a banquet followed. The German artists, however, celebrated a feast of union the next day, from eleven to five o'clock, at the home of our kind hosts, with German heartiness and German toasts to beautiful America and the dear beautiful German Fatherland, whither we were now strongly drawn after all our experiences. The Catenhusens, also, had long yearned to go back, and a kind destiny led them thither finally, although not until much later.

America

1886–1887

THE anchor was weighed, and forth we went on the *Eider*, through the glorious harbour, and across the wide ocean to the beloved land of our birth. During the whole nine months of my stay in America the rocking motion of the ship had scarcely left me for a day, but it now was a help, for it prevented my suffering on this new journey. It is, moreover, remarkable that all the return trips from America to Europe were better and easier to endure than those in the other direction. The weather was divine, the ocean like a mirror, and in care-free happiness the voyage passed only too quickly. We arrived at Bremen in good health, were made happy by the greetings of our dear ones, and soon reached Berlin. We were unpleasantly struck, on this short stretch of railway, by the contrast between the American and German management of traffic through the petty formalities that were undergone from the landing all the way to Berlin, and in comparison to which the whole ocean voyage had been nothing.

Whence comes the peculiar sense of freedom that is at once felt by every one in America? I was not a prisoner in Berlin. There is a moral element in the natural manner of life of the American people, even the poorest feels himself a gentleman, desires to be treated as such, and thereby deems it worth his while to treat others so. The people do not shriek and rage even when the most extraordinary advertis-

ing processions pass along the streets. No policeman need interfere, a line forms of itself without coercion. Each man trains himself. It is compulsion that excites the emotions and that calls forth defiance. Every woman is respected by every man; they are ladies in the best sense, and conduct themselves so. The most elegant man does not remain sitting in a car if a woman is standing; no matter how poor she may be she is always treated according to what is right. No gentleman smokes nor keeps his hat on, even in a draughty lift, if a lady is present. The most elegant lady, moreover, may ask a workman, or even a beggar, to take her home or to a carriage in case of storm or ice, which often comes suddenly. I myself was frequently in such embarrassment, and I always met with respect and courtesy.

It was charming to me that even little boys came forward as protectors of the weaker sex as though the impulse to do so were born in them. To behave like gentlemen is their patent of nobility. Not much is known of that in Europe, where boys and men, whether young or old and of every rank, are actively engaged in behaving as rudely as possible towards ladies, and one must confess, unfortunately, that many women are culpable in this matter. The smallest children in America are educated to independence; they become acquainted with danger, and do not fear because they are thrown on themselves from the earliest age and must discover how to get on in practical life. I often drove through districts in the cities where little children, six or seven years old, seated themselves in front on the safety fender of the locomotive to get a ride farther. I saw also two- to three-year-old babies running alone on the sidewalks in the large cities, where open cellar and coal slides are an ever-present menace to the lives of old and young, and to which poor old Rosa Fischer later fell a sacrifice. Every adult is the natural protector of other weaker creatures, whether man or beast. The parents, therefore, can be without anxiety about

their children, as far as the possibility of protection enters into consideration, and how beneficial such a consciousness is to a far-thinking, well-disposed man, I do not need to tell the friendly reader. Perhaps, it is also work which educates the people of a state, that founds and preserves activity and not class spirit, over there, where the street-sweeper and the bootblack in the most miserable rags call themselves gentlemen, and have a right to carry themselves as such. May they guard that! Why is one ashamed to work in my country; why does my Fatherland give no chance, least of all to an officer, to atone for a fault that has been committed? Must they be driven to suicide instead of righting the wrong?

The immense influx of bad elements that have been expelled by other nationalities will not fail to break many stones out of the crown of American civilisation, and, perhaps, it is no longer quite so ideal over there to-day as I once knew it and learned to love it. But I hope that it will always be more wholesome in its human development than ancient Europe.

Every tenth house is a church or chapel, and there are hundreds of sects with different creeds. No one restrains them, and I have never heard that they have to fight for their right, as human beings, to believe what they consider necessary. The Americans have freedom in this and many other things, upon which I cannot dilate here because it would carry me too far. The upper ten thousand may be free everywhere, even in Europe, but many hundreds of thousands drag a life-long lie about with them, out of regard to their circumstances, prosperity, children, and relatives, that is attached to them like chains. They neither can nor dare free themselves from it, and fasten the slave fetters upon their children even in the cradle, that make bondmen of them, even as their fathers were.

My first thought was to see Hülsen, talk things over with him, and blot out my guilt. I perceived with true sympathy

how wretched he was, and how he had changed. I knew positively that he was sincerely glad to see me again, but also that he retained small interest for his work, which, for a long time past, had been lightened for him by others or even taken off him entirely. I had much to tell him, and it seemed as though there was no change in our relationship. In closing, I said to him that I proposed to deposit my required penalty of 13,500 marks only on condition of having complete liberty. Hülsen answered me in these exact words, "You may pay in peace of mind, dear Lilli, you will be entirely free. And as for what stands in the agreement, it does not concern us and need not be considered. But, in case you are not released, I will return the money to you." "No, no," I said, "that I cannot believe, for what has been swallowed up by the royal treasury it never gives back—everybody knows that!" Hülsen laughed heartily and reiterated that, after the payment of the conventional penalty, I should certainly be entirely at liberty. So I proceeded in good faith, for I had never had any reason to doubt Hülsen's word, and I paid to the cashier at the Royal Opera House the whole amount, the receipts of an entire year, for which in the last twelvemonth, for instance, I had sung eighty-one times.

To prevent further loss to the stage by the breaking of contracts, intendants and directors had assembled in the spring, to draw up a cartel that would boycott anyone who had violated his contract. Hülsen had participated in it as chairman, and, nevertheless, he assured me that I should be entirely free. I am certain that he would have kept this promise had he remained alive. But he died not long after, and the sin of omission that Hülsen did not give it to me in writing and that I did not ask for it, soon, unfortunately, became apparent.

When I went to visit my sister at Vienna, and Jahn, who had likewise entered into the agreement, saw me, he invited me at once to take a star engagement and I accepted because

of his importunities, although I was not there for that purpose. But, after a few days, he told me that, on account of enquiries, he could not permit me to sing, although he hoped to carry it through, or, in the opposite event, he intended to withdraw from the agreement. That, of course, could not be done and my engagement had to end. As soon as I was back in Berlin I hurried to my attorney, and explained the matter to him as I wished to go to law, and how did he reply? That the case would not be taken by any one, and that I should lose the suit that he advised against, even though I could swear to Hülsen's words about the promised liberty. It could be assumed with certainty that I should be cut down from the gallows as soon as my services were ended, and, until then, I must be patient; the period of irritation would pass, and revolve itself finally into satisfaction. I understood clearly that the cartel which had been called into existence because of me would not be rescinded again immediately, on my account, although I had built with confidence upon Hülsen's assurance of liberty. So I had to rest satisfied, and wait for a stronger power that would succeed in speaking the word of release that no judge in the German empire, according to my attorney, could do.

Severe storms beset our second journey to New York, whither the *Eider* again carried us, and on board of which this time was Albert Niemann, who had been caught by cunning, on my advice, and who was just good enough for such a susceptible public as that of New York. He made his first appearance as Siegmund, and received an ovation such as Germany had scarcely ever given him. When he proclaimed, like a prophet, Wagner's profoundest work, *Tristan*, to America, and Marianne Brandt and I were permitted to share in the revelation, my heart swelled with pride. In the whole world there was nothing that could set free greater emotions in me than these *Tristan* performances in New York with Niemann, where the audience sat still for minutes, silent

Lilli Lehmann as Isolde in *Tristan und Isolde*

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York, taken in 1884

(Copyright by Aimé Dupont)

and motionless in their places, as though drunk or in a transport, without being conscious that the opera was over, in spite of all the enthusiasm and applause. Seidl was in sympathy with us, carried his orchestra along on the wings of worship of his Master, and made every instrument proclaim what he had inherited, in teaching and knowledge, from the creator. Emil Fischer as Marke, Adolf Robinson as Kurwenal, Alvary as the steersman, were with us, united, in loving comprehension and glowing adoration, to do homage to the majesty of the Master. Every evening of *Tristan* with Niemann was a fresh event to me.

Although *Fidelio* belonged to me alone, like all the dramatic rôles, I gave up the first production of it to Marianne Brandt, my colleague of many years, and made claim only to the second performance of it. When Brandt, Niemann, and I as Fides, Johann, and Berta, were united in the *Prophet*, it seemed to us as though we were in Berlin and as though I had never parted from the scene of my work of many years.

On the 20th of April, I found myself again at Copenhagen for three concerts, at which King Christian and Queen Luise were present, and they invited me to a court concert on May 2d. It was a court concert *en famille*, one might say, as, besides the amiable Crown Prince and Princess (she was the daughter of the ever-remembered King Karl XV., of Sweden, towards whom my sympathy went forth with my recollections of him), Prince Karl and his wife, Prince George of Greece, the King's grandson, who were all introduced to me by the King, the only strangers present, in addition to myself, were a princely Japanese couple, who were on their wedding journey. The Queen's sky-blue eyes reminded me at once of the hymn of praise, which a diplomat whom I knew sang to the wonderful eyes of her daughter, Dagmar, the Empress Maria Paulowna of Russia. She was exceptionally affable, and bore herself more naturally than any Queen I had ever seen. The King, in the course of the evening, presented me

with the medal for Art and Science, to be worn on the Danebrog ribbon, and called the Queen over to pin it on me at once, which she did. The King seemed not to have forgotten his loss of Schleswig-Holstein, and was very earnest on this point. But he told me much that was interesting about the life of his daughter Dagmar, who was heroically brave at the side of the Czar, and knew how to guard his life. She went everywhere first herself, first drank from every glass, and ate from every plate that was offered to the Emperor. She lived, in perpetual fear for the life of her husband, the Emperor, a horrible existence that it was wonderful her love and courage endured so long. On behalf of another daughter, also, they had suffered much anxiety, but she had soon recovered from her illness. The Queen, who had devoted some time after dinner to her "very intelligent" guests, as she said to me, went up to the King, whom she requested to excuse her awhile from her duties as she wished to be entertained now by Fräulein Lehmann. She made her own choice of songs that I had to repeat for her, and I took my departure late, escorted by the Crown Prince, from this charming circle, with the promise to return soon again.

As things turned out, Colonel Mapleson could at last see the fulfilment of his long-cherished wish to hear me in dramatic rôles. When he learned that I was in Europe, he invited me to London for a special engagement at the end of June, to which I agreed on the promise of a very fine season. Before I appeared as *Fidelio*, Madame Patti was announced in *Traviata*, but the Alfredo had declined to sing. Mapleson turned to me to know whether Berlin could not produce an Alfredo, and I could recommend Paul Kalisch with a clear conscience, all the more so as I knew that he had already sung the rôle with Madame Patti during his Italian career. He arrived, but the one who did not once appear at a rehearsal was Mme. Patti, so it had to go without being rehearsed.

On the evening of the first *Fidelio* performance it was

evident that my Italian Florestan was quite impossible, and, as Paul Kalisch spoke Italian, he was asked to take Florestan at short notice, a difficult but glorious task, which he discharged with great skill and industry. And it was after the third *Fidelio* performance that we became betrothed; we could not have found a more worthy occasion.

It was intended that Norma, Donna Anna, and other parts should follow, but, even during the rehearsals, the old pecuniary troubles of Mapleson began, and members daily deserted the company, for whom others had to be substituted and trained in. Although Mapleson implored me to remain, I finally lost patience; I made short shrift of it and went my way. I was sorry only on account of the old master, Arditi, who would have rejoiced so much if he could have conducted *Norma* once more with me.

Mapleson must have counted on the jubilee of Queen Victoria for his "magnificent season." Fine as were the procession and the many court festivities, the show-loving public manifested almost no interest in the opera, because the court did not visit it, and so Colonel Mapleson's great hopes failed here the most.

The boycott drove me now, with full force, on Italian territory, in so far that I sang, not only at London, but also at the National Opera at Budapest where German was not only repudiated, but where it was and still is quite impossible, and I acquitted myself of eight star appearances under Count Keglevich, the Intendant, and Conductor Erkel in September and October. Besides *Fidelio*, that was given there, as in London, with recitatives, we performed, also, *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Merlin*, at which Goldmark himself appeared. At the rehearsal I called the attention of this dear friend to the fact that I had permitted myself to make some insignificant changes of tone, and I begged him, although this seemed to be very disagreeable to him, to listen to them first. After the rehearsal, however, he said to me, "In future, you may make any changes you like in my

operas; whoever understands so wonderfully how to do it may be given a free hand." It made me very happy for him, that we might register there, also, such a great success for his opera.

Lilli Lehmann as Viviane in Goldmark's *Merlin*

From a photograph by P. Kalmár, Budapest, taken in 1887

America

1887–1889

THE New York season of 1887 began on November 2d, and before me lay a very strenuous winter, with *Euryanthe* and the whole *Ring*, of which *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* were new to me. Niemann had come over again with me for *Tristan*, created the rôle of Siegfried in the *Götterdämmerung*, and died as we never yet had seen Siegfried die. Alvary, who had felt very wretched over there for several years, sang a Wagner rôle for the first time, and, as the young Siegfried, he achieved a great and deserved success, that quickly elevated him to the first rank of artists. It was tragic that he was so unlucky as to fall a few years later at Mannheim, during the fight with the dragon, for this accident sowed the seed of his severe suffering and early death.

I succeeded in persuading the committee, in spite of the large expense, to fill even the small parts with the best talent, thereby securing model performances, but in one point I never succeeded, that is, in getting a large fir tree for the *Walküre* tree; Brünhild had to be satisfied with a couple of small birches, and whenever I took up afresh the question of a "fir," it was always refused me with extreme kindness but with adamantine firmness, because the scenery of an entire opera, together with its transport, came to less in Germany than it would have cost to paint a single tree in New York. I was much astonished when a mighty oak was

painted for *Norma*, at my benefit, though we could have done very well without it, but the tree for *Norma* stood in the painter's contract, and the fir tree did not. I learned that too late, unfortunately, otherwise, I could by magic have easily changed the oak into a fir, and, in place of it, I could have borrowed the "World ash tree" from Wotan to use for the mistletoe breaking in *Norma*.

Paul Kalisch had not signed any more contracts in Berlin, and, on my representations, had come over at the close of the season. Here there was no lack of artistic work, and, even before he had reached New York, there were already many concert engagements for him in my hands.

Everything was arranged in advance for our marriage. On the day of his arrival, on February 24, 1888, we went at once to my dear friend, the ever-jovial Consul-General Feigl, with whom we had spent many happy hours either alone or in interesting company, for instance, with Baron and Baroness Heyking, the authoress of *The Letters that Never Reached Him*. The civil formalities were quickly over, and the church ceremony, conducted by Pastor Krüsi in the little Protestant church did not take much longer. The minister's wife and daughters and my niece Hedwig were present as sole witnesses. The church had been trimmed with flowers, and the ladies of the Krüsi family consecrated the solemn little service by singing a chorale that moved us deeply. New York did not learn of the event until several days later, when we had already returned to the work for the next concerts. It was not to be exclusively a life of idleness or pleasure that I proposed to lead with my husband, who had now become my life companion, but one of strong co-operation in the development of ourselves and of our art, that should lead our united lives to a single lofty goal, and bring us happiness in the satisfaction that flows from having striven for and conquered the highest in our profession for which our natures fitted us.

Seidl at once gave three concerts, of which two were dedicated to Mozart and one to Wagner, and we sang at them

Lilli Lehmann and Paul Kalisch

From a photograph by Falk, New York

together, for the first time, the great Paris version of the *Venus* scene. It is difficult for me to describe the interest that this grand scene awakened in me from the first moment. In the original the Goddess of Love is only a resentful or transiently seductive figure, but in the Paris version she becomes spiritualised womanhood, and the words and music are brought back from the infernal orchestral bacchanale that precedes the scene to the noblest equilibrium. I was mistaken in thinking that the fresh study of the old words with new rhythms would be exceedingly difficult; it proceeded as spontaneously as though I had never sung the scene differently, and as though it were the original composition. I sang it very often at concerts and in the opera itself, but it always seemed to me more adapted to the concert hall, and I thought the first short version better suited to the opera than the second, which was so much more beautiful. Perhaps because it was too noble, Elizabeth's character was not sufficiently effective in contrast. It took such hold of me from the very first instant that I could have persuaded myself Wagner had written it for me alone.

My husband's début on the first Mozart evening was sympathetically received, and, in the course of the night, it became an enthusiastic ovation for us both. Some days subsequently, the most prominent wives of the stockholders of our Metropolitan Opera House met together to present me with a superb piece of jewelry that had been designed especially for me and that consisted of a ring and horn of plenty in diamonds, surmounted by a glittering diamond crown, and which represented one of the most tasteful examples of the American jeweler's art. Several years later I received a second gift, a horseshoe and heart of diamonds, to which not only very rich but also very poor women contributed, for instance, a poor embroiderer, who brought her dollar with the words, she had hesitated for a long time whether to subscribe the money or to spend it in hearing me

sing again, but the token of remembrance had won the day.

Thirty-two other concerts followed these first three, but they had to be postponed for a time because of a terrible elementary catastrophe. After the last concert in Boston, we should have appeared in Philadelphia, two days later, with the Symphony Orchestra from the former city. While the orchestra did not travel until evening by a special train, we started at noon, so as to rest in New York. It began to snow before we reached there, and we had trouble at the station in finding a carriage to take us to the hotel. Our departure was not to be thought of the next morning; the snow lay half a metre high, the street cars were not running, and, from the window, stalled vehicles without horses were to be seen everywhere, while the pitiless snow continued to fall. My dear niece, Hedwig, was with Rosa Fischer; we heard nothing from her or from the orchestra, there were no newspapers, and it went on snowing for a week. It was fearful. Carl Schurz saw, from his window, a man swallowed up in the snow, without being able to help him, and many may have lost their lives in that way. When it stopped at last the snow lay eight metres deep, and people began to go through the streets with gas tubes, and to melt the snow by using countless burning flames. In a street that was especially buried, as the snow had completely covered it up, a placard that read, "Here *was* 23d Street" was displayed by workmen.

We got news of the orchestra at last, to the effect that the musicians had remained stalled and helpless in the special train, between Boston and New York, for ninety hours. This blizzard was the only one I ever witnessed of such fearful power, but it is a frequent occurrence in the interior of the country, where it must be peculiarly dangerous for school children, who have to take lonely roads. In the cutting, icy blasts walking finally becomes an impossibility, and, worn out, men fall down and die what is said to be a glorious death. In the side streets of New York, vehicles remained

Lilli Lehmann as Venus in *Tannhäuser*

From a photograph by Aimé Dupont, New York, taken in 1889

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stuck in the snow for a long time, until several elephants were, at last, borrowed from Barnum's circus, and they soon removed the street obstacles. America is practical!

At Troy, we saw the poor, half-crippled Roebling, the builder of the Brooklyn Bridge, who, lying in front of the hotel entrance, drank in every ray of sunlight to warm his feeble frame. I did not have the courage to speak to the man who had sacrificed his health to the completion of this gigantic task.

As I wanted a complete rest we did not cross until the beginning of January, in 1889, and we rejoiced like children in finding the amiable Theodor Reichmann there. Alvary, who was to sing *Tannhäuser* for the first time, acted very strangely at the rehearsal. The manager had to call his attention to the fact that the rôle should not be taken so lightly, and should not be treated as a joke, but he did not seem even to know his part. At two o'clock on the next afternoon, the manager burst in upon us to entreat Herr Kalisch to sing *Tannhäuser* that night, in the place of Alvary who was ill. My husband, who was not a so-called "stop-gap," defended himself energetically against the unreasonable demand, but, as there was no end to the entreaties and importunities, he finally agreed to save the performance, and to substitute for the invalided Alvary, who, contrary to all professional rules and his own declaration, was amongst the spectators that evening.

Perotti, the tenor, once upon a time the beginner at Prague, now engaged for Italian parts, and Alvary, who had tremendously increased his demands since his success as Siegfried, were not to be re-engaged. Without a word being said by us or a step taken, Stanton suddenly came to Kalisch with an excellent offer, which the latter accepted only after Stanton had assured him that there was no question that Alvary would be engaged. Nasty articles appeared against me in the papers, but I promptly blunted the point of them

by declaring that I would not sing again unless the management refuted the attacks by publishing the truth. This was done by a public statement that Alvary's demands were excessive and that therefore it was impossible to re-engage him. Alvary turned his back on us. I was reluctant for a long time to recognise the possibility of an unworthy thought towards me being the reason for such conduct, and I took Alvary to be ill, but this was not the case; he thought that we were both capable of perfidy, and so he spoiled a beautiful comradeship, which grieved me more for his sake than for my own.

After the close of the season, we travelled for two months with the *Ring*, in which, every week, I sang three Brünhildes in succession, and usually a fourth rôle on Saturdays. As we carried with us from New York the scenery, necessaries, costumes, orchestra, chorus, wardrobe women, etc., it was not too exhausting although very hard work. Very absurd scenes often occurred. At each place I had a different "Grane"; here it was a pony, there it was a drayhorse. Sometimes rats gnawed the feathers on the unpacked *Walküre* helmets, or such things occurred as happened to Kalisch at the close of the *Götterdämmerung*, when he, as Siegfried, lay on the bier, with Gutrune standing in front of him, and his whole body began to itch so that he was obliged to ask her to scratch him, because he could not endure it a moment longer. When he got up, he was covered all over with blisters, caused by vermin that had got in the fur covers on the way.

Our colleagues used to tell us of earlier times, and how they arrived once in a strange city, shortly before the beginning of the opera of *Faust*, and went immediately to the opera-house, but found neither costumes nor scenery, as they had not yet reached there. Faust had brought with him, by chance, his *Troubadour* costume, but Margarethe and the others had nothing save their travelling clothes, in which the opera was finally sung, only Faust parading in the

costume of Manrico, which, moreover, did not do the least harm to the illusion and the applause. On a side trip to Albany, a small gilded pot cover was once hung on me in *Norma*, as "Irmensul's shield," and, in the scene in the second act in which I had to murder the children, who ran towards me in the first act with cries of "Oh, Mama!" a small comfortable room with pointed window-panes was set up, and near the latter hung the portrait of a man wearing modern dress (probably the rich uncle from America). I had trouble to hide all these charming things with green baize, straw thatch, and anything we could find before I went to the murder, and I was much exhausted when the act began. How foolish of me! The people would never have noticed the pointed windows; the chief concern for them was to hear and see Norma herself—everything else was a matter of indifference, and so it should have been for me.

I must not omit to sing the praises of my New York "Grane." As soon as my dressing-room door was opened, he would come across from the other side of the stage to get a piece of sugar; he knew me and my white dress. In the *Götterdämmerung*, he would stand next me, lick my arm and face, and nestle up close, and he could not have behaved better. A thin cord, that hung about my arm, sufficed to lead him everywhere and he would have followed me without it. The dear animal made the first scene really intimate, and I should have liked to take him for mine altogether.

Up to this time, all had gone smoothly; even the fearful plague of influenza, that snatched away such a large number of persons, had only touched me on the elbow though my husband had been well shaken by it, but we could not complain. The funeral processions were endless; one could not look out of the window without seeing some, and in all the streets crape hung on many doors as a sign that Death had entered there.

Poor Heinrich Vogl, who had been chosen to be our Wag-

ner hero in the winter campaign of 1889–90, had travelled from Munich with a carbuncle on his neck, was warned in Bremen not to go farther, had it lanced on the ship, and was taken at once to the hospital in New York where he struggled with death for weeks until his strong constitution got the upper hand. When we were, at last, permitted to go to call on him at the hotel, we saw the wound, which the physician was just bandaging again. How could any one live with such a thing! The physician was of the opinion that Vogl had to thank his unusually wide and loose scalp that the terrible wound had closed again. It had not yet reached that point when he had resumed singing, with a sort of Tarnhelm on the wounded head—and only towards the end of the season did he feel strong enough to use his full voice, and to unfold completely his artistic powers. The public did not make him suffer for it; it distinguished Vogl at every opportunity, so as to show its sympathy, and the critics followed the public, and paid him the greatest tributes. Vogl did much with incomparable beauty and artistry, and I have never seen played nor heard sung more touchingly than by him that phrase in the *Götterdämmerung*, "Should I forget all that thou hast given me."

A whole chapter would not be too much to devote to American criticism in recognition of all that it has done for German opera and German artists in an unselfish and unprejudiced way. America has heard the best that Italian opera and Italian drama have produced, and it was more spoiled than we were as regards artistic matters. Thither went, almost universally, only the greatest stars, and, in my day, only a very few fashionable families travelled to Europe—indeed, many persons vowed that they would never cross the ocean. Now it is quite otherwise, but then only those artists that went over could be heard, and they were always the best. It was natural that the public panted for Wagner. It knew well *Lohengrin*, *The Flying Dutchman*, and *Tannhäuser*, Mozart and Beethoven almost better than we our-

selves, but it longed for the *Ring*, the *Meistersinger*, and *Tristan*. Now came German opera, in other guise than formerly, to give it all this, and with artists as good as only Germany could offer them.

It is not to be wondered at that there was gladness of heart on both sides. The critics were incessantly interested in conferences, which impressed many, even us artists, on the preparatory work necessary to quicken the understanding of Wagner's text and music. In this they succeeded brilliantly and no expression of appreciation of it can be sufficient. Perhaps I may be successful in showing how the critics bore themselves towards the artists if I select the words that Henry Krehbiel, of the *Tribune*, addressed to Albert Niemann, after the last *Tristan* performance of his first American journey: "Niemann owes us nothing for the reception that we have given him, for it is we whom he has taught, and we have to thank him, the great artist without an equal, for the knowledge that he has endowed us with and that will live on in us, together with his name." If the promised gratitude of America for everything that we gave there shall endure it must be outlived by the thanks that we, the German artists, owe the country and the noble people, and it should be inscribed in golden letters in the history of the opera, of music, and of German art.

I had been installed at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York in a confidential position, and my artistic advice was asked concerning occasions of special engagements, opera productions, or appointments. It must have been in the winter of 1887 that Mr. Stanton came to me with the question whether we could give *Parsifal*. There was no doubt that we could give it; we possessed great artists enough, a wonderful orchestra, and Anton Seidl, the best of Wagner conductors. The question had completely surprised me, however. After Mr. Stanton had explained that no law or prohibition of performance for America had to be considered, and, also,

that for other Wagner operas royalties were never paid, my advice was *not* to produce *Parsifal*, to leave it to Bayreuth, where alone it belonged, as it required, more than any other work of Wagner's, the consecrated atmosphere of the Bayreuth setting, that could be provided by no other opera-house in the world; I said, moreover, that the guilt of profaning Wagner's swan song should not be incurred, and the sacrifice of renouncing this very pardonable desire should be brought to the ideal of his art and his genius. I urged upon Mr. Stanton, also, when the receipts permitted, not to withhold the royalties from the Wagner family, but to act in that matter, likewise, as was becoming towards art and works of art.

Parsifal was not given! I had the further satisfaction that, after some time, Mr. Stanton, in person, took to Frau Cosima a large amount in royalties, though I cannot remember now exactly whether it came to sixteen or twenty thousand marks or dollars, for which Mr. Stanton was rewarded, later, with a Bavarian decoration.

But *Parsifal* was not to be entirely lost to us. An "Anton Seidl Society" had been founded in Brooklyn, a city separated only by the East River and a part of New York, connected with it by the great Brooklyn Bridge, and this organisation supported, from its treasury, the symphonic concert performances led by Seidl as conductor.

There had ceased to be any more talk about *Parsifal*, when, suddenly, in the winter of 1889–90, the idea sprang up in Brooklyn of giving it in fragments at concerts. The Seidl Society took charge of the arrangements, while we artists gave our services, as it was necessary to raise large sums for the big and very costly orchestra, the rent of the hall, the rehearsals, etc. We immediately applied ourselves to the study of it. The deep and lasting impression, which I had received from the work in Bayreuth in 1883, was as vivid in my memory as though just made, and I recalled every tone, every inmost movement as clearly as though I and not another had sung Kundry.

On March 31, 1890, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, that is, the large opera-house, was transformed into a concert hall. Seats were sold at twenty dollars apiece, and could be got only by the members of the Seidl Society. The auditorium was hung with white and pale blue material, against which everywhere were green and fragrant plants, and the interior and exterior were decorated with luxuriant palms. On the stage, where the orchestra was placed, with the chorus and artists sitting in front, all the music stands were hidden by fresh green palm leaves, and hundreds of growing white lilies adorned the stage and auditorium. There was a Good-Friday atmosphere! The place was transformed into a temple. Instruments and voices united in the message of the Grail, to carry the proclamation of suffering and redemption to the souls of the listeners. That the performance did not lack in devotion and dignity I can vouch for heartily.

Grunewald

1889

"IN Grunewald, in Grunewald there is a wood auction," is the refrain of the pretty song that used to be heard through all the streets of Berlin, and its deep meaning became clear to me first when the government architect, Solf, invited us to look at a country house that he had just completed for Friedrich Dernburg. Without a suspicion of what had been quietly developing there, we looked with amazement at the Grunewald, through which I had so often wandered in earlier days, suddenly converted to colonising purposes, and divided off into building lots and streets. So there it was that the wood auction took place. We were so promptly delighted with the still quite idyllic place and the tall woods, that it needed only the question whether any building sites remained unsold, and Solf's reassuring reply, for me to secure two lots, which, by the next afternoon, I called my own. And just as quickly as the purchase had been concluded did Solf draw the plans for our country house, which he threw on board the train, a couple of days later, that carried us to Bremen for another ocean voyage. Nothing had been discussed, and yet Solf assured us that we could move in by October, 1890. Of course that did not happen, for when did an owner ever get possession of his house at the stipulated time?

A frightful storm in the Channel delayed us nine hours at Southampton, a storm, that, in the captain's opinion, would

have been much worse for us outside. The rest at Southampton did us good, for we recovered somewhat, and hoped that we had been through the worst. But we had hardly reached the Needles than the storm broke loose with redoubled fury, and continued to the American coast. The English pilot, who should have left the ship at the Needles, could not be put off, and he wept like a child, and behaved like a miserable weakling because he had to go on to New York. This crossing lasted fully ten days. An acquaintance of my husband's, H. von St., who was going to the embassy at Washington, joined our party. (At Washington, the wide, beautiful garden city, with its mild climate, our very amiable Ambassador, Baron von Thielmann, and his dear wife, presented me to President Cleveland, who was universally esteemed, at the White House, a man whom I often met thereafter). H. von St., my husband and I stayed in the little smoking-room on deck during nearly the whole voyage, and nourished ourselves, in vegetarian fashion, on fruit and oatmeal gruel. We got air up there, even when I did not desire to see any more of the everlasting, white-capped, mountainous waves.

The feeling of wretchedness, of discomfort even, if not actual seasickness, does not leave one on a bad crossing, which has none of the pleasure that many may imagine, and it cannot conduce to health. Worst of all to me was the protracted idleness; I mended flags, an occupation that I gladly took from the men at the wheel, but otherwise there was little for me to do. My surplus energy I was permitted to employ in Southampton, at my pressing entreaty, as postman in the service of the ship, helping to carry out the post-bags. There was not a single concert given on the *Lahn* during this trip; on another, again, a very wobbly one. Among those taking part, who had to cling to the piano or a firmly screwed-down chair because of the heavy roll of the ship, were Teresa Carreño, my excellent friend, Professor Reinhold Hermann, my accompanist for many years at my

song recitals and concert tours hither and yon, and my sister and I. Dear Teresa Carreño lay near us in the cabin, always seasick and always in the best spirits. When we sat by her lounge in the evening, we laughed ourselves sick over the funniest stories, which she told capitally, from her career in opera and as conductor and impresario.

A young giant of a Canadian, whom we dubbed "Boy," was the *enfant terrible* of the entire ship. He fell upstairs as well as downstairs, walked outside the guard-rail, slid along it, vanished (one would have sworn to it) in the ocean, and suddenly reappeared on the other side of the boat; wherever one went one was frightened by, or stopped and looked at, this charming, attractive "Boy." In spite of the wretched weather, to which the captain had "subscribed," as he assured us, all the arrangements were made for the concert, and the programme was written out by Professor Hermann something as follows: (1) The ship's orchestra—it must; (2) Madame Carreño—if she holds out; (3) Madame Lehmann—if she is able; (4) Reinhold Hermann—the sea permitting; (5) Marie Lehmann—if she can, etc.

Two days before the concert, we were sitting together in the salon, with a calm sea, playing scat, when suddenly Riezl, Hermann, and I fell from our chairs with a fearful crash, and everything that was not firmly secured broke into a thousand pieces. Pale as death, we lay on the floor for a while, expecting and fearing a second shock, but, although we rolled fearfully for all of twenty-four hours, that was not repeated. The captain thought we might have got between two ground-swells, which may have been so, but that quieted neither us nor the ship. Before the concert, we put the useless "Boy" in Teresa's reform clothes. In the character of the "Maiden from Distant Lands," he was stuffed out like a girl and painted although he resisted manfully, and then he had to pass the plate for the "Seamen's Fund." We had already permitted ourselves a similar joke. The heroic tenor of our company was also on board, and was

paying marked attention to a pretty American woman. One evening, the singer was not to be seen, and he was said to be lying sick in his cabin. The Canadian youth was dressed up by us all and led to the cabin door. The beautiful object of his worship desired to be admitted, it was announced, and asked if she might visit the invalid. Upon his cordial assent, the disguised boy was shoved into the dark stateroom, and the door was closed again at once. We listened breathlessly; after a few seconds, a cry was heard and tremendous laughter, and the adored one flew out of the door of the bold singer, whom we laughed at unmercifully for the successful joke.

Important star engagements kept us in Boston and Chicago until the middle of May. At the latter city is the wonderful Auditorium Theatre, where the stage resembles a framed picture, without proscenium boxes, but with wide, pale gold side walls that contribute to the splendid acoustics.

Against all prayers and urgings I held to my purpose of resting completely the following winter, instead of crossing again, but I did not get away until I had promised solemnly that I would sing during the season of 1891–92. Before I left, I had a long conference with Stanton and Seidl about our répertoire, that, in my judgment, was made up of too much—indeed, almost exclusively—of Wagner, which would become an excessive amount in the long run for the stockholders as well as the public. I advised the giving of Italian opera, also, which was difficult, indeed, as perfection in that could not be expected of our German singers, and America, in this regard, had learned to know the best. It was represented to me that the Wagner operas were the most potent attraction, and I saw that my words of warning were wasted, but the future taught them to know better in the end.

Intolerable palpitation of the heart and many sleepless nights reminded me, all the more pressingly, of the first night of *Lucia*, at Berlin, because I had had to send for a physician

at Boston after the *Götterdämmerung*. He gave me a powder for a sensation of chilliness in the head and insomnia, which put me to sleep, and I was soon restored. The doctor said only one word, "overworked!" If I lived in Europe at an altitude of more than 5000 feet I could not keep myself warm, and it took many weeks to become accustomed to the high atmosphere. On very high peaks, I was usually seized by a feeling of complete dissolution, a sensation of Nirvana at the sight of the great natural wonders—conditions that troubled me and others, and that remained inexplicable to me because they vanished again.

There could be no thought of the dreamed-of rest; our house, that was finished in the rough, caused us much running about, and, as soon as it was known that I was in Europe, all kinds of offers for concert and star engagements rained in upon me.

In the matter of my broken contract, I turned to His Majesty, Emperor Wilhelm II., laid the circumstances before him, and wrote that, if Hülsen had not then been so ill and had not died soon after, such a boycott would never have been instituted, and I begged His Majesty to be graciously pleased to take up my case. The letter had to be approved by Count Hochberg, and given to His Majesty the Emperor, and, with this in view, I took it myself to the bureau, but I never heard of it again.

My first reappearance in Berlin was arranged with the Philharmonic orchestra and Hans von Bülow in October, 1890. I was genuinely glad that it was with the master, Bülow, and it seemed that he was pleased, also. How painfully correct he was, how seriously he took his art, may be seen from the fact that he rushed to me on the morning of the concert, after two rehearsals, in order to ask me whether I wished this or that chord in the recitative of the "Rache" aria to fall with the word or after it—of course, very important questions for two musicians of our rank. We repeated the same programme at Hamburg, and then Hans von Bülow

soon vanished forever from our gaze, but not from my memory nor my veneration.

Immediately thereafter, Gustav Mahler entered my artistic life as director of the National Opera at Budapest, a newcomer who had a strong will and understanding. He had informed me by letter that my terms went beyond his budget, but that he considered it absolutely necessary to engage me, so as to give his associates an artistic model after which they should strive. It was a delightful time that we spent there in a small select circle. There was Mahler, with his full devotion and freshness, steering towards his goal; the admirable Hungarian tragedienne, Marie Taszai, a kind of Ristori, and yet possessed of innate simplicity and naturalness, and who constantly studied and studied; Count Albert Apponyi, Professor Michalowich, our dear Bayreuth artist friends, and my little niece. We met one another everywhere. I sang all my rôles in Italian, and only that of Recha in the *Jüdin* in French, as the choice had been left to me, and I never suspected that Perotti, as the Jew, would sing in Italian. All the others' parts were sung in Hungarian, and one may imagine the cosmopolitan babel of tongues in these operatic performances, in which every foreigner who sang without a prompter had difficulty in keeping true to his language. The still young and fiery Mahler took the short men's trio of the first act of *Don Juan* in the fastest allegro, because it was marked *alla breve*, which here indicates not a quickened but a calm tempo. Mahler made the same mistake in the *Mask* trio, without the *alla breve* sign, but there I promptly vetoed it, and I think he never again fell back, in that place, into his allegro madness. When I discussed it with Bülow, he was horrified, and said of that *alla breve* exactly what I have already written.

I can still see Mahler kneeling before our stove, and brewing, in a tin spoon, some medicament for Hedwig H——, after a recipe of his grandmother's, for which he had brought everything with him. The missing coat buttons which he

had lost heaven knows where, were usually sewed on for him at Frau Taszai's. We often walked, rested, and leaped with him over hedges and ditches in the beautiful environs of Budapest, and had a jolly time. I was a friend to Mahler, and retained affection for him always. I honoured him for his great talent, his tremendous capacity for work, and his rectitude towards his art, and I stood by him in all the vicissitudes of his life, because of his great qualities, that were often mistaken and misunderstood. I comprehended even his nervous conditions, that sometimes unjustly afflicted those who could not keep pace with his talent and his indomitable ambition and industry, because I, also, formerly believed that only a strong will was needed to perfect what one is able to perfect himself, that is, to strive beyond his strength. I have known for a long time now that that is not so. We were good friends, even if we were of opposite opinions, which was often the case in respect to his newest scenic creations. I was the first who learned from him that he would be obliged to resign his position, and just on the very day that I had intended to fulfil his long-cherished wish, and to attach myself for some months to the Vienna Court Opera, so as to present there *Armida*, and the two Iphigenias, which was an old desire of Wilhelm Jahn's, also. Our beautiful dream was not to be realised.

The causes of his leaving Vienna were very complicated. Mahler had no talent for handling people, or for business. He made me promise to give him a visiting engagement, every year, but he could never assign a fixed time, and what, for example, was agreed upon for March was often postponed to April or May, and then would take place in February. He was always an idealist, and had no sense of time or of rest, either for himself or others. It was natural that he rudely rebuffed the minor private interests of a court theatre, and thereby made powerful enemies for himself. Who could find fault with him that, in his impulsive way, seeking only what was beautiful, he often thought he would find it by

means—never thinking of economy—which others imposed on him, and that he himself had to admit later were wrong. It was not his purse that he filled, and he never thought of himself. There was much that, as a practical friend, one had to teach him, and to point out to him most earnestly his rights and his future.

Mahler was a nervous fanatic of art, looked like the devil himself, was as amiable as a child, and a tender protector and father to his sisters, wife, and children; he was an immense force, and certainly for many years inwardly a sick man. He attacked with tremendous energy whatever he undertook to finish, energy that melted into the most beautiful harmonious co-operation whenever he met with a congenial power, and, indeed, often subordinated itself. It was always a solemn occasion when one worked with him. I was grieved, on his account, that he had to cross the ocean, as he could not remain in Vienna, so as to get on the other side, what so many desire to obtain, his independence from compulsion for his old age, for his family, and not least for his own creative work. He gave much to Vienna, even though here and there it was in ugly guise, as, for instance, in *Don Juan*, which he described to me himself as a total failure, and also in *Figaro*, that might have been a splendid representation if the scenic part and many of the costumes had not been contrary to all grace and naturalness. The crown of all his productions was *Iphigenie in Aulis*, which, clear in every respect and harmonious in spirit, was the most beautiful thing that I can imagine in classical art. The highest was attained in that, and probably only because a simple tent canvas enclosed the scene of the great tragedy. Nothing disturbing broke in on the art of Mahler, the artist, and the artists who were singing, who suffer from any unnecessary or clumsy decorative stuff, and are not able to be effective because the external bombast throttles and suffocates every fine feeling.

In Mahler's symphonic compositions, I was struck at

once by the fact that the effect was caused by the simplicity of the melodies, which he knew how to present, of course, with an immense apparatus. The idea flashed into my mind, at the same time, that perhaps he might be the very one who would be willing, especially with regard to the machinery, to strike again into simple paths, and I put the question to him. He replied with scornful laughter, "What are you thinking of? In a century my symphonies will be performed in immense halls that will hold from twenty to thirty thousand people, and will be great popular festivals." I was silent, but I thought, involuntarily, that the more music is deprived of intimacy, the more it will be lacking in true genius. It is so, also, at the theatre, for when the stage and auditorium exceed a certain size, there can be no more art for the artist and art lover. Then the circus begins, where the actors appear in dead masks, because the individual gestures, eyes, and physiognomies cannot be distinguished, and not a word can be understood. In a great orchestra, every individual instrument is lost, as is the personality of each single picture in a huge exhibition of a thousand or more paintings, where one kills the other.

It is the present age, where those in automobiles look over the shoulder at the pedestrian, who rejoices in every blade of grass, every blossom, every form of life; and who would like to linger for hours or forever because the exercise promotes the healthy action of his body, and he worships his God in the woods and fields. In our day of the automobile and the aeroplane, all the refinement of music vanishes from the ear, all the separate glories of nature from the eye and the heart; to the new age the old is a stranger, that, just because of its individual value, was, is, and always will be so much more beautiful.

I saw Mahler again and for the last time at Munich, in 1910, when he led his eighth symphony; Riezl and I had gone thither especially for it. Mahler had aged greatly, and I was positively alarmed. His work, that was given with the

aid of a thousand performers, sounded as though it came from one instrument and one throat. I was painfully moved by the second part of the symphony, that is based on the second part of *Faust*. I cannot say whether it was his music, his appearance, a presentiment of death, Goethe's words, the recollections of Schumann, or my youth—I only know that I was dissolved in emotion during the entire second part and could not control myself. When I went to him, the next morning, to greet him, and met him surrounded by a crowd of people, he was amiability itself, went after Riezl, who had waited for me below, and brought her up himself, and would not let us leave. Then came his fearful fate, his terrible illness and death! It was most painfully affecting!

Many bright pictures pass before me as I open the pages of my diary, and I would like to linger over them. But I must turn the leaves, if I am to reach the goal that is set in this book. I cannot pass by Paris, that is framed in few memories, without mentioning Charles Lamoureux. He was not a great musician, but one to be taken seriously, especially so for Paris, that owed him much, where so many play and bluster that have no justification for it. Lamoureux had nothing in common with them; he made music from the depths of his being, and felt a profound contempt for the public, the press, and the incompetents. He summoned me for three Sunday concerts in February, 1891, which took place at the Cirque d'Été, because Paris neither then nor now possesses a hall for orchestral concerts. At the Cirque d' Été it smelt as it does at the Cirque d'Hiver and at every other circus, and only Lamoureux's care and sense of cleanliness made it possible to stay there.

Shortly before my appearance there, Amalie Materna had sung Wagner in German, but she was obliged to "enunciate indistinctly." I sang everything, even an aria, in German, but I spoke very clearly, and was convinced that no one would think of making any objection, as the concerts

were attended only by the *élite* of Paris. Lamoureux would not permit me to repeat Wagner's *Träume.* "Do not make such concessions to this audience," he said, from fear lest some unmannerly person might rise against Wagner. He informed me that it was due only to the Parisian publishers of national compositions that the admission of Wagner had hitherto been frustrated and the Chauvinism of the French had been stimulated, so that they might be protected from loss. Concerning the répertoire of the Grand Opera House, and the performances there, he said merely, "It is shameful!"

One evening I was at his house, together with his son-in-law, Chevillard, Chabriard, and several other musicians, and I sang for them the first act of *Tristan.* I still hear Lamoureux crying out, "Ah, c'est du fer, du fer!" Such an exhibition of power could not be expected, of course, from the French women singers. After they had behaved for a time as though they were crazy, Lamoureux, who saw my amazement, enquired, "What do you think of it, Madame Lehmann?" to which I could reply only "Dalldorf,"—explaining that Dalldorf was Berlin's institution for lunatics, and they all seemed eligible for it. But even the "Insane Asylum" could not restrain the tremendous enthusiasm of such temperamental musicians of this race and they broke loose entirely. At the next two concerts, I sang, each time, a classical German aria, and the *Tristan* duet without cuts with Paul Kalisch, that lasted three-quarters of an hour, but, nevertheless, was received with thunderous applause. Lamoureux was the only person, at that time, who could make such a venture; he compelled the Parisians to be punctual, for he closed the doors and allowed no one to enter during the performance of a number, a thing which had never been heard of before.

He had assembled a splendid orchestra that he ruled with unremitting severity, and I have never heard the overture to the *Zauberflöte* given in such a fairylike manner by any other

orchestra as by this one. He fought, in the same unyielding way, against the bad habits and the superficiality of both the French artists and the public. They were struggles that he thus summed up, "Je vous assure, Madame Lehmann, il faut être fou comme moi de la musique pour faire des concerts à Paris!" But we are reaping to-day the benefit of his battles for, even at Paris, respect has been acquired for German music and German seriousness. I often sang at the Lamoureux concerts, and my opinion of his worth was constantly increased, and my grateful memory of him ever more assured.

With the exception of Sarah Bernhardt, whom I knew personally in America, and who always forced renewed admiration from me, only the environs, in the richest measure, could make up to me for the deprivation, in the city, of quiet and earnestness. My pleasure in wonderful Paris was spoiled for me by the cosmetics and refined adornment that have steadily increased in madness up to date, the late nocturnal life, and all that sort of thing, and I comprehend to-day that only there could Wagner write his Parisian "Bacchanale," which gives a true picture of the titillation of the senses in which the Parisians pass their lives.

At Berlin, I met by chance Dr. Bischof, the legal counsel for the royal theatres, who congratulated me. "What for?" "You are free!" "How is that?" "Why, don't you know? The Emperor has written, concerning your letter, that he thinks the punishment is too severe. I am surprised that you have not been informed." No, I was still kept waiting a long time until, in order to convince myself of the truth, I made enquiries in person of Count Hochberg. I was actually free! What must the Emperor have thought of me that I had not expressed my thanks, when the matter had so long been settled? I never learned the true inwardness of it, and I think that it was never officially announced to me.

Jahn secured me, at once, for seven star appearances at

Vienna, and then we moved into our Grunewald home at the end of March, to which I have remained true for twenty-two years, and where I have been very happy in my surroundings, contrary to Niemann's prediction that I should not hold out there for a month.

Engel-Kroll, recently deceased, sought me out after the breaking of my contract, to secure me for his summer season of opera, and coaxed me, as though I were a sick horse, with the promise that, in case I would pledge myself to sing for him, he would get me my freedom. I simply replied that he might try it first, and then we would proceed farther. "I know," he answered, "that I will set you free, and that then you will refuse to sing for me." I would not contradict him, the matter fell through, and old Engel died without seeing the fulfillment of his wish. "At my place the green trees are the whole thing," he used to reply, when any one complained of the poor pay. "When the weather is bad, though Patti is singing for me, not a soul will go in, while in good weather, Fräulein Quitsch-Quatsch from Nowhere, who trills on the third, may sing, and the house will be sold out. You may take my word for it, all depends at my place on the green trees!"

His son now took over his inheritance. Patti and many others were fêted there as stars, and, on the assurance of the young Engel couple that they could give anything on their "noodle" boards, an engagement, comprising nine appearances, really took place, shared in by Paul Kalisch, my sister, and d'Andrade. The legend originating in the customs of the ancient country parties in the suburbs of Berlin: "Families may make coffee here," was paraphrased by my husband to read: "Families may sing operas here." Paul Kalisch's wit flourished during this engagement, as many funny scenes happened behind the curtain, together with the seriousness of the often excellent representations of *Fidelio*, *Norma*, the *Jüdin*, *Don Juan*, and *Lucrezia*. But there was also much to laugh at outside of the theatre, even though tears were nearer to one's eyes.

Young Engel, Kroll's heir, did not take account of national mourning in his business, though it touched us closely enough, indeed, for just then there was no less a figure in consideration than Moltke, the great silent man, who was being carried to his long rest. We were driving that day, in house dress, to Kroll's to sing the opera of *Norma*, but we were not allowed to go through the Tiergarten with the carriage from any point, as it was closed because of the funeral procession, that passed by way of the Königsplatz. Paul Kalisch finally got out to treat with the mounted policeman, who, however, would not be treated with, and who opposed our further progress in the most positive way. We should have to alight and walk. Paul Kalisch explained to the "man on horseback" that that was impossible as follows: "The ladies are painted; my wife has on a short red and white dress made of feathers, as she is to sing Papagena, and if she is obliged to go through the military lines that way there will be a fearful scandal." The deluded horseman admitted this, and, at his word of command, the ranks of the soldiers opened to us, as did the gates of that temple of the Muses called "Kroll's Establishment."

America

1891–1892

EXTRACT FROM LIVE MUSICAL TOPICS

"IT would not do to dismiss the company from this preliminary consideration without mention of her, whose name is and ever will be dear to the music lovers of New York. To Lilli Lehmann every admirer of true lyric art can lift his brimming cup with Siegfried's words:

'Vergäss ich alles,
Was du mir gabst,
Von einer Lehre
Liess ich doch nie:
Den ersten Trunk
Zu treuer Minne,
Brünnhilde, bring ich Dir.' "

(The New York *Times*,
Sunday, December 13, 1890.)

The above-quoted clipping, that gave me no small pleasure, was sent to me from America in an artistic setting, about Christmastide in 1890.

What I had foretold had come to pass. The public, surfeited with the everlasting Wagner operas, demanded a change in the répertoire, and the management for the coming season was given over, in the spring of 1891, to the celebrated impresario, Maurice Grau, who, though a

stranger to me, offered me excellent contracts, which both Paul Kalisch and I accepted.

Grau began in Chicago on November 26th,—where we usually closed—with *Norma*, *Mignon*, *Don Juan*, the *Troubadour* and *Aïda*, and had with him as members of the company, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Lasalle, Mesdames Ravogli, Scalchi, myself, and Paul Kalisch, who sang all the lyric rôles.

It was December 16th before we opened the season in New York with tremendous success. Jean and Edouard—as they were called for short—were at the height of their powers, and both were artists such as can no longer be found, and soon became the favourites of the American public. In respect to purity of tone and nobility, Jean was musically the only one of his kind, and never before nor since have I ever heard anything like him. His voice was not powerful, but very beautiful, and his singing was full of artistic proportion. He did not equal the foremost Germans, however, either in expression or as an actor, but it was always a perfect delight to hear him. The amiable Edouard, a splendid figure of a man, got an encore with his glorious bass voice to the Anabaptist (Zacharias) aria, in the third act of the *Prophet*. And yet there is talk of ungrateful rôles! Lasalle was known as an excellent baritone from Paris, and Madame Ravogli as a very good contralto. It is not strange that the public was interested in all this new material, and that the Italian opera party got the ascendency over the German, as the latter had dominated the former not a very long time previously, but the same old mistake was made again, too much being always given of either one or the other.

Care was taken, also, that the trees should not grow too high. A production in German of the *Walküre*, with Anton Seidl and Emil Fischer, neither of whom belonged to the company, was to take place in February, and we all rejoiced in bringing about a new triumph for German art. But the furious beating of my heart began to cause me serious alarm.

I did not mention it, but I had been sleepless for weeks, and all night long I walked incessantly up and down my room. My eyes would close wherever I was, I had attacks of convulsive weeping over the least thing, and dragged myself about only by exerting all my energy.

L'Africaine, in Italian, with Jean and me, was appointed for February 15, 1892, before the *Walküre*. I sang the part of Selika for the first time, having worked it out most assiduously, and I required only one rehearsal with piano on the stage, at which Jean and Lasalle appeared. During its progress, I became suddenly so pale that Jean urged me to leave the opera-house, and he took me to my hotel, where, soon after, I collapsed in a flood of tears. I heard some one near me say, "She is only acting." The next evening, by summoning all my powers, I sang the part of the African, whose immolation of herself was not much greater than mine.

A physician had to be called to me at night, forty-eight hours later. I had again the feeling of dissolution in the universe, as I had had it on high mountains. I was not able to turn myself in bed. This time nitroglycerine and camphor kept me from this letting go that without pain or trouble seemed so glorious to me. After some days, my body strove of itself to gain strength, which was manifested by nervous and unappeasable hunger. It is worth while to make a close examination of what is needed, or perhaps one should say demanded, by a body that has been exhausted by nervous strain, for a recovery of its normal powers. Two beefsteaks, from four to six eggs, fruit, and compote were given me every day to eat, and a bottle of beef tea, three spoonfuls of champagne and cognac daily to drink, all of which I took eagerly for months before I could talk again of feeling replete. Afterwards, I called my illness, "an attack of gluttony." I was overwhelmed with delicacies of every kind, and with the most superb fruit and flowers.

I lay in bed for three weeks, almost without stirring. The physician thought I had some fat about the heart, said I

should take great care of myself, and return to Europe as soon as I was able; it seemed to me that he wanted to be rid of me. I could not bear to see or to listen to any one, and even the doctor, who had not the least idea of the state of my head, made me very nervous by his manner of talking. I was worried by the fear of having heart trouble, and, for a long time, I did not venture to undertake anything. At length we engaged our passage on the *Elbe* for March 12th, with the unexpressed thought that I should certainly not be fit to travel then. Of the Fischers I heard only that poor Rosa had met with an accident and lay ill, for she had fallen through a coal-hole, and had suffered severe internal injuries. Though I had seen no one, I had not the heart to leave without saying good-bye to her. So the day before our departure we drove thither, my first trip from my sick-bed. Through all her suffering she was as tragi-comic as ever. She told us about her fall, and how her "Murrfl" (her husband), instead of protecting her, had given her the death thrust. Emil laughed big tears again, and with one eye we laughed with him, and with the other wept with her. Poor Rosl! we never saw her again. The next day we embarked, and had a glorious journey, during which I felt so well that I had to ask myself repeatedly if I really had trouble with my heart.

But it was otherwise when I reached home. As soon as I saw acquaintances, or even if any one of my family appeared, the old misery returned. I preferred, therefore, to remain alone, and slowly and painfully gathered my forces together again. In this solitude, and often having in mind thoughts of death, I wrote down my whole life story with the rapidity of the wind.

My memory worked with extreme concentration. When, after twenty years, I began afresh the writing of this book from my recollections, I noticed that I made use of the same words for everything as I did then, and that I had remembered the tiniest circumstance that had transpired in our lives.

The condition that I was in at that time has only since been explained to me by my highly esteemed friend, Councillor Dr. Schweninger, and my present excellent family physician, Dr. Wilhelm Wernecke, both of whom found my heart perfectly sound, and I am everlastingly indebted to them both for their simple treatment, agreeable to nature. It was nothing more than anæmia of the brain due to a life-long mental strain, which, recognised in time, could have been avoided or cautiously obviated. The stupendous concentration of the nerves of the brain, their incessant and exhausting labour, which our vocation brings with it, when, at any prescribed moment, our entire mental and physical powers are called on, sends all the blood to the head. Here it is dammed as long as the concentration continues, if, as in my case, the heart is not strong enough to drive it through the whole body. As soon as the nervous system is relaxed, the blood-vessels suddenly empty themselves, whereupon attacks of swooning and weakness of the heart ensue. The tumultuous beating of my heart was, therefore, only a result of the mental over-exertion, the consequent failure of circulation, and was not a disease. To prevent such conditions it was necessary to strengthen the action of the heart, to lighten its work, not by means of the use of digitalis, alcohol, or other poisons, but by proper massage, gymnastics, walks in pure air, good and moderate nourishment, and all the other things that make for the building up of an over-taxed body, and lead to healthy stimulation. Sarah Bernhardt has herself carefully massaged after each performance, and no artist who sings or acts great parts in preponderance should neglect this.

The adoption of a vegetarian diet, which had been so often recommended to me by Professor Karl Klindworth and Eugen d'Albert, I succeeded, two years afterwards, in establishing by degrees from one day to another, and even after a fortnight, I had to admit that there was an extraordinary quieting of my nerves. I owe the complete cessa-

tion of my agitation before my public appearances and in other affairs of life to moderate vegetarianism; I became strong and healthy again, and could still endure exertions in my vocation from which the youngest and strongest might shrink. Thanks to vegetarianism, Klindworth, who had suffered for many years from a serious complaint, is now eighty-three years of age, and in complete possession of his bodily and spiritual powers.

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Castle Segenhaus—Carmen Sylva
Robert Franz

1893–1896

AUGUST BUNGERT! This name awakes rich memories of the eminent man, the fortunate tone poet, the true friend, and of the happy, intellectual hours in which he, full of the Homeric spirit, transported us to other worlds, intoxicating us with classical idealism, and the phantasies of the Greek epics, in which he knew how to find ever fresh "unheard-of things," as he expressed it. His songs had already aroused my lively interest, and the words of Odysseus at the close of the Nausicaa:

> Passing hence, I perceive
> That the will of man is one
> With the divine will. By renouncing,
> I fulfil life's inmost meaning!

took strong hold on my heart as he sang them to me once. Who does not know the word Renunciation, that, in my life, also, has played so harsh a part.

Lonely and alone I bethought me of his songs. Should I really never sing again? The impulse to inner deliverance was strong once more, and triumphed over all the warnings of my physicians. So I began to study again, practised very softly at first, then steadily louder, until I had become assured that my heart would never offer resistance to such

work, though the nerves of my head might often still be of another opinion. By autumn I had already prepared a considerable programme of Bungert's Lieder, which I wished to sing in Dresden on December 3, 1892, at a Bungert evening, when he arrived at my house in person, on my birthday, in order to present to me a small marble tablet from Queen Elisabeth of Roumania, on which she, herself, had inscribed these verses composed for me:

Give me a song, a ringing song,
By illumining thoughts inspired,
That to the Olympians might belong
Being by their breathings fired.

Give me a song from out the spring,
Pure, maidenly all 'round,
That shall through woods and valley ring
In clearest floods of sound.

And now a song from deepest woe
So heavenly shall ring,
So freed from sorrow here below
That angels may it sing.

Without my knowledge, Bungert had informed the Queen that I proposed to carry his songs forth into the world. The songs of a Queen! He had often related to us under what unique circumstances they had originated. As the friend of the Princess-Mother, Marie of Wied, of her children, Prince Wilhelm Adolph and his wife, Her Royal Highness, Princess Marie of the Netherlands, and their children, Bungert lived for weeks, indeed, months at a time, at Castle Segenhaus and Mon Repos, where Queen Elisabeth, also, often stayed as the guest of her mother. There every one lived and moved in an atmosphere of art and science, and often made merry with true Rhenish lightheartedness, such as is known only in the Rhine countries. On walks and drives, everywhere and at all times, poems and songs came forth from the divinely endowed

heart of the royal poetess, which were given a musical form by Bungert,—when he looked over the Queen's shoulder,—almost before they were written, and then, before he had really jotted them down, were taken and sung by the dear young children. Thus, talent, sentiment, and happy co-operation joined hands in a bond of rare and true friendship that stood in good stead, both in joy and sorrow, to all that shared its blessing, and grief and pain did not fail to come even there.

The invitation of the Princess-Mother to be her guest for some days at Castle Segenhaus, about the middle of January, 1893, was issued to me, and Bungert made use of this circumstance to inspire me with enthusiasm for a concert at Neuwied, where lived many other friends of his besides the princely family.

I reached there early on the 19th, in fearful cold, and learned that King Carol and two ministers had arrived only a few minutes ahead of me, on a visit to the Princess. This unexpected event turned out splendidly for me. I stayed for a few hours with the worthy Winz family, who sheltered me, without compensation, also on the day of the concert, as I could not have covered the long way up and down from the castle either before or after it.

Castle Segenhaus, the estate of the widowed Princess-Mother, lies high above the little city of Neuwied, in the mountains, a good hour's drive away. It is an old house, embowered in grape vines, roses, and climbing plants. From the castle and the garden one looks far down into the valley where the Rhine, like a "silver ribbon," winds its way along. A quarter of an hour's walk by a descending path leads to a large open space, surrounded by glorious virgin trees, which is the favourite spot of Queen Elisabeth,—the "Graves," as she called it, where rest her father, whom she loved beyond every one, and her younger brothers and sisters next to him. Schloss Mon Repos is fifteen minutes above Segenhaus. It once belonged to her parents, and is now occupied

by her brother, the reigning Prince, Wilhelm Adolph. Elisabeth spent her childhood there, and every tiniest spot concealed youthful recollections of the most intimate joys of her budding years.

> Within the leafy garlands of the tiny room,
> Shall I still find the thoughts of yore in bloom?

Elisabeth asks in her song of the Rhine called *Mon Repos*. Assuredly; otherwise, as Carmen Sylva, she would not have been able to find them again.

Very early in the afternoon, I drove up, with four horses, through the glorious winter landscape to her, to her! Can it surprise any one that I should yearn after the poetess, whose moods and sentiments I here began, for the first time, to understand clearly? Bungert met me above, and led me through a circular music hall into the house, where I laid aside my wraps. I was then received by the once famous, very clever, and elegant Bavarian Minister of Finance, Baron von Roggenbach, the intimate friend of the house, and, immediately afterward, the Princess herself walked towards me through the drawing-room, put her arms about me tenderly and kissed me warmly. The Princess, who was in the seventies, with snow-white hair, tall and slender in figure and with a complexion of milk and blood, was dressed in black. Her head and face were framed in thin white material, shaped like a turban, that gave her a fantastic appearance. I found at once a motherly friend in the Princess, who continued to be that to me in her wonderful letters until her death.

She presented me to the King, who was alone with her in the drawing-room, and whose earnest, handsome, extremely clever countenance, and his eagle eyes, that nothing seemed to escape, made a very deep impression upon me. This man knew what he wanted; he had a clear perception of his duties as individual and monarch, and his whole being

was the personification of seriousness. He had come up for a stay of only four days, and was most kind to me; indeed every one up there was overflowing with unconstrained goodness towards me.

We were absorbed in interesting conversation, when the doors opened, and the Queen, announced by Countess S—, was pushed in, seated in a rolling chair. My heart beat hard at this agitating moment of a first meeting with this rare woman. But she addressed me at once, and I bowed over her chair and kissed her lovely hands. We both remained silent for quite a while. Then she spoke kind words to me, and a ray of light shone from her eyes, and from her beautiful smile that brightened everything about her. There is also something soaring in her gait, as I perceived later, something "transparent" in the nature of this Queen, who has learned so little how to dissemble before the world, and who prefers to show herself as she is. All her songs of the Rhine danced before my eyes. "Hurrah, the Rhine!" Every word in them, every picture that her eyes had seen—as I now saw them at this place, and learned to understand them in this environment—expressed her very self as it welled up from her heart—she and the Rhine!

Though the times were no longer quite so serene as once when high spirits and joyousness held the reins, yet there was almost an excess of glorious incitements amongst these remarkable personages. The Queen was not well, needing rest and diversion in a beneficial sense, and in this home circle everything revolved about the health of this woman who was so beloved by all. She had endured many disappointments that she could not escape because of her noble trust, given to all persons who pleased her, and she suffered just so much more profoundly than any other would have done from these experiences. She was often so dejected that she no longer desired to live, and, at such times, she gave herself up so completely to the apathy of her condition that it was difficult to cheer her. But when such efforts

succeeded she could walk well, was happy and sunny and made every one happy about her, as was her way. How much this woman had already created! To compose poetry was to her what flying is to the bird. She had just painted wonderful pages in Byzantine patterns and colours for church books, and had written her enchanting poems of youth on the finest sheets of ivory. Aphorisms flowed from her pen as do tones from my throat. She did superb needlework, and her head and hands were untiring, as one talent's luxuriance crowded upon another. Could there fail to be a reaction occasionally? Everything that love could devise to make her well and happy again was done by the Princess-Mother and the King, who adored her, and who had hastened thither in order to see her. And she was certainly on the road to improvement. She had begun to take interest again in her toilette, and had ordered a special dress for the concert, one that could not be beautiful and splendid enough for that event to satisfy her.

After the Princess had installed me in my two comfortable little rooms, and I had rested awhile, the whole family assembled, towards evening, in the circular music hall, where I, accompanied by Bungert, wished to sing for them some of our songs. King Carol, who was no musician in any real sense, and who had never heard any of the Queen's poems, not to mention the songs, had not been troubled with an invitation to the little *soirée*. So much the more were we surprised, when he requested that we would wait a moment and not begin the concert until he was there. After he had appeared we began with "Hurrah!" (on the bridge at Mayence). The Queen laughed and wept and sobbed, leaning against me, when I had finished and kneeled before her in deep emotion. She whispered softly to me, "I feel as though I had been dead, and now were alive again!" Anything better than that we did not desire. After I had sung eight songs, to all of which the King had listened, he was very enthusiastic, and repeatedly invited Bungert

and me to go to Bucharest and to give musicales at the palace.

The very delightful dinner at seven o'clock brought us together again, at which the otherwise very serious King was in a bright mood, and was amused by many stories that I told of America. The two ministers, who were present at dinner, left that night, and the Queen, also, withdrew after the end of the meal, as she was, in fact, very much exhausted. So was I, in spite of the merry mood that I seldom knew at that time. I do not know how I was able to sleep that night, after the kind Princess had conducted me to my room.

The day began for the Princess earlier than for us. About six o'clock she held a short service of worship, with her servants assembled about her, and issued her orders for the day. At eight o'clock there was the general breakfast, in which, however, their Majesties did not participate, as the Queen had to remain in bed until eleven o'clock; I was permitted to spend a full hour with her. Three feet of snow had fallen during the night, nevertheless, the Queen wished to go with us to the "Graves." She was seated in a sleigh, Bungert walked beside her, and King Carol and I waded behind through deep snow. My admiration for the quiet authority of the man steadily increased. He had found heavy tasks awaiting him when he assumed the government, and he had not been idle. He had learned enough of the unworthiness of men in three horrible wars, and he said: "All Kings should be forced to go through war like common soldiers, then no more of it would take place."

When he courted Elisabeth, he asked her, if she would work with him, to which she gladly agreed. The Queen has often told me how poor they were when they assumed the regency, that is, in what narrow circumstances. What difference did it make? Work, the education of men, the fostering of the arts, the sacrifice of themselves to their duties were the aim and desire of them both. Whatever was begun by the Queen in her striving after the ideal, for in-

stance, the city for the blind, the cultivation of the silkworm, the King, after brief trial terms, took affectionately under his protection by making government institutions of all that she had called into existence, and, in this way, both have raised to themselves imperishable monuments in the hearts of their people.

The King, moreover, knows Berlin thoroughly, and was well acquainted with Father Kalisch. It was a great pity that Paul Kalisch could not accept the invitation that had been sent to him, also.

At the farm buildings deer stood by the stable doors and begged for food. How gladly would I have run and thrown a bundle of hay out to them. But I made use of the moment to entreat King Carol, very earnestly, to take up the cause of the poor animals in Roumania, also, and, when opportunity presented itself, to discuss and advocate this with our Emperor. King Carol gave me his promise, and I think he kept it.

The concert took place in the coach-house of the Prince. Fifty equipages were removed, five gas stoves were put in, everything was covered with thick carpets, and so a concert room was made, worthy of a royal visitor and of our artistic fraternity. Only Prince Wilhelm, the creator of this sumptuous arrangement, who had recently been very ill, and who now sought health in Italy, had to remain away from the festival. As a substitute, his wife had already come to our rehearsal, and expressed to me, in one word, "Monumental!" what she felt.

I should have liked to have said something similar to this tall, slight woman, who said little, whose face was lacking in beauty but expressive of boundless goodness, and who was a "Royal Highness," both inwardly and outwardly. We were happy in meeting again at Paris, about 1900, at the German Ambassador's, Prince Münster, who, unasked, sought me out there, and, as he put it, "built up" for a dinner party the princely family for me and me for them. Then deep woe

rapidly came upon her, and yet, transfigured, she smiled at those around her and at her dear children, as we found each other again at Wiesbaden, and the children played uproariously about her. How pale she was, and how white her hair had become, when I met her for the last time, and her fine personality and feeling reminded me of my mother. I think she knew how I revered her, and that I should never forget her.

Beaming faces and happy hearts were the product of the evening, and Queen Elisabeth had always fresh laurels for me, that belonged equally to her and to Bungert, however, as did the enthusiasm of the audience. The King, with his arm on the back of Elisabeth's chair, listened reverently, and he was most pleased by two of the most difficult songs.

We were united again the next morning. After breakfast, bread was cut up for the hungry little birds, for whom big bowlfuls were placed in front of the window. At five o'clock, King Carol said farewell to the Queen, and urged her to follow him soon. He gave renewed invitations to Bungert and me, and hurried away to Bucharest, accompanied to the station by the Princess-Mother. I could not sleep at all that night; it had been too much for me, and the morning found me quite unable to rise. As I did not obey the summons to breakfast, Countess S——, was sent to fetch me, but I had to beg her to excuse me. Five minutes later, the Princess-Mother knelt by my bedside, held my hands tightly in hers for fully twenty minutes, and strove to deliver me from my wretched state by "sympathy." She had poor success as I was not a medium, but I forced myself, at last, to get up, as I had to go to Cologne that afternoon, where our concert was announced for the next day. I was nursed and coddled like a sick child until I departed, and I took with me a crowd of impressions such as only rarely are offered to any one in fulness.

The October moon already led Bungert and me to a second concert at Neuwied, as guests at Castle Segenhaus.

It was quite different there. The Queen had changed greatly; pleasure in life sparkled again in her eyes, and she, in company with the dear Princess-Mother, planned glorious days for us. As my arrival was delayed an hour, I failed to meet the newly married Roumanian heir to the throne and his wife, who had just paid the Queen a visit. The pretty, sixteen-year-old Princess was already convinced that "men must be kept occupied, in order to prevent their indulging in foolishness."

In January, 1896, Paul Kalisch, also, was at last able to obey the many times repeated invitation to Castle Segenhaus, where we passed two intoxicatingly beautiful days. The Queen, now completely recovered, read aloud to us wonderful French novels and bright German articles. She copied passages for me with her own hand from her essays, *The Vocation of the Artist*, which she subscribed with the words, "From Carmen Sylva; In remembrance of the threefold interpretation of the sorceress," by which she meant her song, *The Lorelei*, composed as a poem by her, set to music by Bungert, and sung by me.

She was never weary of hearing us sing, but she was unhappy because we had not brought *Tristan* with us, and so could not render it. "Oh, I know," she said excitedly, "I shall never enjoy anything more; everything will be withheld from me!" The cause of this outbreak was the Princess-Mother's care, as she was always fearful that the Queen might excite herself too much. My husband, therefore, sang Cornelius and Jensen, while I gave some Mozart arias, but they took such hold of the poor Princess-Mother that she wept aloud. Most gladly would we have responded to the Queen's wish, who would have enjoyed *Tristan und Isolde* as no one else could have done.

Joy in living and joy in creating had both returned to me, and scarcely had I prepared the way in Germany for the living composer of songs, August Bungert, than I fixed my

eyes upon a second important task, that of performing the same service for the deceased master, Robert Franz. He had once been sung, and propaganda had been made for him by enthusiastic adherents like Senfft von Pilsach and others who were admirable singers, but he had become almost forgotten, and one now heard here and there only his most popular songs. By presenting songs of his that were known and unknown, and many that had never been sung, I reminded Germany of him, conquered Austria and America for him, and finally Paris, also, where I was not infrequently compelled to repeat three times some of his pearls of songs.

His son, Dr. Richard Franz, wrote to me, after the first successes of this triumphal progress, with what intrigues his father had had to fight formerly, and how he had suffered, especially, from the enmity of Carl Reinecke. The ban had been first removed by me and victory awarded to his father. Frankly, I believed that the chief reason of this oblivion lay more in the fact that most singers regarded Franz's songs as ungrateful. They certainly require that they be sung with one's whole soul and the technique of a complete artist to make them effective in their simplicity and unpretentiousness. But it had ever been my pride to throw myself into whatever seemed unthankful to others, and to bring about the desired effect. Hermann Erler, the music publisher, sent me, after the second Robert Franz evening, the manuscript of *Dies und Das* (*This and That*) by Robert Burns, which I usually sing in English, and which, in the original text, is most charmingly suited to Franz's music.

Accordingly, up to the present day, twenty years have elapsed in which, proceeding uninterruptedly with my cultivation, I have placed my art at the service of many a half-forgotten or still unknown composer, and have done my best for this cause, as far as an imperfect being may give his best.

Then, in 1895, I sang all my great rôles at Vienna, in the city where I was always received with open arms, and, finally, the doors of the Berlin Opera House, also, opened to me again,

although, for the time being, only for a charity matinée performance. Instead of that, I sang, in 1896, the part of Ortrud for the first time and the *Walküre* at the Wiesbaden May Festival. I had been engaged for months with the study of Ortrud, at which I had long aimed, and had grown completely into this superb rôle, intending to bring out, especially, the heathen fanatic side of it, and not to represent her as the wicked woman that she is commonly taken to be, whereby she is made to appear most unsympathetic.

It was easy to come to a splendid agreement with one of the most excellent of artists, Julius Müller, who sang Telramund, and whom my husband and I revered equally as man and artist, and so the artistic pleasure in the work was assured. The *Walküre* might have ended badly. Müller, as Wotan, in which he had again been very fine, had already kissed me into my sleep and had summoned Loge, who should surround the mountain with fire, when shrieks of terror made me open my eyes, and I saw someone rush across the stage with his head blazing. At the same instant, a fireman sprang after him, and tore the wig from the burning Wotan, in whose hair a spark had flown.

> Whoso dreads the point of my spear,
> Can never pass through the fire!

Wotan continued to sing, without a wig, and he was applauded and congratulated by the audience.

These Wiesbaden May Festivals do not easily pass from the memory of any one who has ever taken part in them. The city, dressed out in festival array, in the most luxuriant splendour of spring blossoms, the union of many chosen artists under the genial sceptre of Georg von Hülsen, Hans Richter, and Ernst von Schuch as conductors, the heralds who announced with a fanfare the entrance of the Emperor into the opera-house, the Emperor himself in his happiest mood, rejoicing and charming every one about him,

combined to make a most agreeable picture of pleasure. Whoever, moreover, wandered for hours amongst the young birch forests, as I did, obtained an intense enjoyment that one inscribes, with a grateful heart, in the book of his life.

Lilli Lehmann as Ortrud in *Lohengrin*

From a photograph taken in 1896

Bayreuth, 1896

Victor Tilgner and his Mozart Monument

I CAME into remarkable contact with Bayreuth when *Tristan* was to be produced there for the first time. I think I am not mistaken in believing that I was sitting with Paul Kalisch in the opera-house, while Hans von Bülow and Hermann Wolf were in front of us. The ballet of *Sylvia*, by Delibes was being given, preceded by *Der Betrogene Kadi* by Gluck, for which Bülow had especially interested himself. A young conductor was at the desk, who caused Bülow almost to pull out his own hair.

Heinrich Ernst came up to me in the intermission to congratulate me upon having been selected for Isolde at Bayreuth, and immediately afterward this "fairy tale" was confirmed to me by Hans Richter, who had come from the conference at Bayreuth. Other persons knew from the newspapers what had been kept a secret from me until then. After waiting several weeks, in vain, for direct information, I enquired of Herr von Gross, at Bayreuth, if he could verify what Richter had told me. As I was just beginning to prepare for America, I requested an early answer, for I had to make my arrangements for the summer. Gross replied that Frau Wagner would write me herself directly. The letter came and disappointment with it. At the conference I had, indeed, been chosen to be Isolde, but now it was preferred that I should take Brangäne, of which I would certainly make a great success. This I was obliged to decline, and I

wrote Frau Wagner that I well knew what I could make of Isolde, but I would not consent to be Brangäne at Bayreuth on any conditions, and I had only sung the part twice at Berlin, as a favour, and to make possible the production of the work there. I knew, also, that if Richard Wagner had lived I should have been the first and not the last in his thoughts and his works, and I, therefore, preferred to consider the matter settled for me, as in fact it remained.

In the course of time, many singers and others who were interested turned to me for recommendations to Wahnfried, which I gave when I was willing to take the responsibility, and there always came a friendly reply in return and consideration was given them, if possible. My intercourse with Wahnfried was confined to this until, in 1895, Frau Wagner sought me out again in a special matter, and, without a word having been exchanged about it, put the question to me one day whether I was minded to sing Brünhilde in the *Ring* at Bayreuth in 1896. Herr von Gross conducted the negotiations in detail with me in person. I was to sing the Cycle four times—therefore alone—and be the only Brünhilde. Although I never doubted for a moment my power to carry it through, yet I called Herr von Gross's attention to the danger that lay in the acceptance of the assumption that it was impossible that I could be taken ill. He then decided to engage some one "for such an event." A sum of money was offered me (that I had to beg Herr von Gross to increase somewhat), and a free residence, besides, in a villa very near the theatre, in which I could keep house myself, and so everything was arranged. For me—but not so for Frau Wagner, who was not pleased that I accepted pay, and, as she paraphrased it, had expected of me more idealism for Bayreuth. If it had been "Wagner" it would not have been lacking, but I considered excessive idealism out of place here where it was often so little felt. Frau Cosima observed, also, how much people were deceived about the proceeds of Bayreuth, which, up till then, had barely covered the expenses,

and this circumstance had prevented her from carrying out Wagner's ardent wish to place free tickets at the disposition of poor students and artists. I did not want the money for myself; it will be seen later on how I employed it.

"There's only one imperial city, and there's only one Vienna!" And the Viennese are pleasure-loving, and where merriment is, thither a serious person likes to go, so as to be benefited by it. What German artist does not enjoy being really merry, occasionally, in the circle of care-free, jolly men and artists, which Vienna alone can offer us. And there was one there who was all of that and now could no longer be so, but who made his friends weep, because, on April 16, 1897, he lay on his deathbed—Victor Tilgner! Five days later, his Mozart monument, that had given him many years of happy creative work, was to be unveiled. We were often, during this time, at his atelier in the Schwarzenberg-garten, where he showed us "his Mozart," in which the "soaring figure" greatly pleased me, and I was touched that Tilgner had brought in Mozart's father, also, and his spinet. The father truly deserved it on account of *this* son!

"Yes," he related, "at first I did not wish to take part in the competition, but, after I had seen the designs,"—he named one in particular—"the task tickled me. I said to that person that his Mozart was a royal functionary, but not the genius nor the figure of light that he had to be. *As an artist, one may not represent people as they are seen in everyday life.* For example, at the time that the Schubert monument was unveiled in Vienna, there was only a single individual still alive who had known Schubert personally. This man was taken by the sculptor into the atelier and his opinion asked. 'Good Lord! I should never know him; Schubert always wore a little red cap, and I never saw him any other way.'" "But one cannot hew out an artist with a nightcap," said Tilgner, and continued, "so I reflected and reflected upon it, and it was very difficult. I could not bring Mozart up to

where he belonged, he remained pecking on the ground, until at last, at last I found out what it was—he must soar!" That interested me intensely. I knew the yearning and the labour involved to make a figure "rise up," that it might stand as a radiant ideal image beyond the realm of the earthly, and that, thereby, its mission might be fulfilled. I must have fallen into an artistic ecstasy as Tilgner looked at me continually. "Master, is that not a subject for you?" enquired my sister, who noticed Tilgner's interest. "Yes, if your sister is willing, I am ready." But I was then not yet well enough to endure the long sittings of the "chiselling out," and I promised for later on. I was to sing *Donna Anna* at the unveiling, which would have been the right and impressive moment, but I had to withdraw, as I had a terrible cold, and it grieved me sorely that I could not assist at the unveiling of his dear Mozart. Nor was *he* able to be present, either. He was borne in his coffin, indeed, around his work, and, in that way, a certain connection was re-established between the dead creator and his living ideal figure.

Riezl wrote me then that Mozart had been unveiled on April 21st, with the Isis chorus, and she described how grand was the effect of the moment when the wrappings fell, and Mozart stood forth in soaring youthfulness. She had wept for us both, and I shed hot tears as I read her letter. We have both been able to do much for Mozart because we have sung so much of his, and with greater piety than, perhaps, any other women artists. Mozart was our musical home, and we were brought up in reverent awe for his genius and his works —every note by him was a sacred thing. And the power to feel this is a reward such as is allotted to artists in no other way. We sisters laid a wreath at Mozart's feet with Goethe's words:

> The traces of my days on earth
> Cannot in eons pass away.

If anything ever called forth my love, delight, and enthusiasm, it was the renascence of the *Nibelungen Ring* at

Bayreuth, that I pictured to myself as a festival of resurrection after a long period of inner struggle, of heavy losses in life, and, therefore, one of a thousandfold inmost self-sacrifice and ideal sentiment. I wished to let my Brünhilde say what I felt; I longed to snatch the others away on a flight to my high peaks, to make them feel, laugh, and weep as I had already felt it in me twenty years previously, and I yearned to express it in this very place. I desired to sing to the memory of those who were there no longer, to be submerged in my task, and to be set free, artistically, from material things.

Memories thronged about me at once upon my entrance at the Villa Gerber, escorted by Herr von Gross, for it was there that Niemann-Siegmund and Betz-Wotan had once resided. From the first floor there was a view over the little city, and the gaze could rove far beyond to the Fichtelgebirge. I soon hastened to the theatre, which was scarcely a hundred feet away, where Frau Cosima, swathed in black, was sitting on the stage, occupied with the placings of the scenery for the third act of the *Walküre*. Siegfried flew hither and yon, as his father had done once, the image of him in all his outer movements.

After I had fetched Riezl from the station at noon, I went again to the Festival Building about four o'clock, where the first act was being rehearsed with the singers. A stone fell upon my heart. With the exception of Frau Sucher (Sieglinde), whose gestures were very beautiful, I saw and heard only wooden dolls, and I thought, with sorrow, of the year 1876, when Niemann, with a single glance and breath, gave the stamp to the whole first act.

I did not speak to Cosima and the children until evening, when they all greeted me with great cordiality. Cosima was more cheerful than she had ever been before, happy, and full of vitality and energy, which kept her occupied from nine in the morning to nine at night at the theatre. She took her dinner and supper at the building, and there were

always individual artists invited to her table, which they named, significantly, the "Court Table," and where, moreover, it was very lively and unconstrained. Cosima was not only very clever and well-informed, she had, also, assumed the authority of judgment peculiar to the aristocracy, so that what she announced was accepted as infallible. Wonderful judgments were the result of this. For instance, we were discussing one day the final scene of the *Götterdämmerung*, and I mentioned Frau Vogl's bold ride to death as Brünhilde. She was a perfect horsewoman, and usually took her own "Grane" with her on her visiting engagements. At the finale, she unbridled her bareback steed, swung herself up on him, and they leaped together into the burning funeral pyre. Cosima called that a "circus trick" that did not belong on the stage, which caused me to remark, again, that Wagner had so ordered it, and that when Brünhilde could do it the effect was very beautiful. But she would not agree to that, and it did not come up again for consideration, as I had promised to represent the "bold maiden," but not the expert rider in the service of the cause.

From such utterances, the astounding knowledge dawned upon me that there was small love felt for the artists of 1875–76, and that the best was declared to be "quite inadmissible." I toned down my brusqueness until I had learned to know the narrowness of the Bayreuth judgment of that day in its fullest extent, and no doubt remained how much it was opposed to the tradition of 1875–76 and to Wagner himself. Mottl had already told me how Cosima, in 1883, had changed the whole of *Parsifal*, so it was not strange that she had no more reverence left for 1876, and depended solely on her own wishes and taste. Frau Reuss-Belce told me how Cosima had admonished her to be diligent, so as to study Gutrune with her, in which Frau Weckerlin had shone in 1876. But Frau Weckerlin's personality and voice were quite alien to Gutrune, and no one, including Wagner, took the least

pleasure in her appearance or her heavy singing. Cosima expressed herself in still stronger eulogies over Fräulein Scheffsky's notoriously miserable performance as Sieglinde, of which I have already spoken in my first Bayreuth chapter. What should be said in reply to such opinions, and what could one expect from them?

During the first days, I was present at a very ludicrous acting rehearsal, when the basso, Grengg, who had a godlike voice, and who was the most good-natured of all Viennese rogues, was being broken in by Cosima to the part of Hagen. But what interest had Grengg in Hagen's origin, which Cosima explained so beautifully and logically? Grengg, at last, took the instruction in bad part, and a catastrophe was close at hand. I begged Cosima not to ask too much of him or he would leave us, and Elmblad's hoarse foghorn was impossible, even for the giant. Grengg said to me: "Well, I am lacking in 'the demonic,'" and the next day he had departed. He was implored to return, whereupon he is reported to have replied, telegraphically, "I won't!" But he did sing, nevertheless. Grengg once said to Jahn: "See here, Herr Director, you do not need to give me any parts if you will just pay me my salary; I am not at all ambitious." He was, however, later on, very solicitous of the esteem of his parrot, who would not honour him with a word all day long if Grengg came home intoxicated at five o'clock in the morning or later, which treatment Grengg could not bear.

The Rhine maidens' swimming machine, transformed into a splendid flying apparatus, worked finely, and, therefore, it was the more regrettable that the three voices did not blend. The second Rhine maiden was chiefly to blame for this, as she was terribly unmusical, and spoiled all the trios. The *Rheingold* was beautifully staged, and was much more animated than in 1876, only the animation often expressed itself in restlessness, and frequently detracted from the enjoyment of seeing and hearing.

The obeisances made by the assembled gods before Wotan were positively comical to witness, during the music following Loge's narrative, which should express the echoing laments of the Rhine maidens for the restoration of the gold. How could Frau Wagner make such a mistake? And how far this was from Wagner's directions! Fafner struck his brother Fasolt dead with a single blow, while the orchestra indicated four of them, and Wagner, assuredly, would have wished this special thing observed exactly.

I had been there since June 20th, but, for me, there was no *Götterdämmerung* rehearsal until July 27th, when one began in the morning with the Waltraute scene and ended in the evening. Cosima said nothing to me, but found fault with all the others. The everlasting "standing in profile" was carried to the point of mania; the spectator saw nothing more of the actor as the artists stood constantly with their backs turned towards either one or the other half of the audience. Cosima seemed very content with my performance, kissed me with tears in her eyes, said to me at the end that it was "magnificent," and, though she wanted to have something here or there a trifle more to the right or left, that would not be taken into consideration and could remain as it was. I was very glad of her approbation, and I hoped for continued working together for the known goal. The rehearsals seemed to be ended for me with this one, as I was not informed of any more, and I only substituted once for Frau Gulbranson, who was now engaged with me, and who did not appear at the right time.

Being unemployed, I listened, watched, and observed at the rehearsals. Not much attracted me; my adhesion to Wagner's personal scenic arrangements, to the artistic entirety I had known, which had impressed itself so deeply on us all, would not permit of it. That is to say, I suffered when I was forced to witness how the physiognomy of the *Ring* of 1876, which we had carried within ourselves so lovingly and onward to others, together with the thought of

the creator of the work, was here often quite dislocated in the very place that was its home.

And not only were there changes in the *Rheingold* but also in the *Walküre*. In the love duet, Siegmund and Sieglinde sat just reversed. Contrary to 1876, Sieglinde occupied the corner towards the wings, and Siegmund, in order to be able to look at her, had to sing into the wings. The second act, in decorations and positions, departed entirely from 1876. During that year the fight of the men took place on the broad road that led across the entire stage, above the rocks, while, in 1896, it was enacted on the left side. Now the rocks were divided by a road in the centre. Brünhilde stood on the right-hand rock, this time, in the first scene, and went off to the right, whereas, in 1876, she had stood on the left hand, and, after the first scene, went off by the right, above, over the broad road. Now, after the proclamation of death, she went into the cave that was under the rocks on the right side, and appeared at the combat, without any apparent reason, on the left side, in a very small machine on wheels, in which she, a helpless doll, could not move either lance or shield to protect Siegmund, to say nothing of taking part in the action.

Splendid as was the effect of the scenery in itself, one must admit, upon mature reflection, that it did not correspond to the brilliant picture which it should awake in the audience after the gloomy first and before the equally gloomy last act. Let us distinctly conceive the spirit of the scene:

The curtain parts after a brilliant and daring prelude, and before us stand Wotan and Brünhilde, the radiant, happy couple united, creative. Wotan is still the "free God." He is on the point of imparting to his favourite child, who stands before him in armour, the command to guard Siegmund for him in battle, and to fell a miserable wretch. "On cloudy heights dwell the gods," sings Wotan. Such black rocks are not to be found on cloudy heights, and they do not present an attractive picture; the impression should be brilliant,

sunny, and clear. It was so under Wagner, and it was beautiful that way. It should depict smiling happiness and daring courage, and only little by little should care and death, like grey veils of fog, darken the scene of mournfullest destiny.

In 1896, the ground was covered with humps in the second picture, and the singer had not a foot's width of secure standing room—a highly uncomfortable novelty. And just as contrary to 1876 as this uneven ground was the unbroken level ground in the third act, that did not present the smallest elevation for the grouping of fourteen persons. Formerly, several small jutting rocks in front of Brünhilde's resting place—that did not incommode her at all—enabled us Valkyries on appearing to rush onward or to take up elevated positions, which brought some variety into the grouping. There was no longer question of that in 1896, when the Valkyries often stood in a row like soldiers, or disappeared with convulsive movements.

From every side one heard complaints of the everlasting changes, and of the posing and decorations, that were denoted to-day as permanent and to-morrow were again rejected as wrong. Kranich, the master machinist, begged Cosima one day, for this reason, to certify the arrangement to him, so that the next day everything would not be pronounced wrong. If this uncertainty of the leading personalities of the present Bayreuth be now weighed in the balance over against those artists, who, since 1876, had spread abroad his works in common, according to the administration and model of the true master, the balance must incline in favour of the recollections of those artists.

I may be understood still better when I say that Cosima, during the first rehearsals of the *Ring* even laid important questions before her son Siegfried—who was only six years old about 1876, and who was seldom at the rehearsals—saying, "You remember, Siegfried, do you not, that it was done this way in 1876?" Whereupon Siegfried always

replied, "I believe you are right, mamma." I was very often compelled to observe that it had not been so, and that Cosima was mistaken in her opinion. But as soon as one informed her that this or that had been different in 1876, the same answer was always given, "Very true, but subsequently it was determined this way!" As, most assuredly, explanations would have been found of this "subsequently," it was not worth while to enquire into it any further. There would be no reproach for those who never had been participants themselves if much had slipped from their memory in the course of twenty years, but to assume that a boy who was then six years old should still recall anything, a child who had taken no part—the attempt to make others believe it seemed to me—very daring.

Shortly before the beginning of the rehearsals, Hans Richter enquired of me if, in 1876, in the *Rheingold*, when the sword motif was first heard and at Wotan's words, "So grüss ich die Burg!" Wotan had or had not lifted the sword, which the giant Fafner, with this object, had carelessly thrown on the treasure heap, and with the thought of Siegfried had raised it towards the burg. I remembered clearly the many deliberations, but not the final result, as we Rhine maidens, during this scene, were occupied behind the wings, and could not see what happened on the stage. So I turned to Betz, who told me that it was not done at the beginning of 1876 but was adopted later.

How often was I impelled by artistic interest to call out to the Rhine maidens: "You must do it this way; you should sing thus; you should so move that you help the expression." I was never questioned, however, and there was no desire for my ability and knowledge. There seemed to be no recollections of us who stood for 1876, and so much passed by me, the beauty of which had become a part of myself, without warming me up or having any trace or any interest. There was wanting love, soul, and heart, and all technique that could bring the inner beauty close to the listener. The

last lament to Wotan sounded quite expressionless. There were cries but no lamentations, and no one in the present Bayreuth recalled that, in 1876, the wailing, help-imploring tones of the Rhine maidens were wrenched out of their throats, and that they, besides, also characterised the brilliancy of the Rhinegold, for which they mourned.

Except Vogl, Hans Richter, Mottl, my sister (who suddenly found herself the third Norn, without knowing how it happened), and my insignificant self, there were none present of those who had then been engaged in the *Ring*. Mottl, often many rows distant from us, exchanged yearning glances of inner understanding with us sisters whenever any reminiscence recalled the superior performances of 1876, and there was abundance of them. Hans Richter, the embodiment of unselfishness, did for the young son of his old master, what no one else, indeed, would have done. He had already held forty-six orchestra rehearsals, that Siegfried had diligently attended, so as to learn, by listening to Richter, how it should be done. Then Richter conducted the first stage rehearsal; Siegfried, the second; and Mottl, the final one; Richter, the first and fifth; Mottl, the third; and Siegfried, the second and fourth cycle.

Barely eight days after my arrival at Bayreuth, a small swelling had appeared behind my left ear, which was first the size of a pinhead, then of a pea, and which, after three weeks, had attained the bigness of a small hen's egg. Its growth was unattended with pain, but it annoyed me, at last, as the stiffness of my neck prevented me from making the least movement of my head. The physician did not know what to make of it and took it for an infection, though I had no idea whence it could have arisen. The first cycle was drawing steadily nearer, and, as neither hot nor cold compresses helped the swelling, I insisted upon having it cut. This was opposed by the doctor because, externally, there was yet no sufficient reason visible for an operation. Hot flaxseed poultices were still applied, which the apothecary's

apprentice, as we heard later, ground in a mustard mill, and whom I had to thank that, finally, after the third night, the desired symptom really formed, so that now Dr. Landgraf, at half-past seven in the morning, could proceed to operate. What a wound was made and what a scar! The last three days and nights were terrible; a high fever shook me mercilessly, maddening pain drove me almost frantic and robbed me of all my carefully saved energy for my task. It was of course impossible to take part in the final rehearsals. The operation, however, relieved me of the fearful tension, and, for the next two days, I felt myself passably well, only to collapse entirely on the third day. Cosima often made enquiries about me, and begged me, even before the final rehearsals, not to sing but to take care of myself. But in what suffering had I often sung in the course of my career! Here it was of the first importance that I should be at my post, as very many friends had come to Bayreuth expressly for my sake. There were many other grounds also why I desired it. As weak as I was and wretched as I felt, I rehearsed the evening before, in the absence of my sister—who had nursed me like a mother and had stood by me, so that, perhaps, I can never repay her for it,—in order to feel sure that I could kneel, fall, and rise on the stage, and I even attempted to sing the cry.

Cosima had requested me to bring my costumes with me, in any event, as she feared that those she had ordered might arrive too late in the end. And rightly so, for not until noon on the day of the *Walküre* performance was a "suit of armour" sent me, which I took for a mistake, and I reported to the theatre that I intended to put on my own coat of mail for the *Ring*. But I was wrong, it was not an error, for Burgstaller, as Siegfried, came up to me in the *Götterdämmerung* with the words, "Only look, dear lady, what kind of a Jeanne d'Arc suit of armour they have dressed me in!" Not until the poor young man had been almost strangled by the armour, in the

third act, was it retired in favour of the old *Ring* coat of mail.

Still very miserable but firmly resolved to sing, I dragged myself to the theatre in the afternoon. In that atmosphere, little by little, the old elasticity returned, and, though the metre and a half high and very heavy shield was not easy to lift, yet I accomplished it, and, at the end of the performance, I was indeed a tired but also a different person, and on the high road to improvement. The next day in *Siegfried*, and in the *Götterdämmerung* on the third evening, I was still stronger, and had no cause to be ashamed of my co-operation. Master Carl Perron of Dresden, who was our Wotan, protected me like a father, and to him, also, I wish to express my heartiest thanks for his care of me then, and for his fraternal support that I can never forget.

On account of her weak eyes, Cosima had given up writing for a long while past, but, after the first cycle, she sent me a dictated letter full of amiable appreciation of my singing, which had delighted her from "Hojotoho" to "Selig grüsst dich dein Weib"; on the other hand, she had much to find fault with in my postures. And yet she had said to me after the first and only *Götterdämmerung* rehearsal, that a little more to the right or the left did not matter to her, and my rendering might remain unchanged. I must premise that as often as I sang Brünhilde with Niemann, Betz, Frau Sucher, and Anton Seidl in Berlin, in Vienna, after Frau Materna, and in America, I always went through it according to the *Bayreuth Decisions of 1876*, and was only forced to make changes when new associates forgot the positions, which, of course, sometimes happened.

Any one who knows me must bear me witness how closely I keep to the poses, when once they have been worked out. All of a sudden, here were many of them declared wrong or unsuitable that formerly satisfied everybody. It must be taken into consideration that Frau Wagner "settled" things daily, and changed them just as often, and that others were

willing to play the part of the "marker" and wished to see things of which I, for my part, was not guilty. It may be that, on the first evening, I made the mistake of stepping once across the black line, as I did not notice it in my condition; it has certainly never been my custom to sing or act down at the footlights.

When I discussed my *Walküre* costume with Professor Doepler in 1876, and thought of having a white mantle, he said to me that Brünhilde should carry such an one, and that no other Valkyrie might appear in it. But Materna, as Brünhilde, received a red one, and Doepler offered me the unappropriated white one, which I did not accept because the colour combination in my costume pleased me so much. The favourite child of the blonde god should be blonde like her sisters, that is to say, red blonde in the colour of her hair, as pure blonde is not effective enough on the stage. Materna pleased Frau Wagner better in her own beautiful black hair, therefore, every other Valkyrie wore her own natural hair. This time the red mantle fitted badly into the surroundings as Wotan, who wore a blue one in 1876, had on a red one in 1896 that was of another shade. Afterwards, a very celebrated tragédienne wrote to me in an outburst of anger after the *Walküre*, "The heavens be praised that 'Grane' trod on your mantle, as we may now hope to be rid of the horror."

Brünhilde should give all to Siegfried. Very well; but, in 1876, she wisely kept on the red cloak until the close of the second act, and appeared only in the very last scene in a grey mantle at Siegfried's bier. Frau Vogl, Klaffsky, Voggenhuber, and I wore white cloaks and red-blonde wigs, in accordance with Wagner's wish and insight, because Brünhilde is a radiant figure, as the elder Doepler originally correctly perceived. Siegfried had another cloak about him, as he walked out of the rocky cavern with Brünhilde. And why not? No one asks in the myths of the gods and heroes whence comes an article of dress. Richard Wagner saw clearly that, if Brünhilde deprived herself of part of her

flowing draperies, she would seem like no figure at all on the large stage, and, in the eyes of the audience, the impression of the character would be lost. The myths of the heroes should not be treated logically, but like fairy tales.

And to-day, when dramatic art is reduced to nothing, when space, decorative painting, and imagination are carried to extremes by the managers, one may not do entirely without gesticulation, in support of the expression, as Cosima felt herself impelled to assume. Victor Tilgner was right when he said of Schubert: "One may not chisel out artists like common people," that is, make them look so, and, for the same reason, stage heroes and heroines—and on the boards nearly everybody is such in one sense or another—should not be permitted to act and express themselves like civilians, and they should not be divested of their characteristic setting. Her cloak is the only thing still suggestive of Brünhilde's boldness and wildness, and that article of dress may, and should, suggest these qualities.

I write this far removed from any wish to bring as a reproach against the great, strong, and admirable will of Frau Wagner that she here thought too logically and not with sufficient stagecraft. It is done only to state an artistic standpoint that coincides with Richard Wagner's, and which only practising artists—not "theatre managers" or "directors" of acting—can understand.

For these fundamental reasons it was doubly striking that Waltraute appeared in the *Götterdämmerung* dressed entirely different, which made her seem quite another person, one whom I did not recognise. I was told at Wahnfried that this costume, together with Fricka's, was made with long sleeves of six puffs and falling over the hands, like Botticelli's pictures of Madonnas. In vain did I ask myself what Botticelli's Madonnas had to do with heathen gods. In 1876, the Valkyries wore long flowing robes, but in 1896, on the contrary, they were dressed in very short ones. Waltraute was the only sister who, in 1896, had to undergo

a metamorphosis in the *Götterdämmerung* that totally disfigured her. These matters, also, I do not put down solely to Cosima's account.

I was severely censured for another thing: that I did not stand with my back to the audience during Waltraute's narrative. Why did I not do it? Because I wished to express something in my face that one cannot express with the back. Is nothing passing in Brünhilde during Waltraute's address? Shall not the audience see how it affects Brünhilde? It goes without saying that this makes it easy for the narrator, and, for those who cannot express anything, the "back position" is well suited. But I had something to say to the audience during the narrative, albeit silently, with eyes, heart, and soul, and I showed what it was. Brünhilde has laid her right hand on her breast during the narrative and listens almost apathetically, gazing dumbly in front of her, to the story that passes before her like a dream, until she feels herself back in the past and sadly remembers Wotan,

> Then faltered his glance,
> He thought, Brünhilde, of thee.

Now Brünhilde looks up, and her hand is pressed against her heart in deep sympathy. She need do nothing more. This sublime place in this wonderful situation always drew from me tears of mournfullest emotion, that, as Brünhilde, I was never ashamed to show. Then she sinks back completely into dreaming, until she is roused out of it by Waltraute's entreaty to give Siegfried's ring back to the Rhine maidens. What did Wotan or Valhalla matter to her in comparison with Siegfried's love and pledge of love—the ring? Happily she awaits his coming; the horn sounds. But, with the appearance of Siegfried as Gunther, all woe suddenly breaks upon her, and plunges her into despair. The inner struggles of the soul that cast her down from the highest pinnacle of happiness to the deepest grief, and which

are symbolically bound up in the ring, are most difficult to express. The restitution can succeed and make an impression only when Siegfried is master, artistically, of his task, as well as of the difficult situation, and so works as the cause of them.

Materna, in 1876, stood in the background to the right, in front of a rock that protected her in the rear, and from there threatened Siegfried–Gunther with the ring, which she wore on her right hand. As soon as she had nothing left to say, Brünhilde flew to the left in front of him, that she might defend herself from there, and, after the third struggle, she fell, overcome, into his arms. Cosima wanted to have Brünhilde at the left—perhaps merely to make possible a position with her back turned—and I had to say then that I would not obey her wish. I knew how it had been in 1876, and, if Brünhilde was to sing this most important passage with her back to the whole audience, the effect of the powerful scene, which is to be found only in her expression, is quite lost. Cosima assured me that Materna had stood differently, and later had followed her own ideas, which I could not judge because I never saw Materna subsequently.

I replied to this letter, written in a very courteous tone, which Cosima was always careful to use, first, by a letter composed in easily comprehensible excitement, and then I went myself to Wahnfried to discuss it fully with her there. After I had said to her frankly what had agitated me, I begged her earnestly to relieve me of my obligations,—not from wounded vanity, but because, with my conservative feelings, I believed myself to be out of place there, and my serious indisposition was a sufficient reason to give the world. Cosima would not consent, but urged me to remain, and so our profound disagreement, a genuine quarrel, resolved itself into apparent harmony that exerted a pleasant influence on us both.

In spite of all that went against the ideas of 1876, my

Marie Lehmann

From a photograph by Fritz Luckhardt, Vienna, taken in 1895

memory of Cosima and my Bayreuth sojourn left nothing behind which diminished my esteem, aside from my artistic sentiments, for such a remarkable and strong-willed woman, whose life was assuredly not free from struggle, and who may have borne much that did not take place before the eyes of the world. On the contrary; I believe, in fact, that we drew closer to each other in many respects, and it might almost have been said of our relations that extremes meet. Cosima, who was wholly the woman of the world, and I, who was wholly the artist, understood each other very well at times, without setting aside our opposite professional views, and we surely did full justice to each other, as the comprehension of one strong nature brings with it understanding of others. This was the point of contact. The fine lady and the artist get on well together at times, until both lay claim to perfection. But as far as the natural talents and education of the personality go to make up the individual in his elements and actions, they express themselves more strongly in one or the other direction. In this sense, Cosima is not an artist and I am not a woman of the world, and just this was the root of the contradictions.

Many roads lead to Rome, but to the Bayreuth of to-day only one, that of slavish subjection. There is also no clear conception there of how high a valuation is to be set upon individual artistry. Without it nothing great can be created, and the audience, no matter what nationalities it may represent, will not be moved nor transported. And it must be and wishes to be carried away. I desire to be, for example, when I go to the theatre, and I count myself a very appreciative listener. The individuality that played such a great part in 1876 and made the performances of that day ever memorable, Richard Wagner, the "Master," left to the artist, left to each his own; he stepped in only when he came upon lack of understanding or dilettantism, and the harmony existing between him and his artists, the artists and his work was always guarded. That is an incontestable fact, but this

ideal individuality gave way to a despotism that demanded submission as the first requisite. Even though the sceptre of the despot may appear to be wielded with much amiability, yet it remains what it really is.

Assuredly only good has been desired and much of beauty has been attained, but the heart is gone out of it, and nothing at Bayreuth is missed so sorely as that. All the other changes are not to be considered in comparison with "sentiment," that, in art, weighs so heavy in the scales. If they would only follow memory more closely there! This psychological puzzle, the solution of which I am not unfair, perhaps, in finding in Frau Cosima's artificiality, it would be a large task to fathom.

I experienced, in Bayreuth, something else that was extraordinary. As I have said, Cosima had often assured me, before the final rehearsal, that I did not need to sing in the first cycle. Why not? I could never become clear as to that, but my attention was called, however, to what was incredible, by the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, which someone sent me. The critic of that paper, whom I did not know, wrote that he had been offended by the attempts to create a sentiment against me at Wahnfried, even before I had sung. Can that be credited? But what artist was there who had not experienced something bad of this kind at Bayreuth, and how many had turned their backs on the place never to return?

Many persons go to Wahnfried, the elect and the unelect, and among them are those who have no idea of art or of an artist's sensibility. They listen there to all kinds of things, write about the work and the artist as is suggested to them, and give up their souls for the house of Wahnfried, thinking that they are, thereby, being true to the "Master"!—not to him!

I heard the *Rheingold* in the second cycle so as to form my opinion of it. The performance was stamped with a lack of heart. It made the impression on me of a play by

marionettes; motions that had been imitated without force, expression, or feeling. A boundless sorrow overcame me for all that had been dear to me in 1876. The words of Vogl as Loge, "They hasten to their end," seemed prophetic to me. On the other hand, the third cycle was real balm to me, when I stood on the stage in sympathy of heart and memory with the now artistically mature Mottl below me. We were raised to the realms of the blest, up to him, to whom and to whose mastery we alone were able to do homage.

On August 6th, a delightful garden party took place at the country estate, Riedelsberg, belonging to the banker, von Gross, and his dear wife, the truest of the true, where all those present mingled happily. It was my first outing after the painful intermezzo, and it brought back my spirits. Two days later, the whole company was assembled at Wahnfried, to which Cosima gave me a pressing invitation, and where one might at last meet dear old friends. Among others, a beautiful friend of the house was introduced to me, who had ventured to recommend to Cosima a short theatre engagement for young Siegfried, where he would have the opportunity of mastering routine. But this had unfortunate consequences for herself; all Wahnfried was aghast at the "foolishness" of the pretty friend. A remarkable accident made me aware of the abortive attack. It certainly would not have done young Siegfried any harm if he had studied for a long time in practical artistic life much that was necessary,—even though much of it must be forgotten again,—which is of use to an artist during his whole life. Siegfried, however, bore himself admirably, and probably would have taken the well-meant advice in no bad part.

There was much music at Wahnfried during the receptions. The Princess Friedrich Leopold of Prussia, the sister of the Empress, Prince and Princess Hermann of Weimar, Landgrave Philip of Hesse, Count and Countess Wolkenstein (Schleinitz), the Prince of Anhalt, Ambassador von Radowitz, Count and Countess Melitta Dönhoff and Princess

Liechtenstein adorned the select circle, composed of all elements and nationalities. Much had been changed in the drawing-room in the twenty years, and not fewer than from five to seven large pictures of Frau Cosima stood and hung there, that, in part, rendered not only a resemblance but also her nature very admirably. On August 8th, Fräulein von Artner sang from *Figaro*, Frau Schumann-Heink the *Allmacht*, Edouard Risler played the *Meistersinger* overture, and I sang the *Erlkönig* by request, after which Cosima complimented me by saying that my interpretation had vividly reminded her of her father's, Franz Liszt. This was the first and only time that anything was said of remembering. The next time I was asked for the *Fidelio* aria, and, at the desire of the most amiable and bright Princess Friedrich Leopold, I repeated the *Erlkönig*. Cosima sent me superb flowers the next day.

The Festival was concluded with the fifth cycle, in which I sang again, and our dear Hans Richter conducted magnificently. I parted with much cordiality from Cosima and Daniela von Bülow-Thode. The Bayreuth of 1896 also occupies a place in my mind. It sharpened my recollections of 1876; it showed me the changes of time. "How everything was and will be."

After my return home, I hastened to do what had long lain in my heart. I obtained information concerning the conditions of a free bed at the Augusta Hospital. I added 10,000 marks to my Bayreuth honorarium and telegraphed to Frau Cosima.

Dear Frau Wagner:

As it has so far been impossible for you to carry out the Master's wish, I have to-day, with your assistance, founded a free bed for poor, ill musicians that shall be a blessing to many.

With cordial esteem,

Your

Lilli.

Lilli Lehmann

Marie Lehmann Hedwig Helbig

at Scharfling on the Mondsee

From an amateur photograph

Scharfling

IN the night before the last *Götterdämmerung* performance there had been a freeze. It was bitterly cold the next day, and, in addition, the dressing-rooms at the Festival Building, that could not be heated, had just been washed out. During the performance no one knew where to get shelter from the cold and wet, and the consequences were not long in coming. I arrived at Munich in the evening with a heavy cold all over my body. The *Tristan* rehearsal the next morning, to which Richard Strauss came very late and others not at all, I gave up, and tried to get rid of my cold in bed, with no success up to the next noon.

I had taken sixty cholera drops in twenty-four hours, without the least result, and, finally, had to send for the theatre physician. "You cannot sing Isolde this evening," he said. "I alone can judge whether or not I am able to sing, Doctor," I replied, "but I wish you would give me something to make me feel better." As he knew of nothing, he took his departure, and I sang Isolde that evening, and without any help from him. Only I had not taken account of the cholera drops, not knowing that they contained opium, which I could not stand even in the very smallest doses. I felt deathly sick in the second act, and, as I had once implored Gudehus to continue singing in London when he had not received his salary, he now entreated me to keep up, because I had expressed the fear that the curtain would have to be rung down in the middle of the act. I really sang very well,

also, although, in the third act, several persons waited behind the scenes, expecting to have to carry me eventually off the stage. The next day I was able to find a bottle of English stout that immediately relieved my condition. Dr. Wernecke told me that English stout is brewed from over-ripe wheat, contains much ergot, and hence has an extraordinary astringent and healing effect on attacks of internal colds.

Things went strangely with me in regard to Munich. I see, from my diaries, how often I had to decline or give up star engagements there against my wish and will, because something always intervened that was stronger than I, stronger likewise than an attack of cholerine, which, as I have shown, did not keep me from singing Isolde.

From there, I went by way of Salzburg and the lovely Mondsee to Scharfling. A true horn of plenty pours forth over me happy reminiscences at the name of this almost unknown little spot of earth. As early as 1878 mamma, Riezl, and I arrived there by accident. Distant from Salzburg about five hours by carriage, we found at the Mondsee a small, old inn frequented by peasants, famed for its good table, where just two Viennese families had stayed for many years alone, and where two remaining tiny rooms were kept ready for transients who ascended the Schafberg from there, at the foot of which lies Scharfling, a steamboat landing place. We were not received with very pleasant looks, as the people from Vienna, who had been there so long, considered the Mondsee to be their property. But they changed their attitude as they saw that we did not deplete the water by bathing all the time, did not drink all the beer, and that the mountains lost none of their elevations and beauty because we climbed them. The accommodations were wretched enough, and have not improved since, but the place pleased us, was suited to our principal desires, and we had what we needed—rest.

To our extreme surprise, mamma found her cousin

Lilli Lehmann at Scharfling on the Mondsee

From an amateur photograph

Amalie, the widow of Prince K. Th. Wrede, very near by at Castle Hüttenstein, a meeting that was as unhoped for as it was joyful. How often did we sit together on the bench at the spot called "A peep into the country," and gaze down on the splendid Wolfgangsee, far across charming St. Gilgen, where, subsequently, I learned to know and love the aged head-mistress, Marie Ebner von Eschenbach, with her wise goodness and forbearance.

I met, also, at Scharfling, Archduke Rudolf, the heir to the Austrian throne, who arrived by steamboat with a large company to make the ascent of the Schafberg, from which one enjoys a glorious view of the Austrian Alps. Heavily veiled, I was standing near the landing and was much astonished when I saw the Crown Prince walk straight up to me, addressing me with the words, "Ah, the Berlin nightingale!" I was thunderstruck by his memory and affability, for, as far as I knew, the Crown Prince had seen me only once, in the distance, when he was in Berlin, at a Thursday court concert. On that occasion, it is true, I perceived his intention to enter the wide-open artists' room to speak to me, but this was thwarted by the Empress, who had just been with us, and who soon ended the intermission for going the rounds, and so the opportunity for conversation was lost. Some years later, the Crown Prince wished to see me and my sister at the Concordia Ball in Vienna, when Johanna Buska, my dear colleague from Berlin, was also presented to him; Pauline Lucca was there, likewise.

One may hope that he may be able continually to return to such a pleasing locality, and yet, a whole lifetime may elapse before it can be done. Seventeen years had flown by, after this first stay at Scharfling, ere I saw it again. Just as much in need of rest as then, my husband and I, in 1886, were in quest of a quiet little spot of land. What an acquaintance said to us in Munich, in 1878, when he recommended Scharfling, I could repeat to my husband word for word: "I know a place that would please you, provided that it still is as it

was seventeen years ago." Upon our arrival, my husband had to fight immediately against the gloomiest thoughts, because the weather received us in the true "Salzkammergut" way, but when, towards evening, the whole glory of the region was unveiled, it won him at once. So we remained at the little spot that ever pleased and made us more happy the longer we knew it, and in the neighbourhood of which so many dear friends lived. In the magnificent, and, at the same time, lovable natural surroundings there, that uplifted rather than oppressed, one recovered from the material life of great cities, that had long disgusted us, because the older one grew the deeper one saw into their shadows, and so could not regard it all as splendid.

About 1898, I built as a surprise for him, without my husband's knowledge, a small house that provides us with more comfort, and permits of our remaining there until into the winter.

Where the Attersee broadens to an inland sea at Weissenbach dwelt our most famous neighbour, Charlotte Wolter, in two little farmhouses that her husband, the artistic Count O'Sullivan, had adapted and furnished with much taste. His wife, who was still very beautiful, wore peasant dress ("Dearndlgewand"), as is the custom in the Salzkammergut, and was then already a great sufferer. She told us the following anecdote about her parrot. As she entered a dark room one evening, she was received with a terrible scream that caused her to think some one had been murdered. After she had regained her self-control, she thought of the parrot, in whose presence she had studied Lady Macbeth, when the bird had learned the shriek of terror by listening to her, and, without ever practising it before, had uttered it that night for the first time, perhaps from fright.

Beside Charlotte Wolter, Franz Tewele lived there, as he does still, at Unterach on the Attersee, with his laughing Maria, both of whom are our true friends. His golden humour—may God preserve it to him and us—can never be

Lilli Lehmann at Scharfling on the Mondsee

From an amateur photograph

utterly killed. And on the road to Unterach, on the Berghof, with his dear Maria and his two little moss-rosebud daughters, still dwelt at that time, Ignaz Brüll, whose death came far too early. Friend Goldmark comes on a visit every autumn, and the whole Burg Theatre company of the former and present time swarm at the glorious lakes in their own villas. Aunt Amalie's daughter lives across the mountains towards Salzburg, and friends come now and then to visit us. Close by, Mozart salutes me from Salzburg, to whose paladins I have joined myself as leader, with intent to keep his name and his works sacred, and to proclaim him loudly against madness and hypocrisy.

But we might not yet grant ourselves a very lengthy rest, for our watchword was America, towards which we journeyed, accompanied by my sister, on December 21st, for a Wagner tour of thirty performances. I acquitted myself of all the thirty, including an extra *Fidelio* performance, in the three months' time, and the strain was as great for Paul Kalisch as for me. Nevertheless, we were back at Wiesbaden, at the end of May, for *Tristan*, which we sang five times in six days, counting in three big rehearsals and two performances!

In the autumn of 1897, I entered again at last the Berlin Opera House with the *Ring*, in which I became acquainted with van Rooy as an admirable Wotan; Ernst Kraus, Burgstaller, and Rosa Sucher as Sieglinde were engaged in it, while Weingartner conducted. It was an intense pleasure to see in the orchestra this idealist, who was then very young. The happiness of a self-chosen calling beamed in his face—the delight in work and in this co-ordination of like elements and qualities, with which he encouraged and inspired us artists. Calmly, and with certainty and distinction Muck conducted the third cycle and *Don Juan*, that was given three times in Italian with d'Andrade and with me as Donna Anna.

Two long visiting engagements at Vienna, with fourteen

performances and countless song recitals and concerts, followed one another in 1898, until, on December 28th, I again began in America, under Maurice Grau's management, with the *Walküre*, the greatest of all our seasons.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Victor Maurel, Salesi and Salignac, van Dyck, Dippel and Plançon, Emma Eames, Brema, Sembrich, Nordica, Schumann Heink, Meisslinger, and I were in the company. Just think of productions like *Don Juan*, for instance, with Victor Maurel, Edouard, Salignac, Sembrich, Nordica, and myself as Anna; or, the *Hugenotten* in French, with Jean, Edouard, Plançon, Maurel, and the ladies Sembrich, Mantelli, and my insignificance as Valentine; or, *Tristan*, with Jean, myself, Edouard, and van Rooy. These were performances that cost every night in salaries 35,000 francs, without counting the orchestra and chorus, and that were collectively on the highest plane of artistic excellence.

I had seen and admired Victor Maurel as *Don Juan* a short time previously in Berlin, when I sang Anna with him at the Royal Opera House. Artists were enthusiastic over his dramatic art, while the critics made short work of him. His art seemed to me so pre-eminent that I felt myself, indeed, impelled to break a lance for him in public. Maurel was, also, the first singer and artist with whom one could talk on singing and art, and, as we often found opportunity for that in America, we did not neglect a moment when we could instruct each other mutually on those subjects. Once, when he had seen me in a rôle, and something in it had not pleased him and he wished to tell me so, he began like this in French: "Écoutez, Madame Lehmann, nous sommes de trop grands artistes pour nous faire des compliments; tâchons de nous corriger!" He was right; compliments can be uttered by any ass, but corrections are quite another thing, and life is short. Though vocally he stood no longer on his former eminence, when he was paid far more than all the first tenors of the

world, his impersonations were overpowering, even in the smaller parts.

I shall never forget the performance of *Faust* with Jean, Edouard, and Emma Eames, nor the quartet, that can, perhaps, never again be heard in such vocal beauty and perfection of singing. Maurel's death scene as Valentine moved us so profoundly that, for hours afterward, we gave ourselves up in silence to the overwhelming inner impression, which Maurel produced from nothing that could be seen or grasped, therefore, only by the expression of the soul. I would not give up the delight of such performances for anything in the world, although the recollection of them completely spoils my taste for almost everything that is to be seen and heard to-day.

The *Rheingold* was set for January 27th, as the beginning of the cycle. At four o'clock in the afternoon Grau called on us to beg my sister to take Fricka that evening, as Frau Brema had failed him. Riezl would have saved the performance most gladly, but she had to refuse as she was already on a pension and feared she might lose it thereby. No one now knew what to do, whereupon I resolved to look at the rôle, and to learn it if it were possible. A piano score was not at hand, and had to be first borrowed from van Dyck, who lived nearby, a conductor had to be fetched, and then the work began. I knew much of the text, of course, and I had the music by ear, but as soon as I had to sing it accurately and from memory, all that I knew was wrong and the right seemed unfamiliar. My hair rose on my head! The performance was to begin at eight o'clock, I had begun at half after four, and the time ran away as though it were paid for it. Riezl was again my blessing, as she sang everything to me when I rested a moment. I worked out also the acting of the part at the same time, and, about six o'clock, I knew it up to the finale, which I could commit to memory at the opera-house during the changes of scene. Now it was necessary for me to rest a little before I went to battle, but I

had hardly lain down before a neighbour, evidently an artist, began to play exercises, cadenzas, and single measures a hundred times over and over. I was desperate. We sent hurriedly below to enquire who was the virtuoso. Moritz Rosenthal! Now wait, I thought, you will stop at once, and I wrote him a nice little note, begging him to have regard for my nerves of hearing as I had to sing an important rôle, and I promised to leave the field to him at about a quarter to seven. The playing stopped. When I returned late from the opera, I found the following *billet-doux* pushed under my door:

Highly Esteemed Patroness:

I am venturing to approach you with a request. You yourself have to-day set forth the high consideration due to and the importance of undisturbed sleep, and I have reduced my annoying activity to a minimum. To-morrow I have a very complicated recital, and my sleeping-room is distinguished by being directly next to yours. You will return home late to-night. It is unnecessary for me to quote the words from *Macbeth*—"Do not murder holy sleep!" As supreme mistress of nuances, will you execute the modulation from Orpheus to Morpheus *pianissimo* and *con dolcezza* (still to-day, after many years, every tone of the Chopin *Mazurka* that you sang once in the great hall of the Musikverein at Vienna is sounding in my ear and heart), and to-morrow, after so many nights of travel, I shall be able to express my thanks to you with feeling, and above all, following upon a good sleep.

With sincere esteem for you and your sister,

Your most devoted,

Moritz Rosenthal.

He had no need to make this request of us, for it was our habit to treat our neighbours with consideration, and we were always as quiet as mice.

All had gone splendidly with me at the opera. There was only one mistake; I began a recitative a third too high, but recovered myself immediately. Riezl sat behind the

Lilli Lehmann, Hedwig Helbig, and Baby at Scharfling on the Mondsee

From an amateur photograph

scenes to remind me, in advance, of the coming part, that I went over at once, and so did not have to depend on the prompter, who probably would have forgotten to give it to me in time. I learned the finale while Wotan went to Nibelheim with Loge, and, during the whole evening, I was so calm, so confident that no one would believe that I had learned four hundred words and notes between half after four and eight o'clock.

> To whom God will show favour,
> Him he sends out into the world,

and leads him, also, safely home again. This is a proverb that is peculiarly applicable to the artist, and one that often makes him most joyful and happy. Much, indeed, must be given up of home comforts and old-fashioned customs, for one cannot have everything at the same time, but, in exchange, one gets a great deal that is beautiful in this wide, wide world that is glorious from every blade of grass, every meadow, and every animal, up to the grand mountains and oceans.

This time, our return journey by the new North German Lloyd steamship, the *Kaiser Friedrich*, was unparalleled. Our good humour was not in the least affected by the fact that it was slower than the agreement with the builders called for, as we had a glorious time. If Captain Engelbart and his charming wife had made delightful the crossing by the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, we were encouraged by Captain Störmer to the craziest pranks on the return journey. The weather, the ship, the table, the company, and the captain were all first-class, and the artists' mood so brilliant that everything was swept away before it. Each asserted that he had never experienced anything like it, and we maintained that the conditions could never return again.

The Seamen's Fund of the crew deserves to be considered and increased by gifts, for, on good or bad voyages, all depends on the capabilities of those in charge. They need

continually all their foresight and ability, and are exposed to perpetual dangers that often imperil their lives and health. There is frequently far more danger than the passenger can superficially observe. How often, for instance, is there a fire in the hold without any one of the travellers suspecting it, and though the blaze is almost invariably brought under control, yet the crew is always called on to do important and heavy work in the exigency.

How a ship can be handled is shown me by a picture of the *Eider* that I possess, which vessel struck on the American coast, first in a deluge of rain that became an ice storm later. The masts and ropes were covered with a thick sheeting of ice, which so weighed down the ship that, for several days, it was in constant danger of careening at the least breath of wind. For fifty hours at a stretch, Captain Helmers remained on the bridge in such weather. Many of his men got their hands, feet, and ears frozen, and what other consequences followed cannot be told by those who were not there.

Only one who has been through as many storms at sea as I have can estimate the dangers, even approximately, that these people are exposed to in cold, wet, storm, and heat. Even the thoughtlessness of the passengers is now and then broken in upon by serious scenes.

We were sitting one day at noon in the navigation room on board the *Saale*, the ship with the "handsome crew," in a merry company with Captain Richter, when the report was made to him of "a ship in distress." Richter gave his orders, we rushed up on the promenade deck, and saw, close in front of us, a three-master with hanging sails, which was the signal of trouble. We had already lain to, a boat had been lowered at once, and all had been the work of a moment. I saw, moreover, how the first officer gave the young sailor, who was engaged at it and who did not understand quickly enough, a tremendous box on the ear, and I thought to myself that no more grass would grow on that spot. "That

is the only language that these lazy fellows understand," the officer explained to me.

Halfway to the three-master, our people met a small boat coming from her with thirteen occupants, the entire crew of the sailing vessel, and, a few minutes later, they were on board our ship. While we were already resuming our voyage, the life-boat was hoisted up again, and the small boat belonging to the stranger was left as booty to the waves, and remained visible for a long time, dancing on their high blue crests. The sailing ship, which was loaded with lumber, had been driven about, rudderless, on the ocean for a week; several English steamers had passed it by without heeding its signals, and, as usual, it was reserved for the "German" to rescue the crew. This little episode, when no human life had been lost, but, instead, the people who had been exposed to terrible danger had escaped from it happily, made a very deep impression on me, and put an end to my lightheartedness for days.

On my return journey on the *Aller*, and with our most beloved Captain Christoffers, there was talk of icebergs before we started. I had never seen one, and I begged Christoffers to let me know in case we met one. "We may get one in three days, between three and four in the afternoon," he said, "for it has been reported, but I should prefer not to encounter it." On the third day, Consul Dorenberg, his wife, my husband, and I were sitting together playing scat behind an awning in the afternoon at three o'clock, when I noticed, all at once, that our steamer was turning. At the same moment, one of the crew appeared, who was looking for me with an order from the captain requesting me to go above, as an iceberg was in sight. But I had not taken five steps when we were suddenly, in the clearest and finest weather, enveloped in the densest fog, and could not see a yard ahead. I heard a voice above me which I followed, and dimly perceived our fourth officer strapped to the top of the foremost mast, who called down from there to the

captain his observations on the fog. It was most uncomfortable for about ten minutes; but, just as suddenly as it had come, the fog disappeared, and, to the left of the ship, distant about a maritime mile, appeared a splendid iceberg as large and high as Helgoland, and against its icy white cliffs dashed the blue ocean waves. It was a wonderful spectacle, which, unfortunately, disappeared very quickly.

How often have I thought of it in connection with the frightful *Titanic* disaster, and of the words of dear, cautious Captain Christoffers, "I would prefer not to meet it."

When the ship's orchestra began a *Traviata potpourri* at the first dinner, I softly hummed the drinking song with them. Captain Störmer, who sat next me, glanced at me out of the corner of his eye, "Out with it," he said, "it is a pity that a single tone should be lost." "But what would the passengers say to that?" I replied. "Nonsense, this is my ship, and you may sing here as loud as you like!" So I raised my glass and sang the drinking song with full voice, and Madames Meisslinger and Pewny, my sister, and Herr Dippel joined in the refrain. The success of it was startling, and it was demanded *da capo*. From that day forward, something different was devised at every dinner. We appeared at the table decked out with flowers and ribbons. A costume dinner even grew out of it, at which Fräulein Meisslinger showed herself as a female Mikado, with a huge turnip on her head; Fräulein Pewny, as Germania, with an imperial crown cut out of fresh pineapple rind; Dippel, with a light blue ribbon about his forehead, to which the pastry cook had gummed small red and white sugar roses; I, with a wreath of immense poppies, etc., each of us being received with special enthusiasm by the delighted public.

Every one was assembled at the gala dinner and they were waiting only for the captain. He had begged me to grant him the honour of escorting me downstairs, for which ceremony we had both made ourselves very fine, and had put on all our decorations. Another time, I even dared to arrange

Lilli Lehmann at Scharfling on the Mondsee

From an amateur photograph

a polonaise in the middle of dinner, in which a number of the most elegant passengers took part. Our excellent captain fell from one surprise into another. For the charity concert we had selected a very special *pièce de résistance*, an ensemble number that had never been heard before and never will be heard again. Accompanied by the ship's orchestra, that was placed above the dining saloon, Dippel sang the Miserere from the *Troubadour*, with four—think of it!—*four* Leonores. The applause was boundless, and, for fifty dollars, which some one subscribed for it to handsome Frau Dippel, we repeated what had had no previous existence.

The next day, I wrote an address to Maestro Verdi, informing him of the improvement of his old masterpiece, which, I wager, must have caused him unfeigned astonishment. An infant prodigy should have opened the concert with a piano piece, but he had gone to bed, and our amiable impresario, the witty steel magnate, Andrew Carnegie, described the circumstance in such an extremely comical fashion that every one burst out laughing, and so the way was prepared for the "Animo." The receipts amounted to 3000 marks, which we presented to the jovial captain for the often sorely-tried crew.

I studied, on the way back, the rôle of Irmentraut in the *Waffenschmied*, and it happened thus. The more I discovered the province of the aged characters of opera to be neglected, the more strongly did I recall Frau Günther-Bachmann's excellent impersonations at Leipsic. I had long cherished the idea of demonstrating, at a favourable opportunity, that it would repay even those who were still young to occupy themselves with such rôles. I discussed the idea with the dear youngest son of my former highly-esteemed chief, Georg von Hülsen, who offered to bring me out as Irmentraut in the *Waffenschmied* at the next May Festival, in 1899, when I also sang the *Ring*. I cannot judge how it

succeeded, but it gave me pleasure. I doubt whether it fulfilled the special object, which was to stimulate my women colleagues to imitate it. Artists of my sex always prefer to appear younger and prettier than they are, rather than older and less beautiful, while, to me, it was all one. So my good example, that probably was termed a "whim," ran away to nothing in the sand, like so much else that I undertook from artistic interest and that was not understood by others. What a pity for art, out of love for which I do so much and others so little.

To cross the ocean at the end of April, in the finest weather, to enjoy the "Emperor" festival in the middle of May at blooming Wiesbaden, to apply one's self to one's vocation during an unusually beautiful June in the far-west district of London, at the Kensington Palace Hotel, with a view of the Park and in perfect quiet, is indeed an enviable lot, even if the artistic work does not pause for a minute. Perhaps it is just this, allotted only to the artist in happy combination, that is such a blessing, even when his soul is in a tumult with what is hard to bear, and struggles painfully for clarification.

The Metropolitan Opera Company, under Grau's management, had found itself, after a month, gathered together here again in almost its full complement, and splendid productions were given. *Fidelio*, *Walküre*, *Lohengrin*, *Norma*, *Don Juan*, and *Tristan* I sang under Muck and Mancinelli. I lived as a strict vegetarian, moreover, ate extremely little and felt very well, in spite of all the exertion at the theatre and literary labour at the house, for my book, *How to Sing*, demanded to be completed.

I scarcely saw even the Dippels, whose rooms adjoined mine. Nearly every evening, a street singer below my window began to sing Italian arias and English songs about ten o'clock or even later, and I listened with the greatest interest. A man accompanied her on a tin pan, which he carried on his arm. The voice had a tremolo in the lower tones, but it

sounded very well in the upper registers, and, as the melodies she sang were always good, I took pleasure in hearing her in my solitude, from one unoccupied evening to another. I had her come up to me once—a woman of perhaps forty-five, not inelegant. She had been a singer, and now earned her bread in this way. How very happy a poor person can still be, if he has a voice he calls his own in which to put his soul, and to share it with others to delight and to make them happy.

I had scarcely arrived in Grunewald, when a telegram summoned me to a concert at Ostend. One must have enjoyed, as I did, its glorious breakers and mirages to do it justice at all. For hours I walked by the sea that is always the same and yet ever different, and that one is never weary of gazing at. Nirvana took possession of the powers of thought when one stared into the ever-surging sea, and, with this rest, returned the consciousness of invigoration, that fits us for new effort. Freed from every contact with mankind, I pursued tone studies for hours, and fixed my thoughts on those tone sensations, the origin and production of which I finally brought to expression in my book, *How to Sing.*

The yearning for *Parsifal* led me straight from the sea-shore to Bayreuth, where I met Riezl, and also heard the *Meistersinger.* The latter left me entirely unsatisfied, as it lacked naturalness, warmth, and feeling for which I longed. How much I was chilled by the unnatural, heartless impression may be gauged, perhaps, when I say that, in the "Awake" chorus in the last scene, a chorus girl, by just one gesture springing from the heart that she made towards Hans Sachs, freed me at last from the cold weight,—it might be appropriately called "ensemble weight,"—and I was able to breathe again after a mood of incredible boredom. Milka Ternina stood pre-eminent in *Parsifal,* and the choruses of the flower maidens and the knights of the Grail were very effective.

With Amfortas may I say that bathing in the clear, green-blue waters of the Mondsee "refreshed" me. I was so ungrateful as to find it more beautiful than the home waters of the Halensee, that permitted me to learn to swim and to swim alone at the age of fifty, and the brown moor water of which I visited diligently if the ocean, sea, or the mountain lakes were not at my command. But the Mondsee has its freaks also. Rain began, and, with the rapidly rising lake, rose our fear of danger.

Two years previously, we had a foretaste of a flood at the inn, and it was said that it had not happened before for thirty years. This time it was to be still worse. We were completely enclosed by water on the twelfth rainy day, while the deluge continued to fall from the sky, and the tempest lashed the waves against our little house, into which we had just moved, and which already stood a metre deep in water. The Ischl railroad, as well as the steamboat, had stopped running, and we were cut off from all communication. Our boat, the only anchor of salvation, was full of water; some oars, and hundreds of tree trunks had floated down, and beat against our house at night, and the lake had risen nearly three metres. At last the rain ceased about three o'clock in the morning, the first star became visible, and that gave us the hope that the danger was past. "This is a crazy place," said one of our Berlin maids, as she saw fresh snow "in summer" on the mountains the next morning. Field-mice, moles, and other animals had fled to our little terrace, where we fed them with stale bread and scraps of meat. Then they swam away again in search of their old homes and families, until, like the swallows, they fell a sacrifice to the ice-cold water. How much I wished to teach them to consider our little house as Noah's ark, but they would not be treated with, and compelled me to leave them to their will and their fate. They will not be coerced and, in that respect, are in no wise different from human beings.

From this time forward, I appeared only as a star in my

great rôles in Berlin, Vienna, Wiesbaden, and Dresden, and gave song recitals in France and Germany. The winter of 1900 and 1901 took me once more, for four months of concerts, to the United States. According to my intentions, it will remain, in spite of all offers and promises, my last journey across the ocean, which I have crossed eighteen times.

I had neglected to see California; I postponed it from one year to another, and in vain did Henry Villard offer me his private car for the journey. My work did not permit of it during the season, and afterward the longing for home was always far stronger than the desire for California.

Salzburg

MIGHTY spirits appear in every sphere of life, like heavy storm clouds in which dwell impalpable forces, and as soon as they meet with propitious resistance for their action, like the lightning stroke, they deliver themselves and all those who anticipated, hoped for, and had a presentiment of their "Messiah." Thus Beethoven seems to me; a thunder-storm which, upon its discharge, according to the individual needs of the listener, either alarms him or illuminates him with blinding power. I may also call Richard Wagner a thunderstorm, for he not only destroyed, as people are inclined to say with reiteration, but was also beneficent in many respects, and the most annihilating verdict cannot cause him to disappear from the history of the great periods of music. The discharge of his power operated on his contemporaries with an electrifying, and, whether it was or was not desired, illuminating effect on the judgment of the best of his time in that he brought out more appreciably the simple greatness, the healthy divine genius of Mozart, and made it seem the more worthy of being worshipped.

It is healthy, that's what it is! Mozart's genius is healthy, and what he has given us is untainted. Mozart blesses and soothes without ignoring sorrow and tears, which he has portrayed in his greatness so simply and sublimely.

Very often have I felt and said how profoundly Richard Wagner's music stirred up my inmost soul, even making me ill, because his tone painting, that ensnares the senses, seems

to find its field only in exciting the nerves of the hearer to the extremest tension, and the strongest must fall a sacrifice to this if he be not able to withdraw from the influence of such a mighty genius as Wagner. And that he was mighty, is, and long will continue to be, his successors certainly cannot alter.

All of this was not required to make me ever aware that Mozart was a guardian angel against the false, the immoderate, or the unhealthy. Never had I forgotten, with all my enthusiasm, all my love for the great and the new, to recognise him as the supreme benefactor of singers and musicians. And this conviction Wagner could not shut out from himself, or why did he, over and over again, come back in his conversations to Mozart.

He was the guide, whom my mother had taught me to follow from childhood, and he led me, also, past other great and strong forces where I would gladly have lingered, who attracted me by their power and their expression, teaching me by their very excesses to discover my own soul life. But they could never estrange me from Mozart, and they should —if my wishes, that are rooted deep within me, are fulfilled— do him service a thousandfold, determining me to teach further in his spirit what I have acquired through them. I may still set for myself tasks of the highest sacrifice, which, far removed from egotism and party strife, may be of value to his pure art alone.

So, at the conclusion of this book, I have arrived at Mozart, my musical haven, and I turn back to him, to Salzburg, where stood his cradle, and where homage is paid him. There in love, purity, and veneration inspired artists present his living works to the Mozart Society. I shall turn the light on what has taken place there up to the present, and will show what it was that we artists hoped, desired, and were able to create.

I could not respond to the first call to Salzburg. If I remember aright, it concerned then the Countess in *Figaro*,

which I had never sung as yet. The part had long been amongst those I wished to do, but I did not want to sing it just there for the first time, but to ripen it, to grow into it before I thought of bringing it to Mozart. I learn, through my sister, that she sang Elvira in *Don Juan* about that time, with Marie Wilt as Donna Anna, and Vogl as Don Octavio, and that Hans Richter conducted the opera. A crowd of artists did not unite again for the festival until about 1901, at which time I joined them as Donna Anna in *Don Juan.* Don Juan was taken by Josef Ritter, Leporello by Heš, Elvira by Edith Walker, all members of the Vienna Court Opera, Zerline by Erika Wedekind of Dresden, and Comtur by Klöpfer of Munich, an unusually gifted young artist, who died suddenly soon after. Hummel, the director of the Mozarteum, led the festival. We got together there for only two rehearsals, and yet the performance was one that must remain, in many respects, unforgotten.

At that time, I took part in the work only as a singer, but my attention was drawn to much of which I had had, previously, no idea. I saw how much there was to be done right here in Mozart's city, and how necessary it was that practical artists should take up the cause of Mozart, that included ideal tasks in rendering assistance of various kinds—culminating in the fund for the Mozart school, festivals, and concert performances, the purchase of Mozart's birth house, etc. But with all the love and joyous sacrifice of the splendid, artistically sensitive committee at Salzburg, there was a lack of money for everything, for establishing an imperishable, ever self-renewing monument to Mozart's greatness, that is, an endowment that would assure the school, the festivals, etc., for all time.

For Mozart *must* remain the standard for perfect music that elevates men and makes them happy. Who is more worthy of this than he and his works? Should not associations, led by practical men in all countries of the world and especially in Austria and Germany, take an interest in

working for him? How wretched is still the prospect of ideal participation in artistic work with us if no aid is forthcoming to lighten, for Salzburg, its greatest task; it is a mere trifle for a couple of hundred people to put their hands in their pockets and give a part of what they have in superfluity. In truth, the artist, even though he be a beggar, is by comparison a spendthrift, for he gives out of a full heart and, at the very least,—his art.

Until Mozart's 150th birthday, which fell in 1906, no more great festivals were held, but I succeeded in having his *Requiem* produced about 1902 in the cathedral, when the Vicar-General celebrated the Mass for the dead. It was an inexpressibly moving ceremony, that took complete hold of me at least. My wish that the *Requiem* might be given there annually in a church, on some special day during the tourist season, has not yet been fulfilled. This is the work, reminding us of Mozart's deepest suffering, that should be to his Salzburg as an offering for all time, so that he may not be forgotten. Let us hope that the discernment of this necessity will not be shut out, even though there be danger that Salzburg might, thereby, be put to expense. Artists will always be found ready to co-operate without remuneration. I have tried successfully what can be done in this respect. Helpers will surely arise on all sides if Salzburg's festivals are once definitely organised, and if the certainty as well as the necessity of them becomes known in all educated ranks of the Mozart cult.

I was able, about 1903, to add something to the Mozart Fund by a song recital, and, in 1904, a small music festival was given in the glorious hall (Aula), that consisted of four concerts conducted by Mottl and Hummel. The Vienna Philharmonic and the Fitzner Quartet played, and Hedwig Helbig and I sang arias and duets. In the impressive Mass in C minor, that was given here for the first time in Alois Schmidt's edition, the solos were sung by Frau Hilgermann and by me, as well as by Herr Dippel and Herr Sieglitz.

The C minor Mass, which seems in my opinion to be rather modern in its instrumentation, took too deep hold on me, and I had to put compulsion on myself so as not to be overcome by my emotion. How the first soprano solo, that is repeated at the end with different words, can grip one, I learned in Paris, also, when we gave some portions of the Mass under Reynaldo Hahn's leadership, and this solo was specially applauded. The performance of the Mass was repeated at Salzburg, in 1907, on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the Liedertafel (Singing Society), when it left on me the same great impression.

The first time, even the Prince-Archbishop was present with Archduke Eugen, the noble protector of the Mozart cult, and the former spoke enthusiastically of the performance. Sufficient acknowledgment cannot be given to Director Hummel, whom I desired to retain permanently for Salzburg and Mozart's music, for the splendid preparation of his choruses and the whole church music. May he instruct many more young people in the right way, and posterity will gain by it.

The great festival of 1906, which was to be given, not on the birthday itself, but in the middle of summer, was to consist of performances of various Mozart operas by court opera-houses, such as Vienna, Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, and each was to give the best with its own talent that it was capable of. This was a wonderful scheme, that went to pieces from its very grandeur. None of the court theatres, would consent, and only Vienna had two Mozart operas in view, so grand concerts were arranged for four days which famous conductors "promised" to lead. Josef Joachim and I were to watch over the programmes for the concerts; I had pledged myself to assist here and there, but Joachim declined.

His Majesty, Emperor Franz Joseph, with true imperial generosity, had put at our service without cost the whole Vienna Court Opera Company, with scenery and costumes

and the entire technical apparatus. Mahler should have chosen the operas in January, but deferred it to April because not all the newly prepared Mozart operas had yet been brought out at Vienna. He thought, however, that he would have in view a choice between *Don Juan*, *Cosi fan tutte*, and *Figaro*. Salzburg now approached me with the query, whether I would undertake to get up a Mozart opera. I had thought, in the first place, of the *Zauberflöte*, and the idea was very sympathetic to me. A *Zauberflöte* performance, as it hovered before me, with the naïve text and the fascinating music that comprised so many reminiscences of my earliest youth! The mature appreciation of Mozart's greatness, the many emotions of the soul, and the artistic memories, especially, would have made it a task suited to me. But the undertaking had to be weighed. If I could get the artists for the caste, yet the scenery, which I conceived as very primitive and naïve was not there, and the necessary rehearsals were, perhaps, impossible. To burden the Mozart Fund with debts, instead of strengthening it, I considered out of the question. And already refusals poured in from various artists, on whose co-operation I had counted in case the plan should be realised.

April had arrived, meanwhile, and it was high time a decision was made. Mahler, who was still wavering, was certain of only one thing—that *Don Juan* was out of the running. Then I acted promptly. We had entirely new scenery for *Don Juan* left from 1901 which had not been used since that festival. I could provide the caste, which was not quite so difficult as that of the *Zauberflöte*. The people at Salzburg took hold with both hands, and the production of *Don Juan* was a determined fact. It was of moment to me to find those who were to co-operate in it in my neighbourhood, so that I could try the rôles with them and eventually study them, and I gave my invitations with that in view.

In this way I could easily go to Salzburg with the en-

semble quite ready, where I hoped to get on well with two or three stage rehearsals, in addition to several chorus and scenic rehearsals for each performance, which I calculated upon having without the soloists. The love for Mozart, and the pleasure of being heard by a thoroughly intelligent audience, had to assist in removing the chief obstacles that lay in the fact that the festival came in the vacation time of all the artists, and hence involved a sacrifice that only I, as an artist, could fully estimate.

The multifarious new German translations of the *Don Juan* libretto troubled me grievously because a different one is sung at each opera-house—be it Levi, Grandauer, or Kahlbeck. Only too often has the stupidity been perpetrated of translating the Italian text literally, so that not one of the original Mozart accents falls properly, as, if I should sing in Italian *crude le* and in German *graus a mer*, it would be simply impossible. And the new text is impossible throughout. There has been no hesitation about changing many notes and composing new ones in order to shift the accents, and from one consideration or another it has not occurred to any one to protest against this. I would rather have an "old-accustomed" copy less correctly translated, with the word falling with the original note, from which one knows what has been the custom for generations, than one only too accurately translated, grafted on the original composition and unsuitable, that sounds strange to us and therefore all the worse. The same word carries with it other meanings and other values in each different language, and hence there can be no question of wholly correct translations of ideas.

Reichmann and I sang the old text in *Don Juan*, and when I asked Mahler why he did not have that sung everywhere, if he was not concerned with the new, he said: "You may use the old text, for my part, and by degrees it will come back into fashion again, but I cannot insist upon it directly." Mahler requested me to sing the Countess in the

newly-studied *Figaro*, and, as a favour to him, I should have learned the recitative with the text that was strange to me,—he did not insist on the new text for the ensemble numbers. It did not take place, however, because first, I was too busy, and second, I would not have appeared on any account in the costume then used for the Countess, which was more like one for an aged great-grandmother than for the lively Rosine, Countess Almaviva.

Would it not be really best to preserve the old Rochlitz text, and here and there to substitute better words for those that have acquired a commonplace sound—as has indeed always been done—and to expunge some bad-sounding phrases in the recitatives? If the translators were only clever enough to perceive, themselves, what little success they have had in supplanting the dear, familiar text with a new and unaccustomed one, they would boldly withdraw the translations, and they would be the recipients of universal thanks. They may say what they will, they may wish to be or really be ever so clever—it is not our old Mozart any more; him they have successfully exchanged for us and have ruined him by modernising.

In order to avoid the evils of the text, I decided to have *Don Juan* sung in Italian. Schuch had already refused me several times when I had asked him to conduct Salzburg festivals, because they always fell in his brief leave-of-absence period; Mottl could pledge himself this time for only one concert; Muck was bound to Bayreuth, so it was best to make sure of Reynaldo Hahn, with whom we had just done the whole of *Don Juan* three times in concerts at Paris, who had rehearsed and conducted it from memory, and who accepted the invitation. After many refusals for hundreds of reasons, my caste was as follows:

Don Juan—Francesco d'Andrade, Berlin.	Masetto—Anton Moser, Vienna.
Comtur—Gerhard Stehmann, Vienna.	Donna Anna—Lilli Lehmann, Berlin.

Octavio—Georg Maikl, Vienna.	Donna Elvira—Johanna Gadski-Tauscher, New York.
Leporello—Hermann Brag, Berlin.	Zerline—Geraldine Farrar, New York.

Mahler had also decided definitely upon *Figaros Hochzeit*, but his stipulations caused much brain racking at Salzburg. He had things easy. The opera had just been prepared at Vienna with from forty to forty-six rehearsals, and had already been given fully as many times. The enormous expenses were paid by the Emperor, and Mahler only had to press an electric button in order to issue his commands. His functionaries at Vienna, as well as the committee at Salzburg, had to make all the preparations; the performance of *Figaro* was given "by command," and that of *Don Juan* because of love for Mozart and deference to me. The small and charming Salzburg Theatre—I never wished a larger one for Mozart's operas—was leased to a director, so it had to be rented from him by the committee for 5000 crowns during the time of the festival. Mahler demanded four whole days for the scenic arrangements for *Figaro*, as everything that was there had to be removed from the theatre, and the *Figaro* furnishings had to be taken in.

There remained over for me only August 12th and 13th for the *Don Juan* rehearsals. It had to be done that way, and I was prepared for it. From the day of the decision, that is, from May 4th until July 20th, I played and sang daily for many hours with one artist or another. Nearly all of them came to me, and sometimes I had four or five assembled together. I drew for each a scenario according to the existing stage-setting; all brought to the matter self-sacrificing love and untiring diligence. My drawing-room was our stage, where we rehearsed every day with all the requisites.

How much time and strength would be saved to a caste of artists if, instead of always and every day going through the whole work, the rehearsals were divided into scenes, so

that everything would be prepared in single parts until the last ensemble and stage rehearsals. The artists would bring more freshness and spirit to their work, and would learn far more than when they are obliged to stand about idle for hours at the rehearsals, or are compelled to repeat a dozen times the most difficult passages on account of a super who holds a lance crooked, and who seems to the stage manager to be endangering the "ensemble." The artists might help themselves rationally and effectively in this respect if they energetically defended themselves against unnecessary fatigue and waste of strength. During the three and a half months of rehearsing, the endless repetitions never wearied or irritated the artists or myself; on the contrary, the oftener I heard the opera the keener was my interest, and when the performances were over I should have liked to begin them all again.

In spite of study, there always, naturally, remained much to be desired of each individual interpretation. An immense amount of material for each rôle lay garnered up in my memory. Had I not seen for almost fifty years all the *Don Juan* performances everywhere, with the most eminent Italian and German impersonators? Everything that was pregnant and subtle had stayed by me. My own individuality created, from the many admirable representations I had seen, ideal figures, to which only a few artists of the present day are equal! But my thirst for perfection in myself and others was always so great that no trouble seemed to me too much for the attainment, in conjunction with my colleagues, of the utmost possible. I calculated upon that, and the calculation was verified. The most famous ensembles are never really perfect. Ensemble! A comfortable word for describing tedious, monotonous performances, from which every spark of individual conception on the part of the artist has been blithely frightened out of him,—so as to show off the scenery and general effect.

Mahler brought a double caste for *Figaro*, while I could count on only one, and the summer season was of use to me

in that respect. All the same, our Leporello arrived with an attack of typhoid fever, which he had got from bad crab soup, and he had to sing whether he wished or not. The chorus was supplied by the Salzburg Singing Society, amateurs from amongst the citizens. The ladies and gentlemen did admirably what they undertook, were unconstrained and varied in their gestures, and fitted delightfully, with their natural cheerfulness and a certain bearing that did not smack of the stage, into the rustic atmosphere of Zerline and Masetto, and thus into the frame of my ideas for the production of *Don Juan* in such a dainty theatre.

There was not a minute missed from July 20th to August 14th, for we rehearsed incessantly now here, now there. Professor Roller offered us a helping hand at the scenic rehearsals, and even lent us various illuminating apparatus, none of which we had. D'Andrade, as Don Juan, did not come until the last rehearsal, and as he, notwithstanding the most chevalier-like amiability, sang "his tempi" in all the ensembles without troubling about the others, incongruities unfortunately resulted that none of us succeeded in averting.

I could not, for instance, convince my dear colleague that the customary change of tempo marking "Allegro" in the duet with Zerline was wrong. It indicates nothing but a change of beat, and the French knew this before we did, as the original score of *Don Juan*, that belonged to Frau Garcia Viardot, now has passed as a heritage to the Conservatory at Paris. Still another circumstance worked disturbingly on the equanimity of Reynaldo Hahn. Mahler had seated the musicians differently, on account of better acoustics, at the last rehearsal for *Figaro*, and Hahn, who conducted *Don Juan* that same evening, had not been informed of it. When he began the overture, and did not find the musicians, to whom he wished to signal, in their accustomed places, he was thunderstruck for a moment. Such a sin of omission might have had very serious consequences for a less eminent *routinier* and *maestro*.

I protest that such an occasion would not be possible in France. Each one gave for Mozart what had filled out his artistic life until then, and it was accepted by the audience with enthusiasm.

It was not my intention to create anything extravagant in equipment or scenery, nor to disfigure the opera by new ideas. I was satisfied to offer the best artistic renderings, in conjunction with excellent artists. We desired to sing and represent what belonged to our rôles, not to hide our ability under a bushel, and to be self-creating individualities rather than modern fawning hypocrites or puppets, and as such to pay homage and honour to Mozart. I wanted to bring what was beloved and sanctioned by custom to the audience, not the unfamiliar and the incomprehensible. If *Don Juan* had been given in the same setting for over a century, and if he had held his position for a hundred years, why put a mask on him in which no one, not even he himself, perhaps, would be able to recognise him?

Whether a hat is too large, a chair not in style, a flash of lightning too strong, or a thunderclap too weak, are not the principal points about *Don Juan*, that, as some one very correctly observed to me, does not tolerate any characteristic milieu. Mozart, the composer, was and is everything here, and will always remain the whole. The free co-operation of so many fine artists who competed in self-sacrifice, held by no other coercion than the friendly word of a credible colleague, elicited from me the acknowledgment of having enjoyed a great and rare happiness for which it was impossible to thank them enough. The enthusiasm of the artists for Mozart went hand in hand with the enthusiasm of the audience, and that is surely the most beautiful thing that can be said of a *Don Juan* performance.

Figaro followed as the second opera which was enthusiastically applauded with no less justification, and it embraced an ensemble such as few opera-houses can call their own:

Count Almaviva—Weidemann.
Figaro—Richard Mayr.
Bartolo—Haydter.
Basilio—Breuer.
Antonio—Felix.
Richter—Preuss.

Countess Almaviva—Hilgermann.
Susanne—Gutheil-Schoder.
Page—Kiurina.
Marzelline—Petru.
Bärbel—Michalek.

It will interest the reader to learn that Mahler had written into the second act an entire court scene after Beaumarchais's *Les Noces de Figaro*, which was, of course, very cleverly done, and it was not omitted at the Mozart Festival, although, in my judgment, it did not belong in it.

These two performances were given twice in four days, one after the other. Mahler, who had been present at the first performance of *Don Juan*, passed such an unfavourable judgment upon it at the theatre itself, although many of his own people co-operated in it, that all those who had been astonished at the splendid way the performance has passed off, no longer had confidence to express publicly their previously formed and honest opinion. This was the only time that I ever experienced from Mahler what was unfriendly and, above all, highly unjust. However, I did not make him suffer for it, as I knew his eccentric ways towards others. And yet he had said to me himself how much Roller and he had "blundered" in the new production of *Don Juan* at Vienna, which, of course, might happen to any one. An art critic, who was entirely unknown to me, took up publicly, however, the righteous cause, and criticised most severely the extraordinary nature of the opposition.

An artists' concert, given as a matinée, took place again at the theatre, in 1908, for the Mozart Fund, and the following day, on August 18th, in honour of the birthday of His Majesty, Emperor Franz Josef, the Coronation Mass was given at the Cathedral, when the Vicar-General was again the celebrant. Though Demut, of Vienna, with my consent, had enrolled me in the service of the good cause at the artists' con-

cert, yet it was desired that I should include something beside the soprano solo in the Mass. As I could not think of anything entirely suitable, I requested Josef Reiter (Hummel's successor as the director of the Mozarteum) to find something for me from the immense quantity of Mozart church music.

The consignment contained various motets, amongst which was the equally charming and difficult Alleluia, that fitted wonderfully into the frame of the Coronation Mass and the birthday celebration. We were extremely surprised to find, as the concluding portion of the Alleluia, the melody of Haydn's English National Hymn, which Haydn is said to have composed forty years after Mozart. Since then, Hugo Bock of Berlin has published it with piano accompaniment by Fritz Lindemann, that caused 100 marks to flow into the Mozart treasury, a result of which poor Mozart himself certainly never would have dreamt. I must credit myself with making it known, and I am especially grateful to Mozart for the dear piece that I always sing to *him* alone, no matter how many people may be sitting and listening to it in the concert hall.

Now I wish to ask the reader to follow me again, for a short time, to the beautiful imperial city on the blue Danube, where I filled a star engagement under Mahler in May, without any premonition that it was for the last time. Several months previously, I had received word from the Austro-Hungarian embassy that His Majesty, Emperor Franz Josef, had conferred upon me the distinction of the gold Cross of Merit. I was simply speechless, for the thought of such an honour had never come to me even in dreams; all the less because His Majesty, the Emperor, had already, a few years before, appointed me to the position of "Imperial and Royal Private Singer to the King." To give expression to my delight of the moment, I telegraphed my most profound thanks to His Majesty, and could count upon

presenting myself before him in person in May and thanking him, which I had long wished to do.

I requested the ever-ready-to-help and amiable Prince Montenuovo, Grand Steward of the court, to announce me for an audience with the Emperor on May 13th. *Fidelio* was set for that evening, and I again had one of my best attacks of catarrh of the trachea. But I was commanded for a quarter to one o'clock, and, punctual as always, I appeared as early as half after twelve in the great hall of the Hofburg, where I found many high Greek-Catholic ecclesiastics, numerous Magyar officers, and other dignitaries. There would be a good long wait, if all of them were to precede me. But I hoped that consideration would be shown to ladies, and as, besides myself, there was only one ancient canoness present, I took courage again. The Gentleman of the Chamber on duty had immediately registered me.

It was after half-past two when Dr. Karl Lueger also appeared, the only one awaiting an audience whom I knew. He was then already a candidate for death, but nothing affected his good humour. We had known each other for a long time and exchanged visits, besides writing often, as he was in favour of protection for animals. So I went up to him, congratulated him on his last jubilee, and remarked that I had been there already a good while and had to sing *Fidelio* that night. "Yes," said Dr. Lueger, "we are not of as high rank as these other persons; look there, dear lady, at those individuals with the red trousers, they will go ahead of us all," and he pointed to the Magyar officers. "Well," I replied, "if I had known that, I, also, should have put on red trousers." He encouraged me, however, to state my situation concerning *Fidelio* to the Gentleman of the Chamber, and the latter was able to arrange it so that my turn came much sooner than originally was to be expected. Suddenly I stood before the awe-inspiring Emperor of Austria, Franz Josef! When I felt myself so confused, I thought involuntarily of an artist of whom is related what happened to her

at her first audience, when the Emperor addressed her. "Jesus, Maria, and Josef," she is said to have replied, "I have forgotten everything that I wished to say!" I did not do much better, but I gazed at him, the dear Emperor Franz Josef, who had not permitted me to kiss his hand. I saw his tall, slight figure, his beautiful sky-blue eyes, and I heard his dear voice speaking so charmingly with a fine Viennese accent that my heart swelled, while, at the same time, his personality captivated me. He had the goodness to attribute the success at Salzburg to me alone, for which he thanked me and would not believe me when I assured him that all of our artists would have done just the same for Salzburg and Mozart as I had. The Emperor was standing at a high writing-desk when I entered, and was making notes of something. His unceasing industry has become proverbial. Unfortunately, the audience was over more quickly than one can imagine, as I should have liked to have heard him speak for a long time.

On the way back I had a fearful coughing attack, and, when I reached the hotel, I was so hoarse if I talked that I had Mahler called downstairs, who was living at the hotel because of his sick child, to tell him that he must ask one of the ladies who sang *Fidelio* to hold herself in readiness for the evening. Fräulein von Mildenburg was so amiable as to wait my pleasure in the opera-house during the first act. Thanks to my careful breathing, I was not overtaken by the least desire to cough, and Fräulein von Mildenburg was relieved of her service of rescue. Most unexpectedly, the opportunity to repay her with interest for her true service of love to a colleague was soon afforded me.

I was on the point of departing one evening after my engagement when I was held back, as though by a higher power, for another day, so as to enjoy *Tristan* in all peacefulness at night with Mildenburg and Mahler and Roller's scenic decorations. I had talked with people all day long, and was so exhausted at night that I could neither see nor

hear, and only by exerting all my powers did I drag myself to the opera, where Mahler's box was at my service, in which I found his wife and sister. Both ladies hurried in quest of Mahler after the second act, and asked me to go with them. But being completely used up, and fearing, moreover, to bother Mahler after his tremendous labour and before what was yet to come, I urged the ladies to leave me to my fate alone in the box. All my entreaties seemed in vain; they would not rest until I had joined them, and we sat together in a large room with Mahler, who was taking some tea and talking animatedly, and with at least thirty other persons.

I listened quietly, only wondering how it was possible for him, in such confused chatter, to keep his head clear for his most difficult task, when suddenly the superintendent rushed into the gathering with the announcement that Herr Schmedes (Tristan) had become hoarse and would not sing any more. Then I admired Mahler's composure as he sent for the score so as to cut out all that it was possible to omit, and notified Schmedes that he must go on to the end of the opera. The dispute continued for a long time back and forth, and it was far from settled when the superintendent appeared a second time with the ominous tidings that Fräulein von Mildenburg, likewise, was hoarse and did not wish to sing any more. That produced the effect of throwing a burning torch into a keg of gunpowder, for Mahler exploded from his calm like a jumping devil out of a box, hopped about the room as though possessed, and could not stop from rage and excitement. Over an hour had elapsed meanwhile, and, after Schmedes had declared that he would go on singing, Mahler shouted: "Mildenburg shall not sing at all, she shall shut up; I will cut out the Lament, and the Liebestod the orchestra shall play alone!"—whereupon the whole crowd betook themselves to the stage so as to arrange for the orchestra the cuts that had been selected.

Frau Mahler and I were left behind alone in the tea room; I silently shook my head, for anything like this I had never

yet experienced. As we, also, were on the point of going below, I said to Alma, whom I had known for some time as the youngest of Schindler's daughters and the step-daughter of Carl Moll: "If I had suspected that this would have caused such commotion I would have sung Isolde's few measures." "Oh, Lilli, would you really do it?" "Yes, if you think that it would be a favour to Mahler." Away she went and brought Mahler back beaming, who asked me if I would really sing? "You may fetch me out of my grave if you ever need me, Lilli; and I will conduct anything where and what you like." Now I hurried down with the utmost speed on to the stage which I had to look at first—to climb up it meant, in itself, quite an artistic performance. It was arranged as though the success of *Tristan* depended on the humps in the stage flooring! There was not the least consideration for the singers, who could not find a level spot for the foot while filling the most difficult rôles that exist. Yes, indeed, the gentlemen who paint should be compelled to sing great parts amidst their own scenery, and then they would give up their fussiness.

First, I had a few words with Schmedes about the situations; then I went to the dressing-room, where I was undressed and dressed, Fräulein von Mildenburg putting the wig on me, and I went next to the rehearsal room with the rehearsal conductor, as I had not sung the rôle, with the exception of the "Liebestod," for the past four years. Because of the immense cuts that had been made for Schmedes it was not long before my turn came, and my task, also, was performed so quickly that, when it was over, I did not know whether it had been a dream or a reality. Although I had not been announced, and, to my own eyes, I had been made almost unrecognisable by my hair falling over my face, the loyal Viennese knew me and rewarded me for my complaisance to the splendid artist, Mildenburg (and to Mahler also), with salvos of applause, perhaps their only outburst of it, that affected me all the more as I had no idea I had been

recognised. Mahler was happy, Fräulein von Mildenburg comforted, because she was not forced to disturb things, and I was overjoyed because I had been able to do the deed.

It was remarkable that a dear friend, a Wagnerist *par excellence*, had left after the second act because he perceived the indisposition of the two singers. Something, however, drew him back again to hear the finale, and he arrived just at the moment of my entrance. He was uncertain at the first tone, recognising my voice, but not being able to explain to himself how that could be squared with the facts, as he thought I was on my way to Berlin. There were other ac-acquaintances passing through Vienna, who were present at the performance, and they knew me at the very first tone. So I reached the Liebesklage (Love's Lament) and Isolde's Liebestod (Love's Death) without knowing how, but I could not say that I found it a disagreeable experience.

Though the year 1909 had to elapse without adding to the Mozart Fund, there was enough of preparatory work for 1910, as the Festival, in its artistic aspect, had been finally delivered over to me. We were agreed upon giving three *Don Juan* and three *Zauberflöte* performances, and, in addition, five concerts in the inspiring hall (Aula) with orchestra and soloists, and a church concert. Dr. Muck had promised me to take *Don Juan* and one concert; Schuch, to direct the *Zauberflöte*, which he had chosen himself as his favourite opera; Mottl, who was not at liberty, pledged himself to lead one of the concerts, if ultimately possible, and Weingartner had promised positively to conduct the last Symphony Concert, the programme for which he had planned himself. It went without saying that we were assured of the Vienna Philharmonic as the orchestra. These were not only attractive names but they promised remarkable productions, and the more so as I had also already won for it the leading talent from all the court opera-houses.

I had decided upon having everything as simple and natural as possible, and to avoid with all my might fictitious

decorations in view of the smallness of the Salzburg stage, that had neither traps, additional rooms, nor great depth, and mindful of the incessant changes for which the action of the *Zauberflöte* calls.

I had often consulted Roller and Brioschi at Vienna, to whom the conditions of the stage at Salzburg were not unknown, and had stated what I had to propose as being possible and advantageous, whereupon Roller had been so kind as to make the drawings and Brioschi had painted them. I had to bear in mind that the first three stage alleys should be so built that they fitted into the scenes unchanged throughout the evening, while a rolling platform in the rearmost alley, on which stood the scenery that was again required, rendered it possible to hang the many back drops one behind another, and enabled the singers to move about, which was the equivalent of an immense saving of time and trouble. Even an architecturally painted fire and water test had to suffice, for anything else in those narrow spaces was out of the question. I had pictured to myself for the *Zauberflöte* a beautiful stage frame of Egyptian pylons, that would have made a charming setting for all the scenes. But, as they could not be placed, I had to give up the beautiful idea, as I did in the case of so many other things during the course of the festival year.

I talked over with Schuch, Muck, and Weingartner three slight changes in the sequence of the transformations as they are provided in old books, and they considered them both good and advisable. So I could announce to the committee at Salzburg in July, 1909, the complete success of my preparatory labours, whereupon, in return, the happy intelligence was communicated to me that the town council had not yet resolved to have the festival. This cold shower bath was not the last one.

My very soul depended on the success of the *Zauberflöte*. I had set my heart upon embellishing this divine opera of Mozart's to the last dotlet on the "i." It was rooted in my

memory in times that lay so much nearer to Mozart than the present,—in the complete theatrical *naïveté* of that age in which it originated amidst the circumstances and conditions that then existed. But any attempt to give it differently or to lower it to a fairy establishment would take away not merely its right but its very life.

Whether Mozart would perhaps have composed it differently or not if he had had a better book, he could not have made it *better*. What Schikaneder did for it may and should not be discounted. Such things were permitted in those days, and have been preserved up to the present in certain rôles. The intimacy of the audience with the artist demanded and allowed of things which, to-day, do not seem suitable any longer. But one should not believe that it is not understandable; it must, however, be done by real artists. For that very reason the opera should be given wholly in the spirit of that time, with artists who can do justice artistically to the heartiness contained in it and to the brightness of the Austrian temperament. If I am told that that has been outlived I reply, "Never in the world!" The art of cordiality spreading down from the stage—indeed in every province of art—can never be *outlived*, but it has been lost, and very, very rarely is it perceptible. Nothing in art is sadder than this. To-day "men and women," as they say, are acted in vulgar surroundings, and there is no thought remaining for warmth and heartiness. The artists no longer feel naturally, and if they do they often lack the technique, that is to say, the talent to express it.

What a wealth of cheerfulness, human nature, and joy of life lies in the characters of the *Zauberflöte*. Tamino and Pamina are fresh young people who conduct themselves with Papageno as they would with a big child. Pamina and Tamino fall on each other's neck as soon as they see each other, and they follow the natural impulse of their heart before all the world.

How charmingly bright are the three boys, who are

ubiquitous, and who always bring joyousness, assistance, and release.

Talkative, envious, and quarrelsome are the three amorous ladies, actively engaged in trying to alienate the two young people from Sarastro, and to allure Tamino finally to themselves. Everything must bubble over with life in the gestures and the lively chatter of their arts of persuasion. And instead of that, what is seen now on most stages? Deadly tedium, veiled black figures, motionless and lifeless like lamp-posts, instead of the elemental German cheerful heartiness. The figures in the *Zauberflöte* are conceived in this perverted way by very many managers and directors.

And then there is Papageno, the elemental being, the Viennese elemental creature, richly-endowed in mind, who is so content in his ignorance and natural state, who does not wish to be educated, wise, or anything but Papageno, the bird catcher, who lets his mouth say what it will, and who neither can nor will do otherwise. Anything makes him unhappy that turns him aside from his natural way of living. What else would he have? A little wife, who, like himself, is untouched by culture, who is full of love for him, and who, at the most, is clothed with feathers like him.

Papagena, the amiable daughter of Eve, is a little coquette in spite of all her naturalness. She preens herself in her wedding finery like a little bird. When the two human children have found each other at last, they entirely forget to embrace or pat each other—they need neither arms nor hands, they bill and coo like doves or other birds, toy with their name, with their future children, until Papageno suddenly takes his little wife in his arms in the fullest and highest ecstasy and carries her away.

If all these figures are not masterly in their naturalness, charm, heartiness, pleasure, and happiness I am wholly in error. As old as the work is, every word in it still has interest for any one who knows and has studied it, provided that he

himself has a heart and mind for a masterpiece, in which life, love, intellect, and naturalness hold sway.

Even the Queen of the Night can be taken in a human way, and, so performed, she is not only the ruler of superstition and darksome night, "she is a woman, she has a woman's mind." She enacts a touching scene before Tamino in the glorious Adagio of her first aria. The sorrow for her daughter may be serious to her, but what affects her still more deeply is the fact that Sarastro has robbed her of a power which she had hoped to inherit after her husband's death, but which was transmissible only to a man like Sarastro. In order to bring meaning into the action, that is, to make comprehensible the reasons for her intrigues, she must unquestionably be allowed to utter the passages concerning this in the dialogue and which are usually omitted. She dissembles because she desires to gain Tamino for her revenge, and he can compel Sarastro. To get him more into her toils, she changes her facial expression into one of bewitching condescension, at the new tempo in D major, immediately after the end of the Adagio. She desires to fascinate Tamino more even by her amiability than by her grief. Her colorature is the expression of womanly tenderness and persuasiveness. Thus does she win Tamino for her work, and *thus and only thus* did Mozart conceive the first aria of the Queen with its colorature.

But how do most of its impersonators treat this rôle? At the change of tempo they cross the stage to the other side, with their arms in the air and their train and veil, and think that, by so doing, they have produced a dramatic effect, for which a single condescending gesture of the hand and a seductive smile would be all-sufficient. The colorature should be soft and tender, and hence natural in its rendering. In the second aria, also, everything should be done with an expression of naturalness. Pamina, who has just sunk down before her mother in entreaty, throws herself on the couch in deepest despair at the words, "If Sarastro does not meet

his end through you." The Queen follows her, leans over her, and hisses the staccato notes, like a serpent in Pamina's ears, as though she would impress upon her that there is no longer a choice and Pamina must kill Sarastro.

If Sarastro, with his wisdom, manliness, and worth instructs Pamina, and acts towards her as though he were with his own young child, then everything has been done that can be done with this rôle which acts itself.

It is not necessary to say anything further about Monostatos; he should be supple, amorous, envious, odious, and false.

The prose should be spoken naturally throughout, in consonance with what has been said above and with that age. Heartily, cheerfully, and amiably by the pair of lovers, with dignity by the priests, and adumbrated with delicate nuances where Papageno is concerned. The whole opera should be given with human amiability, pleasure, cheerfulness, and naturalness, seasoned with fine humour, or inclined towards deep seriousness when it treats of the sanctuary of love or faith.

And, above all, it must be *sung*, sung as to-day so few are capable of doing it. This conception must witness to my best conscience as to how I wished to give the *Zauberflöte*, as it stood fast in my rich store of recollections of many great and eminent artists.

And now a word about humour! It is the quality to-day which is entirely thrust in the background of all operas, whether through the want of understanding of most stage managers for the artists, or the unpreparedness of artists for art, or perhaps, also, from false conceptions—humour, the most enlivening element of all dramatic representation, the mirror of life, as Shakespeare so incomparably holds it forth to us. It is the most indispensable of all the spices of life and drama. Are not Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Figaro*, *Zauberflöte* the *Entführung* and *Cosi fan tutte* saturated with humour in words and music despite all their grandeur? Is not the

relish gone from them when the humour is taken away? What a healthy tonic for the audience, the artists, for art, and humanity! And yet one has to look on calmly, as, with utter lack of intelligence, so many works are robbed of their best lifeblood, often only in order to make a so-called effective ensemble, which seeks and finds its climax in only too noble harmony, that is, almost to the point of tedium. It seems to me impossible to realise a great idea with submissive material; for that purpose, self-creating courageous artists are needed, who have confidence in themselves and dare to express their conception, their soul, and their ability. We heard from the great stage artist, Laube, on the occasion of his hundredth birthday, how he gave play to the individuality of all artists, and I know it from my own experience, as I was engaged a year under him. I had also the same precious experience with Richard Wagner in 1876.

I had a peculiarly charming idea for the three "Little Boys"; Schuch's eldest daughter should make her début, under her father's leadership, as the First Boy; the Second Boy should be Alvary's little daughter, and the Third Boy still another artist child. Their début would have been an ineffaceable memory for the young children during their whole lifetime. But the pretty idea came to nought, and nothing was left of it but Käte von Schuch's début without her father.

The death of our dear Anton Moser of Vienna, illness, refusal of leave-of-absence, and countless other human weaknesses embarrassed the completed plans until shortly before the productions. The worst blow of all was the withdrawal of Schuch on July 6th. I had been warned in advance; however, I trusted the word of the unreliable man and was forsaken. It must be remembered that we were already in the middle of the theatrical vacation season, and that no artists could be found after they had scattered through the world. Telegrams and letters were often from two to three weeks on their way undelivered.

I telegraphed to Muck that he must take the *Zauberflöte*,

but my message did not reach him. I begged Weingartner to direct it, in addition to the concert; he declined to take even the concert. At last, I had to accept gratefully Schuch's proposal to let Franz Mikorey of Dessau conduct in his place, although I did not know whether the Philharmonic orchestra would agree to the selection. Two days before the first *Zauberflöte*, Slezak, also, wired me of his withdrawal, whom I recaptured by a very rude telegram so that now, at last, all was in order and remained so.

Die Zauberflöte.

Sarastro	Richard Mayr, Vienna.
Queen of the Night	Frieda Hempel, Berlin.
Pamina	Johanna Gadski-Tauscher, New York.
First Lady	Lilli Lehmann, Berlin.
Second "	Melanie Kurt, Berlin.
Third "	Hermine Kittel, Vienna.
Tamino	Leo Slezak, Vienna.
Papagena	Gertrude Förstel, Vienna.
Papageno	Karl Gross, Cassel.
The Speaker	Alexander Haydter, Vienna.
Monostatos	Julius Liebau, Berlin.
A Priest	Gerhard Stehmann, Vienna.
First Boy	Käte von Schuch, Vienna.
Second "	Heta Heber, Berlin.
Third "	Olga Tremelli, Berlin.

Conductor, Franz Mikorey, Dessau.

Don Giovanni

Don Giovanni	Antonio Scotti, New York.
The Commander	Gerhard Stehmann, Vienna.
Don Ottavio	Georg Maikl, Vienna.
Leporello	Andrea de Segurola, New York.
Masetto	Willy Paul, Hanover.
Donna Anna	Lilli Lehmann, Berlin.
Donna Elvira	Johanna Gadski-Tauscher, New York.
Zerlina	Geraldine Farrar, New York.

Conductor, Dr. Karl Muck, Berlin.

As we gave the first act of *Don Giovanni* in two scenes, in order to avoid too many unnecessary changes, I had the curtain lowered after the "Rache" aria and raised again after three minutes. In the meantime, twilight has fallen upon the same scene. Ottavio enters with his servant, hands a letter to him that the latter takes, at his command, to Elvira in the *posada* (inn) where she has taken lodgings. It will be recalled that the letter is an agreement to a rendezvous with Donna Anna and Ottavio. The latter remains standing in the street, and reflects (recitative before the G major aria) that he can scarcely believe Donna Anna's words, designating Don Giovanni as the murderer of her father, which is followed by his aria. Thereupon the servant returns from the *posada*, bringing word to Ottavio that Elvira will be ready at the appointed hour, and both go off. The "Champagne" aria follows, etc. Before the "Mask" trio, Ottavio and Anna appear behind the *posada*, and Elvira opens the door, greeting them both with the words, "Take my hand in the compact," etc.

I had the second act (after the sextet) as far as the churchyard, also played in one scene. To make this possible I had arranged a garden in the front of the cemetery, as well and as ill as it could be executed with ancient set pieces that had been in pawn and stored away, to the right of the spectator, opposite Elvira's balcony, which represented the rear façade of the *posada*, and it was surrounded by an open fencing that was high and low in parts and which had a stone gateway overgrown with moss and bushes. An old wall, with recesses that concealed the persons acting in the garden to the front from any one towards the interior, led from the gate to the rear centre stage. These alcoves, containing illuminated sacred images, afforded a hiding-place for Don Giovanni during the trio. As soon as Elvira and Leporello, frightened by Don Giovanni, attempted to flee, they slipped away, with loud outcries, through the open gate in the fence of the front garden, and disappeared, while

Don Giovanni, laughing the while, bolted the gate from the outside.

After the serenade, his aria and Zerline's, Leporello and Elvira ventured into the front garden again, where Elvira sank upon a rock under a willow to wait for Leporello. The latter sought for an exit by round-about ways, and had just reached the gateway, that he vainly tried to open, when Ottavio's servant, with flowers and a light, appeared on the stage, to open the gateway for his master, who followed him closely on a visit to Comtur's grave. Leporello bounded back, and, listening, awaited a favourable moment for his flight. Meanwhile, both Anna and Ottavio sang their phrases, at the conclusion of which the servant went up to Anna to present her with the flowers. This moment was made use of by Leporello to slip slowly through the gateway and along the wall outside, where he ran into the arms of Zerline and Masetto and the sextet developed.

This arrangement seemed to me a happy solution for the sextet which is otherwise wrested out of the setting, although it stands in the closest connection with what has preceded it. If there is a change of scene between what has just occurred and the sextet, a close relation of the two scenes can never be apparent to the understanding of the audience, nor even to the artists and those who know the opera. As stated in the directions, the sextet should take place in the fore-court of the Comtur palace, like the first scene of the opera, whither Elvira and Leporello have wandered by chance on their flight through the streets. On their return home Anna and Ottavio then find Don Giovanni, and are terrified because they fear a new attack.

So it is intended, but no one will or can think this natural who does not know exactly what it depends upon. Any one will consider it either stupid or impossible that the two should run deliberately to Anna's house. One must *see* where they have strayed in their flight, and Anna can be just as terrified if she meets Don Giovanni before the cemetery, as she often

goes alone about this time to visit her father's grave. When the scene is set very closely, as in Salzburg, for instance, this connection makes a beautiful impression of unity, so that even those best acquainted with *Don Giovanni* felt that it was a good deed to link up the sextet in this way, and a gain in what was proper and effective.

It is positively distressing to have the so-called "Brief" aria of Donna Anna rendered in the chapel of the cemetery or of a house or even in the cemetery itself, as I have known it to be done at various places; distressing, because, in this way, the only moment that can reconcile us to Ottavio's fate is reduced to nothing. Therefore it is false. The recitative preceding Anna's aria, in which Ottavio presses, with impetuous words, for a speedy union with her, is fitted neither to a cemetery nor a chapel, and this also applies to Donna Anna's answer. Although she still constantly mourns for her beloved father, she yet shows only a weak resistance, expressed in tender words, to her own feeling that she, on her side, has for her lover and future husband.

I, for my part, have always tried to put as much love and reverence as was possible into this situation, so as to make up in some degree to Ottavio, in the eyes of the audience, for his poorly drawn character. Donna Anna overcomes her lover's resentment of her long delay with her glorious recitative. She assures him in the Rondo that she loves him "beyond everything." And if the Allegro diffuses a little happiness about the two betrothed lovers, who are in each other's embrace, a mood that Donna Anna may heighten by a kiss at the close of the aria, it will make a very satisfactory impression on the audience, that is a very important thing, and which can be created only by the loving intimacy of the couple in the suitable place. For this reason, the scene must be played, under all circumstances, in a room in Donna Anna's house.

This aria, received the name of the "Brief," aria, because, for a long time, Don Ottavio and with him the whole previous

dialogue, *i. e.*, the recitative, was left out. A letter from Ottavio to Anna, which contained reproaches because of the cruelty of her behaviour, had to supply what she has to respond to in the aria. Probably it is not noticed how important this scene is for Ottavio as well as for Donna Anna, as it finally brings the relations of the two characters, dubious until then, to a satisfactory conclusion.

The final result, also, of this artistic union to the honour of Mozart was extremely satisfactory as many of the audience with a taste for art expressed the wish that they could be present when the two performances, which they had just heard in six days, were repeated in a fortnight. If theatre directors had aimed at such success they would certainly have got more fame from it than we did in Salzburg, for we were quietly content with the sense of having given our best. Though space is denied me to do justice to each single performance yet duty obliges me to think of one, in especial, that gave us a distinct surprise.

In the search for a good Italian Leporello, Antonio Scotti came to my aid, who strongly recommended to me his colleague, Andrea de Segurola, a Spaniard, and a Marquis by birth. He had no cause to regret his recommendation, nor I my quick action upon it, for this young and very elegant man proved to be a character interpreter of the very first rank. He succeeded in representing Leporello as a serious creature, worked out the proud Spaniard in him in the finest detail, and did not forget what distinguished the "Spanish" servant of Don Giovanni; but, of course, not according to ancient tradition, for everything that reminded one of the buffoon in this rôle at our German and Italian opera-houses was here stripped away from it. Dull of thought and of action, this Leporello vegetated under the pressure of a demoniacal power that kept him in the bounds of his office, which he vainly resisted because his spiritual force was not sufficient for him to escape, and under which Don Giovanni

always forced him down again so as to keep him a pliant slave of his demon.

I would have liked to have had cinematographic reproductions of each single gesture, so as to preserve what was there portrayed in fine observation of human character. Although it may have repelled many spectators at first, yet the whole audience was soon converted to the eminent conception, the effect of which was tremendous, and I never wish to see a different Leporello. To me it was an illumination. The dulness of this man, who is compelled against his will to participate in so many vulgar pranks, was evident, also, in the very unusual make-up (after Velasquez).

He was represented as a red-haired man, respectable, a citizen, clad all in brown, who has a wart bordered with red hair under his lip on the right side, which, looking like a Henri Quatre beard, seemed to bristle and slip to one side. Every scene was a masterpiece of the finest art of acting. When this Leporello was compelled by Don Giovanni to imitate his gestures under Elvira's balcony it was an unsuccessful attempt that was so despairing that Leporello produced a comic but not a farcical effect. One saw and felt the defenceless struggle of the being without will or power against the spiritual force of the master. The discomfort that this poor man, who stands under Don Giovanni's dominion, shows through the whole opera is intensified by single minor indications of his desire for luxury.

It pleases him to be embraced by a beautiful, warm-blooded woman, but the fear of discovery spoils for him all pleasure in the adventure. He enjoys eating a little piece of pheasant and drinking good wine, and he also gives occasional proofs of his favour to the peasant girls. His apparent shamelessness here is clumsiness. If he were really insolent he would humiliate Don Giovanni, his master, and insult Elvira most profoundly, and that may not be. This Leporello freed me for the first time from the disagreeable feeling that I have always been compelled to experience as the

result of the vulgar conduct of all other Leporellos towards Elvira. The first scenes of the duel in the cemetery, and the last appearance of the statue, were splendid. I confess that one could admire this Leporello every evening.

Heinrich Heine's delicious utterance concerning Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's trusty servant, is applicable to de Segurola's Leporello:

> The general crowd, including the philosophers, without being aware of it, is nothing more than a colossal Sancho Panza who, in spite of his sober fear of the bastinado and his humdrum intelligence, follows the mad knight in all his dangerous adventures, tempted by the promised reward, in which he believes because he wishes it, but still more impelled by the mystic power that enthusiasm exerts on the great mass of people. This fact we can perceive in all religious and political revolutions, and perhaps daily in the most trivial occurrences.

Every one who belonged to the artistic section was again united at an assembly at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Only the Grand Duke Eugen, Mozart's most worthy protector, knew how to make this festivity, through his especially fine artistic sense and happy grasp of human services or weakness, one of the brightest and most contented of hours, and it cradled us in a fresh sentiment of gratitude for all that this great-souled man had already done for the grand cause of Mozart.

The last day of the festival brought with it great exertions, but also happy agitation such as one gladly endured. After the early concert at the Cathedral when the Credo Mass was given, into which I wove the beloved Alleluia, we hastened to the spot where the prospective "Mozart School" is to rise, the corner-stone of which it was intended to lay that day. The Grand Duke Eugen, His Eminence, Prince-Bishop Katschthaler, Count Gandolf Kuenburg, our highly-revered President and dear friend, who knew so well how to collect the spirits skilfully under one hat, the artists, the committee and magistrates, the high-born guests, all took part

in the solemn act so long anticipated in the charming garden adjoining the Mirabell Bastion, and that was as distinguished in its aspect as the illustrious men that it held. Only a few but very noble words were spoken by the Grand Duke Protector and by His Eminence, who paid formal tribute to Mozart, as though he would apologise to him for the wrong that had once been committed against him there. Dr. Hirschfeld, of Vienna, made a festival address of elevated character, and each one selected to do so laid words of deep sentiment in the ground with the stone, from which great things shall some day grow for the Salzburg country. Blessings be with this work that is beginning! May the profoundest seriousness and highest endeavour be dedicated to it! Let its watchword be, "To will and to do!"

The official festival closed with the "Jupiter" Symphony at the evening concert, when Frau von Leschetizky played a piano concerto and I sang the aria "Fiordiligi" from *Cosi fan tutte* and it was wound up, in extreme jollity, after the concert, by an artists' evening at the Kurhaus, and the ground was levelled for new plans and fresh courage. Everything seemed self-evident, neither wrought up nor over-excited, and our pleasure and our emotion were as natural as only Mozart can make them.

I am impelled to give here a beautiful passage by Gounod which the Duke of Sagan once wrote in my album:

Beethoven est le plus grand,
Mozart est le plus haut—
Beethoven a plus de puissance, et
Mozart plus de sérénité!
Mozart est dans le ciel et
Beethoven y monte;
Et pourtant ils sont égaux !

CHARLES GOUNOD.

Baby Kalisch-Lehmann

From an amateur photograph taken in 1901

Conclusion

AT the close of this volume, I must recall with sorrow a man who died much too soon for us, and whom I needed to meet only once to consider a dear friend. One day as I was standing in the garden at Scharfling, weighted with thoughts of protection for animals, I saw a priest approaching in travelling dress and I saluted him, upon a sudden inspiration, and spoke to him as follows, "Reverend Sir, you attract me, for you have a sympathetic countenance; come nearer, I beg, as I should like to speak to you about something." The very dignified reverend gentleman, whose face reminded me of Goethe, smiled, approached, and introduced himself as Dr. Johannes Baier, Professor at the First Royal Seminary at Würzburg. So the electric wire of sympathy had again sounded loudly and truly, and, laughing, we already had our mutual friends, Professors Kiepert and Schwendemann of my natal city, Würzburg, on the line.

The protection of animals had long been taught by Dr. Baier in his seminary, as well as all that belonged to nature, and that was as much an open book to him as was his own soul. Soon we were sitting together at table, for my husband had just as quickly entered into a bond of friendship with him, which we never desired to lose as long as we lived. Letters passed back and forth, books were exchanged, and we were joyous when we had our rare meetings at Scharfling, for Dr. Baier was a remarkable man, and a very learned one, moreover, who never boasted of his knowledge but was glad to add to it.

Returning home from a walk the next summer, I found our whole house apparently desolate; all the doors were wide open, and no one was to be seen. As I opened the door to my room, I perceived by artificial twilight a masculine figure in a corner, dressed fantastically in part. A white skin was thrown over his right shoulder and the left was bare; reeds, shells, and ribbons were wound about his head and arms; in front of him was a small table with a blue and white cover, upon that a cushion of the same, and the figure waved in his hand a blue and white Bavarian flag. It began to recite a poem and, at the end, presented me, on the cushion, together with a large photograph of the house where I was born, the certificate of my baptism from the church register.

The Bavarian sea-god was my husband, who possesses great talent for getting up surprises, and Dr. Baier was the giver and the finder of the picture, which he sent secretly so as to afford me pleasure.

The corner house in the Sandgasse long ago went out of existence, but Dr. Baier had taken an interest in searching for the owner, who had had the lucky idea of photographing the house before it was torn down, and, in this way, I came into possession of the picture of my birthplace.

I insert it in this book, although it is not interesting to any one, because this spot is consecrated through my mother. Although no star shone to show the way to my cradle to any Kings of the East, oxen, asses, and other four-footed creatures must have been present—at least, the love for them has passed over to me through the heart-throbs of my mother. And if I have accomplished nothing more than make the attempt to ease the lot, often so sad, of many of these poor things who are not understood, as "Agent for the Animals," as I like to call myself, I believe, in the spirit of our mother, that I have not lived in vain.

Grunewald, March, 1913.

Lilli Lehmann's Birthplace in Würzburg

From an old photograph

Opera Répertoire of Lilli Lehmann

Composers	Operas	Prague 1866–1868	Dantzic 1868–1869	Leipsic 1869–1870	Berlin 1870–1885	Visiting engagements: America, London, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Bayreuth, Dresden, Stockholm, Budapest, etc.
Abert, Josef	Ekkehard	—	—	—	Praxedis	—
Adam, Adolphe Charles	Postillon von Lonjumeau	Rosa	—	—	Madeleine	—
Auber, D. F. Esprit	Stumme von Portici or La muette de Portici	Maid of Honour	—	—	Elvira	—
Auber	Fra Diavolo	—	Zerline	Zerline	—	—
Auber	Der Maskenball or Un ballo in maschera	—	Page	Page	—	—
Auber	Der schwarze Domino or Le domino noir	Gertrude	Angela	Angela	—	—
Auber	Maurer und Schlosser or Le Maçon	Zobeide	Henriette	—	Irma	—
Auber	Des Teufels Anteil or La part du diable	—	Carlo Broschi	Carlo Broschi	—	—
Auber	Die Krondiamanten or Les diamants de la couronne	—	Theophila	—	Theophila	

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Barbieri, Carlo Emanuele di	Perdita	Maid	—	—	—	—
Beethoven, Ludwig von	Fidelio	—	—	Marzelline	Marzelline (Leonore) Fidelio	(Leonore) Fidelio
Bellini, Vincenzo	Norma	Clotilde	Adalgisa	—	Adalgisa Norma	Norma
Bizet, Georges	Carmen	—	—	—	Carmen	Carmen
Boieldieu, François A.	Die weisse Dame or La dame blanche	—	Jenny	Anna	Anna	—
Boieldieu	Johann von Paris or Jean de Paris	—	Clara	—	Clara	—
Brüll, Ignaz	Das goldene Kreuz	—	—	—	Christine	—
Brüll	Der Landfriede	—	—	—	Brigitte	
Cherubini, Maria Luigi	Der Wasserträger or Les deux journées	—	—	—	Constanze	—
Cherubini	Medea	—	—	Creusa	Creusa	
Delibes, Léo	Der König hat's gesagt or Le roi l'a dit	—	—	—	Flarambel	—
Dittersdorff, Karl D.	Doktor und Apotheker	—	Rosalie	—	—	—
Donizetti, Gaëtano	Lucrezia Borgia	—	—	—	Lucrezia Borgia	Lucrezia Borgia
Donizetti	Lucia	Alice	—	—	Lucia	—
Donizetti	Die Favoritin or La Favorita	Ines	—	—	—	—
Donizetti	Die Regimentstochter or La fille du régiment	—	—	—	Marie	—
Donizetti	Belisar or Belisarius	Eudora	—	—	—	—
Drechsler, Josef	Alpenkönig und Menschenfeind	Salchen	—	—	—	—
Drechsler	Bauer als Millionär	—	—	—	Jugend	—
Drechsler	Der Diamant des Geisterkönigs	Fee Aprikosa	—	—	—	—

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Eckert, Carl	Die Heimkehr	—	—	—	Friede	—
Flotow, Fr., Freiherr von	Martha	—	Lady Harriet	Lady Harriet	Lady Harriet	—
Flotow	Stradella	—	—	Leonore	Leonore	
Genée, Richard	Der schwarze Prinz	Pascal	—	—	—	—
Gluck, Christopher W., Ritter von	Armida	—	—	—	Najade Lucinde	
Gluck	Orpheus or Orphée et Euridice	—	—	—	Euridice	
Gluck	Iphigenie auf Tauris	—	—	—	Diana	—
Goldmark, Carl	Die Königin von Saba or The Queen of Sheba	—	—	—	Sulamith	Königin Sulamith
Goldmark	Merlin	—	—	—	—	Viviane
Götz, Hermann	Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung or The Taming of the Shrew	—	—	—	Katharina	Katharina
Gounod, Charles Fr.	Margarethe or Faust	—	—	—	—	Margarethe
Halévy, Jacques Fr.	Die Jüdin or La juive	—	Eudora	Eudora	Eudora	Recha
Hofmann, Heinrich K.	Armin	—	—	—	Albrun	—
Holstein, Franz Fr. von	Der Heideschacht	—	—	Björn	—	—
Lortzing, G. Albert	Der Waffenschmied zu Worms	—	—	—	—	Irmentraut
Lortzing	Zar und Zimmermann	—	Marie	Marie	Marie	—
Lortzing	Undine	—	Undine	—	—	—
Lortzing	Die beiden Schützen	—	Karoline	—	Karoline	—
Lortzing	Der Wildschütz or Die Stimme der Natur	—	—	—	Baronin Freimann	Baronin Freimann

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Maillart, Aimé	Das Glöckchen des Eremiten, or Les Dragons de Villars	—	Rose Friquet	—	—	—
Marschner, Heinrich	Hans Heiling	—	Anna	Anna	Anna	—
Marschner	Der Vampyr	—	—	Malvina	—	—
Méhul, Étienne H.	Josef in Ägypten or Joseph	—	—	Benjamin	—	—
Mendelssohn, Felix	Sommernachtstraum or Midsummer Night's Dream	—	—	Elf	—	—
Meyerbeer, Giacomo	Die Hugenotten or Les Huguenots	First and Second Maid of Honour	Marguérite de Valois	Marguérite de Valois	Marguérite de Valois	Marguérite Valentine
Meyerbeer	Der Prophet or Le Prophète	—	—	—	Bertha	Bertha
Meyerbeer	Robert der Teufel or Robert le Diable	—	—	—	Isabella	Isabella
Meyerbeer	Die Afrikanerin or L'Africaine	Anna	—	—	Ines	Selika
Meyerbeer	Dinorah or Le pardon de Ploërmel	Shepherd	Dinorah	Dinorah	—	—
Meyerbeer	Ein Feldlager in Schlesien (Der Nordstine)	—	—	—	Vielka	—
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus	Don Giovanni or Don Juan	—	Elvira	Zerline	Zerline Elvira	Donna Anna
Mozart	Entführung aus dem Serail	—	—	Blondchen	Blondchen Konstanze	Blondchen Konstanze
Mozart	Cosi fan tutte	—	—	—	Dolores	—
Mozart	Hochzeit des Figaro or Le nozze di Figaro	Bärbchen	Susanne	Page	Page Susanne	Countess

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Mozart	Die Zauberflöte or The Magic Flute	I. Boy I. Lady Pamina	I. Lady Königin der Nacht	I. Lady	I. Lady Königin der Nacht Pamina	Königin der Nacht (Queen of the Night)
Mozart	Idomeneo	—	—	—	Ilia	—
Mozart	Titus	—	—	—	Servilia	—
Mozart	Der Schauspieldirektor	—	—	Mademoiselle Uhlig	Frau Lange	—
Müller, Adolf	Lumpazivagabundus	Sepherl	—	—	—	—
Müller	Einen Jux will er sich machen	Lisette	—	—	—	—
Nessler, Victor Ernst	Am Alexandertag	—	—	?	—	—
Nicolai, Otto	Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor or The Merry Wives of Windsor	—	Frau Fluth	Anna	Anna	Frau Fluth
Offenbach, Jacques	Grossherzogin von Gerolstein or La grande duchesse de Gerolstein	Charlotte	Grossherzogin	Grossherzogin	—	—
Offenbach	Orpheus in der Unterwelt or Orphée aux enfers	Cupido Venus	—	Euridice	—	—
Offenbach	Pariser Leben or La vie parisienne	Melanie	—	Metella	—	—
Offenbach	Blaubart or Barbe bleu	Heloise	—	—	—	—
Offenbach	Schwätzer von Saragossa or Les Bavards	Pedro	—	—	—	—

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Rossini, G. Antonio	Barbier von Sevilla or Il barbiere di Seviglia	—	Rosine	—	Rosine	Rosine
Rossini	Tell or Guillaume Tell	—	Gemmy	Gemmy	Mathilde	—
Rubinstein, Anton	Die Maccabäer	—	—	—	Noëmi	—
Rubinstein	Nero	—	—	—	Poppäa	—
Scholz, Bernhard	Zieten-Husaren	—	—	—	Josepha	—
Schumann, Robert	Genoveva	—	—	—	—	Genoveva
Schumann	Manfred	—	—	Erdgeist	Erdgeist	—
Spohr, Louis	Jessonda	—	—	—	Amazilli	—
Suppé, Franz von	Schöne Weiber von Georgien	Melanie	—	—	—	—
Suppé	Die schöne Galathea	—	—	Galathea	—	—
Suppé	Flotte Bursche	Brand	—	Brand	—	—
Suppé	Zehn Mädchen und kein Mann	Limonia	—	—	—	—
Taubert, Wilhelm	Macbeth	—	—	—	I. Witch	—
Taubert	Cesario	—	—	—	Maria	—
Thomas, Ambroise	Mignon	—	—	Philine	Philine	Philine
Überlee, Adalbert	Kõnig Otto's Brautfahrt	—	—	—	Hetmaris	—
Verdi, Giuseppe	Maskenball or Un ballo in maschera	—	—	—	Oscar	Amalia
Verdi	Rigoletto	Countess Ceprano	Gilda	—	—	—
Verdi	Troubadour or Il trovatore	Ines	Leonore	Leonore	Leonore	Leonore
Verdi	Traviata	—	—	—	Violetta	Violetta
Verdi	Ernani	Johanna	—	—	—	Elvira
Verdi	Aïda	—	—	—	—	Aïda
Verdi	Nebukadnezar or Nabuco	Anna	—	—	—	—
Wagner, Richard	Rienzi	—	—	Friedensbote (Messenger of Peace)	Irene	Irene
Wagner	Lohengrin		—	—	—	Elsa Ortrud

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Wagner	Tannhäuser	Hirtenknabe (Shepherd)	—	—	Venus	Elisabeth Venus
Wagner	Rheingold	—	—	—	—	I. Rheinmaiden Fricka
Wagner	Die Walküre	—	—	—	Fricka Sieglinde Brünhild	Brünhild Sieglinde, Helmwiege
Wagner	Siegfried	—	—	—	—	Brünhild Waldvogel (Forest Bird)
Wagner	Die Götterdämmerung	—	—	—	—	Brünhild I. Rhinemaiden
Wagner	Tristan und Isolde	—	—	—	—	Isolde
Weber, Carl Maria von	Der Freischütz	Brautjungfer	—	Ännchen	Ännchen Agathe	—
Weber	Euryanthe	—	—	—	—	Euryanthe
Weber	Oberon	Meermädchen	—	Fatima	Meermädchen	—
Weber	Preciosa	Lied	—	—	—	—
Würst, Richard	A-ing-fo-hi	—	—	—	Laura	—
Würst	Die Offiziere der Kaiserin	—	—	—	Fürstin	—
Zaytz	Mannschaft an Bord	Jean	—	—	—	—

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